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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS;

OR,

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

WITH SOME REMARKS UPON TRUE AND FALSE SUCCESS, AND THE ART OF MAKING THE BEST USE OF LIFE.

Interspersed with Numerous Examples and Anecdotes.

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING," "WOMAN'S WORK AND WORTH," ETC.

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"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well."
H. W. Longfellow.

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PREFACE.

IT must be admitted at the outset, that in the following pages I have no exclusive, peculiar, or wonderful "Secret" to unfold. If there be a royal road to knowledge, I know of none to success, and I make no pretensions to have discovered a shorter or easier path than before existed. The reader who takes up this book in the hope of learning some new way of Money-making, some fresh exposition of the gospel of Getting-on, may find himself disappointed. I do indeed profess to set forth the Secret of Success; but it is a secret which has always been known to the successful. And then, again, the "Success" to which I seek to direct the reader's attention is no novel form of worldly prosperity, no extraordinary phase of fortune, but rather the acquisition of "a sound mind in a sound body," the complete culture of the physical, moral, and intellectual faculties of the individual. It is true that I have not neglected the ordinary meaning which the world gives to "success," nor do I wish to contend that

competent means for the wholesome enjoyment of life is not a very reasonable and proper object for a man's energies. But I have endeavoured to realise for the word a wider and higher significance, and to deal with it as representing the development of mind, soul, and body—the living, so far as is possible to man, a "perfect life." This is the only "success" which secures happiness. The materialistic "success,"—the "success" of the great speculator, the millionaire—is too frequently a deplorable failure. "I confess," says Mr. Hillard, "that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as these words are commonly used." Men who do *not* succeed in life, as the Crœsuses of society succeed, are the men who work for the good of their fellows, the men who endow the world with the masterpieces of art and literature, the men who in the happiness of others find their own happiness. It is well that the reader, whatever pursuit or calling he may adopt, should do his best in it; *that* is a matter of duty and honour which cannot be conscientiously neglected.

It is told of a certain merchant-prince of Boston, that, on one occasion, he reprimanded for slovenly work a mechanic who had known him when in a very humble position. "I tell you what, Billy Gray," exclaimed the man, "I shan't stand such words from *you*. Why, I can remember when you were nothing but a drummer in a regiment!" "And so I was," retorted the merchant; "so I was a drummer; but didn't I drum *well*, eh?—didn't I drum *well?*" Now, to my thinking, this "drumming well" is the true, the genuine success. I

hold that "success in life" is doing one's duty as well as it can be done in whatever may be one's position; not for the sake of the reward that may accompany it, and yet not despising or refusing that reward when it comes. In this kind of success there is a pure and permanent pleasure, wholly unknown to those for whom Success is synonymous with Mammon. The steadfast striving for this loftier success can never be without a happy issue. As Dr. Donne says :—

> "We are but farmers of ourselves; yet may,
> If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
> Much, much good treasure for the great rent-day."

If virtue be its own best recompense, so is the love of knowledge. The habit of diligent application, the habit of temperate living, the habit of high thinking, ever carries in itself a blessing. The cultivation of such habits is the Secret of Success; and it is a secret which lies within the reach of all of us, if we will but use our opportunities and our means aright. Count Hamilton said of Richelieu, that "this great man commanded little armies, and little armies did great things." Let not the reader be discouraged if his means be small; he may accomplish great things with them if he once lay firm hold upon the Secret of Success.

It may be objected to the present volume that it follows in the track of worthy predecessors, such as the evergreen "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties" by Mr. Craik, and the admirable "Self-Help" by Mr. Smiles. To some extent, no doubt, it traverses the same ground. On the other hand, it

devotes a considerable space to illustrations from the departments of "business" and "commerce"—departments which have hitherto, at least for such purposes, been comparatively overlooked; and it pursues more than one course of inquiry which previous writers have scarcely glanced at. Another and obvious objection is, that it says nothing absolutely new; that it repeats truths which have become the commonplaces of moralists and the stock-in-trade of our social teachers. But truths of so much importance cannot be too frequently enforced. Their repetition may impress minds which have not been impressed before, and they may be accompanied with fresh examples or presented in newer forms, so as to arrest the attention of the careless, or suggest to the thoughtful new lines of reflection. I have done what I could in this direction. While availing myself of the best of the illustrations collected by my predecessors, I have gathered a very large number from additional sources; and accumulated in these pages the results of the reading and observation of many years. So that, to the question which concerns every young man so closely, "How am I to get on in the world?" I hope I have furnished a tolerably exhaustive and not altogether unsatisfactory reply.

The keynote of that reply may be found in the words of a great writer:—"It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily, and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies nor heartrendings will make him to do any better! If he be a great man, they will be great things;

if he be a small man, small things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable." And again:—"While in all things that we see or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it. We are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing in its narrow accomplishment above the nobler thing in its mighty progress; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty; not to prefer mean victory to honourable defeat; not to lower the level of our aim, that we may the more surely enjoy the complacency of success."

Though I have not thought it my duty or my province to encroach upon the work of the teachers of religion, I have not forgotten that the happiness of the Other Life depends upon the way in which Success in this life is achieved or understood. I have not forgotten that the spiritual side of our complex humanity needs watchful and assiduous cultivation as much as its intellectual or moral. Sir George Mackenzie was of opinion that irreligious men could never make good statesmen; "for none are such," he says, "save they who from a principle of conviction and persuasion (say rather a religious sense of duty) manage public affairs to the advantage of those who employ them." I fancy the rule may be universally applied; and that men indifferent to religious considerations cannot make good artists, good poets, good members of society. Finally, I offer this book to my young readers in the sincere desire that it may be of practical benefit to them; that it may help to encourage, to stimulate, to warn; that it may quicken them to a sense of life's value as a period

of preparation; that it may open up to them the path to a true, a real, and a lasting Success. They who still stand at the point of departure may surely profit by the counsel of the feeblest traveller who has performed a considerable portion of the journey, and been taught by experience its trials, difficulties, and dangers.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

KEY-NOTES.

"*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me."—*Edmund Burke.*

"What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth; they only serve
To rouse us up, as children at the school
Are roused up to exertion; our reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize."

—*Rogers.*

"Men must know that in this theatre of human life it remaineth only to God and the angels to be lookers-on."—*Lord Bacon.*

"A sacred burden is the life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

"There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair."—*Carlyle.*

"Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

—*George Herbert.*

"When all is holiday, there are no holidays."—*Charles Lamb.*

"Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them."—*Lord Bacon.*

"On ne vaut que ce qu'on veut savoir."—*La Bruyère.*

"'What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife?'
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Life will be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live though dead."

—*Schiller.*

"A high degree of moral principle is in itself a necessary qualification in a post of trust and responsibility, and it is usually associated with a cultivated and improved state of the intellectual faculties."—*Sir Henry Taylor.*

CHAPTER I.

'TIME AND ITS USES.

"He lives long that lives well; and time mis-spent is not lived, but lost."—*Thomas Fuller.*

"Not on flowery beds, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, heaven is won."
—*Dante.*

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been!'"
—*J. G. Whittier.*

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things."
—*Tennyson.*

"Thrift of time will repay you in after-life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams; while the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings."—*Right. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

CHAPTER I.

THE commodity of which every man has the least, and, generally speaking, wastes the most, is Time. When we consider how small is the portion allotted to each of us, we cannot but wonder at the carelessness with which men expend it. We can be chary of our love, our gratitude, our substance, but with Time we deal as lavishly as a prodigal. Very few of us care to examine into the way in which we dispose of it; to ask ourselves how much we give to sleep, how much to relaxation, how much to unprofitable idleness, how little to useful work or more useful thought, or what, if any, to our religious duties. The fact is, we are uneasily conscious that the balance-sheet would be one to cover us with shame and confusion. Of all the trite themes touched by moralists and poets, the tritest is the shortness of life. Life, we are told, is a bubble, a shifting dream, a thing of nought, evanescent as a morning mist, uncertain as a young maid's promise, brittle as a reed; and yet men proceed to deal with it as if it were as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse of oil, as if it were as sure and stable as the foundations of the everlasting hills. There is something very curious and very pitiful in this. When we see the waste of time which goes on around us, we cannot but marvel whether the teaching of sages and divines, and the lessons of centuries of experience, have been of any avail; whether men have even yet learned to realise how precious a thing it is, how solemn a responsibility it brings with it, how great a trust it puts into their hands. Does this waste arise from want of thought, or from want of a sense of duty? The two causes are closely connected, and may very well exert a combined influence. It is difficult to believe that the great

majority of time-wasters are inspired by feelings of recklessness and desperation; are in a feverish hurry to consume as rapidly and as waywardly as possible the precious treasure committed to their charge. Their folly is doubtless due to an unwillingness or an inability to reflect, and to the absence of high purposes and lofty motives. In most cases they have not been taught how to value time or how to use it. What they should do with that which is their real wealth, our children never learn. We provide them with instruction in the "various branches of a polite education;" we open up to them the regions of art and science; we guide them sedulously in the flowery paths of literature; but we do not teach them how to employ and economise their time. We don't impress upon them the value of the minutes: "Take care of the minutes, and the days will take care of themselves." It is astonishing how much "raw material" is allowed to run to waste in every school. Precious quarters of an hour are thrown aside which might be turned to excellent account; and thus the young grow accustomed to a thoughtless and unprofitable expenditure. They find, too frequently, the same waste at home. Time is squandered before and after meals, in the morning, in the evening, upstairs and downstairs, in the bedroom, and the dining-room, and the drawing-room; and at the end of each day the burden is, "This should have been done, and has been left undone; that should have been remembered, and has been forgotten; but never mind, we will make up for lost time to-morrow!" Yes, to-morrow! We venture to say that no other word in our language has to answer for so much sin and folly, for so many broken vows, so many blighted hopes, so many neglected duties, so many wrecked lives. For the worst of it is, "to-morrow" never comes. It is always "to-day" and "yesterday." The yesterday we can never recall; can never take up and absorb into to-day. When once it is dead, let it lie. There is nothing more to be done but to shed a tear on its grave, and turn to the to-day. Some people, be it said, waste a good deal of time in grieving over the time they waste. In other words, they spend to-day in fretting over the useless yesterday. It is said of the Emperor Titus that when he had done no good deed in the course of the day he would exclaim, "*Perdidi diem!*" The lament was natural; but be it remembered he did not wait until the morrow to make it, and he did not fail to

turn the "to-day" to better account by professing his regret over the yesterday that had gone out so blankly. We desire to advocate a constant recollection of the inestimable value of "minutes," but not a vain yearning after those that can never be recovered.

Men become great and good just as they understand how to make use of their time.[1] The most brilliant genius avails its possessor nothing if he do not seize his opportunities; and opportunities never occur to the spendthrift. The hours he wastes may be the very hours that would have ensured his success. Therefore it is that, at the outset of the present volume, we seek to enforce on its readers the necessity of economising time, of turning every minute to the best advantage. That seems to us the very first lesson to be learned by a young man who honestly desires to do his duty towards his God and his neighbour. Let him not trouble himself about his talents or his means; he can at least say, with the celebrated Italian, that "Time is his estate," and his first care must be to understand its proper cultivation. We think it is Horace Mann who suggests that most young men (and, we fear, too many of riper years) might daily put forth some such melancholy notice as the following: "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each one worth sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for ever." *Gone for ever!* in these words lies the sting of the moralist. Bitter jest! What more deplorable sight can there be than that too common one of the unfortunate who has lost (in other words, wasted) a "golden hour" at the beginning of the day, and for the rest of the twenty-four is fruitlessly endeavouring to overtake it?[2] Why, it is gone irrevocably; like the empire of the Pharaohs, like the wisdom of the Chaldeans, like the old man's youth, like last year's summer sunshine. It would be easier to rebuild the temple-palaces of

[1] In his last hours the American merchant, Gideon Lee, specially enjoined upon his sons, speaking to them with all the authority of experience, to "fill up the measure of time." "Be always employed profitably," he said, "in doing good, in building up; aim to promote the good of yourselves and of society. No one can do much good without doing some harm, but you will do less harm by striving to do good. Be industrious, and be honest."

[2] As Lord Chesterfield said of the Duke of Newcastle, "His Grace loses an hour in the morning, and is looking for it all the rest of the day."

Karnak than to recover it. And hence it happens that people are incessantly complaining of want of time. It is astonishing how much good *not done* is idly attributed to this cause. We know persons who, according to their own account, would surpass John Howard in philanthropy if they had but the time; would visit the sick, and relieve the poor, and comfort the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, if they had but the time. There are others who would become modern Magliabecchis by virtue of their erudition; would carve out for themselves a way to fame or fortune, would benefit the world by their discoveries in science or art, if they had but the time. Listen to their complaints, and you would believe that every moment is charged with some imperative duty or necessary occupation; that it is want of time, and not its misuse, that throws them so hopelessly out of the world's race.

The truth is, that Method makes Time. The old adage runs, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." It would be wiser to say, "A time for everything, and everything in its time." If we mix and muddle our hours as some men mix and muddle their papers, no good result can be anticipated. A careful apportionment of the hours is the first step towards a successful employment of them. We do not ask the reader to enthral himself in an intolerable bondage. Time must be *his* servant, and not he the slave of time. But he should be guided by certain fixed rules, and allow of no causeless deviation from them. One man will be found to accomplish in a day as much as another man accomplishes in a week. Inquiry will show that the difference is due not so much to greater power of intellect, or greater quickness of apprehension, as to better application of time. The successful man never talks of "leisure," because he never has any. He has for every hour its proper task. It is only the idler who has leisure; leisure for small talk, for idle pleasures, for trivial amusements, for hopes and fears and regrets. He has so much leisure that he never has any time for work! There is such an element of expansion in leisure that, unless carefully repressed and limited, it will before long absorb a man's whole life. Like the monster that Frankenstein created, it soon defies the control of its master. Leisure! How in this busy human life of ours can any serious mind find space for it? Unhappy is he who has "an hour or two" to spare. We may be sure that he

has never learned the value of time, nor the necessity of economising it.

The world owes much to the men who have made the best of every minute. Such men have been its leaders of thought, its great discoverers, its poets, its essayists, its doers of good. They have known how to utilise those odd half-hours and spare quarters which ordinary persons treat with so little consideration. They have never suffered a minute to pass without levying toll upon it. As Cuvier rolled in his carriage from place to place, he read and thought; and the sum of that reading and thinking swelled his researches in "Comparative Anatomy." While walking to and from the dusty office, where he occupied the stool of a lawyer's clerk, Henry Kirke White acquired a knowledge of Greek. Dr. Mason Good's excellent translation of the great metaphysical poem of Lucretius was composed during his daily journeys to his numerous patients. A German physician in the same way contrived to commit to memory the "Iliad" of Homer. Sir Matthew Hale, while travelling as judge on circuit, prepared his thoughtful and well-weighed "Contemplations." Dr. Darwin's curious scientific poems were jotted down on little bits of paper as his carriage conveyed him from house to house. These men acted on the poet's admonition:—

> "Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
> Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
> And trifles, life."

When those trifles are minutes, wise men pick them up. Hugh Miller, while labouring as a stone-mason, made such good use of his, that he learned to write a style of remarkable fluency and vigour. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau translated the Greek Testament in the quarters of an hour which his wife wasted before dinner. Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," improved to such good purpose the odds and ends of time that fell to his disposal, as to gain a mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects. Equally expert in the utilisation of unconsidered moments was the late Charles Kingsley, whose multifarious knowledge was acquired by his tact in seizing on every opportunity. Robertson of Brighton was also a stern economist of time, and vigilantly looked after those "spare minutes" which most of us throw away without

a pang of remorse. Franklin's hours of study were stolen from the time that should have been given to meals and sleep; and though we do not recommend the practice, we think better of it than of the habit of stealing the too long time for meals and sleep from the hours that should be devoted to work. "We are now old," said Pierre Nicole to Arnaul; "is it not time to rest?" "Rest!" was the grave reply; "have we not all eternity to rest in?" This has been the principle of conduct of all great thinkers and doers. They have methodised and economised their time, so as to get out of it the most they could; knowing that rest was not for time but for eternity. They have suffered nothing to pass by unheeded. They have anticipated or remembered the language of Goethe:—"Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities, but make use of common situations. A long-continued walk is better than a short flight." "Never be unemployed," says John Wesley; "never be triflingly employed, never while away time:" an admirable maxim, if not too sternly enforced; if not converted into an oppressive law. We add this caution, because wholesome recreation may sometimes be the best means of employing "an odd quarter of an hour." We are recommending the economy of time, but we are not unwilling that that economy should include a rational amount of mental refreshment. We are the enemies of leisure, but we do not want every hour to be spent in exactly the same way, and at exactly the same expenditure of brain-power. A man should be always learning; but not unfrequently he may learn most when least thinking of it. "Every kind of knowledge," it has been justly said, "comes into play some time or other; not only that which is systematic and methodised, but that which is fragmentary, even the odds and ends, the merest rag or tag of information. Single facts, anecdotes, expressions, recur to the mind, and, by the power of association, just in the right place. Many of these are laid in during what we think our idlest days. All that fund of matter which is used allusively in similitudes or illustrations, is collected in diversions from the path of hard study. He will do best in this line whose range has been the widest and freest. A man may study so much by rule as to lose all this, just as one may ride so much in the highway as to know nothing that is off the road."

A right use of time means, of course, a right use of oppor-

tunities; and no opportunity should be lost of doing a good action, thinking a good thought, or adding to our stock of knowledge. Many of us are unable to undertake a continuous course of study; but all can pick up a grain here and a grain there if they utilise the occasions which present themselves to the vigilant. We remember to have been advised in our young days never to omit picking up a pin or a nail if one fell in our way; we might not want it at the time, but it would be sure "to come in useful." And the advice was enforced by a wonderful anecdote of some penniless varlet, who started on his career with nothing more than a handful of pins collected in the public highways. Of these he quickly disposed, and the trifle thus earned enable him to purchase some more attractive wares. These, too, were sold at a profit, and a fresh supply obtained; and the speculator thus continued to add to his store by a kind of geometrical progression, until he developed into a millionaire. We set little value on the illustration, but the maxim is not to be despised. The power of the littles is almost infinite. Nothing is so trivial that it cannot be made use of. A rag may stop a dangerous leak. Do not pass over any fact or anecdote as useless or insignificant. You will surely find it of some profit at an unexpected moment.

The occupations of our childhood are frequently found to colour and influence our later life. As Cowley puts it, they are like letters engraved on the bark of a young tree, which grow and enlarge as the tree does. Watt sits by the fireside, with eyes intent on the cover of the tea-kettle uplifted by the expansive force of steam, and receives an impulse and an impression which guide him in his after pursuits, until he gives to the world the great gift of the steam-engine. The boy Smeaton climbs to the roof-ridge of his father's barn to erect upon it the tiny windmill he has modelled, foreshadowing, as it were, the boldness of invention which produced the Eddystone lighthouse. Conington, at the age of six, sleeps with his Bible under his pillow, that he may begin to read it as soon as he wakes. Two years later he amuses himself by comparing different editions of Virgil. When he reaches thirteen he exhausts all his pocket-money in buying a copy of Sotheby's Homer. The late Professor Mozley displays the "controversial spirit in the nursery," and, as the advocate of free

will, disputes with his nurse, whom he considers to have been led away by a sophistical curate. At thirteen he writes to his mother:—"I have gone into Lucretius, a book full of odd opinions and deistical notions. In short, he is called the deistical poet; but as many of his opinions have long ago been refuted, you need be in no fear of my getting them into my head, especially as many of them seem to be absurd." Tournefort leaves his college class, and wanders into the lone meadows, gathering their plants and flowers. He is laying the foundation of a great system of botany. Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravians, when a boy at school, founds a little society, which he calls the "Order of the grain of mustard seed," and of which the badge is a gold ring, inscribed with the words, "None of us liveth to himself." Cowley in his mother's parlour pores over the enchanted pages of the "Faery Queen," and derives the inspiration which makes him in after years a poet. Opie, the Cornish artist, watches a companion drawing a butterfly, and thence receives the bias which leads him onward to a distinguished reputation. In the parlour window of the old mossy vicarage where Coleridge spent his dreamy childhood lay a well-thumbed copy of that volume of Oriental fancy, the "Arabian Nights." And he has told us with what mingled desire and apprehension he was wont to look at the precious book, until the morning sunshine had touched and illuminated it, when, seizing it hastily, he would carry it off in triumph to some leafy nook in the vicarage garden, and plunge delightedly into its maze of marvels and enchantments. It might almost be thought that the anecdote had suggested to Tennyson one of his earlier poems:—

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens, green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

It is recorded of Dr. Johnson that in his boyhood, believing that his brother had hidden some apples beneath a large folio

which reposed among the dust and cobwebs of an upper shelf in his father's shop, he clambered thither to effect a capture. The apples were forthcoming, but the folio, which proved to be the works of Petrarch, also attracted his attention, and its perusal awoke in him his dormant literary tastes.

That the child is father of the man was shown by the early occupations of Macaulay. He was only eight years old when his mother wrote of him:—"He gets on wonderfully in all branches of his education, and the extent of his reading, and of the knowledge he has derived from it, are truly astonishing. . . . To give you some idea of the activity of his mind, I will mention a few circumstances. . . . He took it into his head to write a compendium of universal history about a year ago, and he really contrived to give a tolerably connected view of the leading events from the creation to the present time, filling about a quire of paper. He told me one day that he had been writing a paper, which Henry Daly (a friend of his father's) was to translate into Malabar, to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion. On reading it, I found it to contain a very clear idea of the leading facts and doctrines of that religion, with some strong arguments for its adoption. He was so fired with reading Scott's 'Lay' and 'Marmion,' the former of which he got entirely, and the latter almost entirely, by heart, merely from his delight in reading them, that he determined on writing a poem himself in six cantos, which he called the 'Battle of Cheviot.' After he had finished about three of the cantos of about 120 lines each, which he did in a couple of days, he became tired of it. I make no doubt he would have finished his design, but, as he was proceeding with it, the thought struck him of writing an heroic poem to be called 'Olaus the Great, or the Conquest of Mona,' in which, after the manner of Virgil, he might introduce in prophetic song the future fortunes of the family; among others, those of the hero who aided in the fall of the tyrant of Mysore, after having long suffered from his tyranny; and of another of his race who had exerted himself for the deliverance of the wretched Africans. He has just begun it. He has composed I know not how many hymns." Such was Macaulay in his childhood, and such he was in his manhood. No man ever economised his time more wisely, or more diligently sought every opportunity of adding to his accumulation of knowledge.

It is related of Miss Mitford, the author of some ever-charming sketches of "Our Village," that at three years old she was able to read; and her father, proud of his daughter's accomplishment, would often perch her on the breakfast-table to exhibit it to his admiring guests. These admired her all the more because she was a puny child, appearing younger than she was, and gifted with an affluence of curls, which made her look as if she were twin-sister to her own great doll. The ballad of "The Children of the Wood" was one of her early favourites; and from this she proceeded to make acquaintance with the other contents of Bishop Percy's admirable "Reliques." They awakened and fostered her taste for poetry; and so strong was their hold upon her infant mind, that before she could read them herself, her father, who could deny her nothing, was coaxed into placing the volume in her nurse's hands, that they might be read to her whenever she wished. "The breakfast room," writes Miss Mitford, "where I first possessed myself of my beloved ballads, was a lofty and spacious apartment, literally lined with books. The windows opened on a large old-fashioned garden, full of old-fashioned flowers, stocks, honeysuckles, and pinks." Here we may remark, that to the end of her life Miss Mitford's two great passions were books and old-fashioned flowers. She was a wonderful economist of time. Forced by circumstances to become the stay and support of her parents, she contrived to "find time" for assiduous literary labour, for eager perusal of all new books of interest and importance, for visiting, entertaining, and corresponding with her friends, for superintending her garden and little household, for charitable ministrations in the village which will always be associated with her name, and for loving attendance to the wants of those who were dependent upon her in their old age. It is astonishing what may be done by a dexterous manipulation of time! In some hands it is capable of a wonderful elasticity, though in others it assumes an immobile rigidity. So Sydney Smith says of the late Francis Horner:—"He had an intense love of knowledge; he wasted very little of the portion of life accorded to him." All turns, the reader will perceive, on that exact and vigilant thriftiness which we have so strongly recommended.

In nearly every book on this subject that has come under our notice, the example of Sir William Jones, the famous Oriental

scholar, has been adduced; and trite as it is, its force of application is such, that we are disposed to revive it in these pages. To such good purpose did he use his minutes, so few did he waste, that before he was twenty years of age he had acquired a complete acquaintance with Greek and Latin, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and also had made considerable progress in Arabic and Persian. His successful economy of time and his ceaseless pursuit of knowledge eventually elevated him to a seat in the Supreme Court of Indian judicature. His biographers have remarked with interest how carefully he allotted to each hour the work appropriate for it, how precise he was in his methodical division of labour. The great lawyer of James I.'s reign, Sir Edward Coke, had portioned out his days as follows :—

> "Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
> Four spent in prayer, the rest on Nature fix."

Sir William adopted a distribution much more earnestly to be commended :—

> "Seven hours to law, to soothing slumbers seven,
> Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

The reader will not be displeased with the wise and discriminating remarks which the career of the distinguished Orientalist suggested to Lord Jeffrey :—

"From the very commencement," he says, "he appears to have taxed himself very highly; and having in early youth set before his eyes the standard of a noble and accomplished character in every department of excellence, he seems never to have lost sight of this object of emulation, and never to have remitted his exertions to elevate and conform himself to it in every particular. Though born in a condition very remote from affluence, he soon determined to give himself the education of a finished gentleman, and not only to cultivate all the elegance and refinement implied in that appellation, but to carry into the practice of an honourable profession all the lights and ornaments of philosophy and learning, and, extending his ambition beyond the attainment of mere literary or professional eminence, to qualify himself for the management of public affairs, and to look forward to the higher rewards of patriotism, virtue, and political skill.

"The perseverance and exemplary industry," continues Lord Jeffrey, "with which he laboured to carry out his magnificent plan, and the distinguished success attending the accomplishment of all that part of it which the shortness of his life permitted him to execute, afford an instructive lesson to all who may be inclined by equal diligence to deserve an equal reward. The more we learn, indeed, of the early history of those who have bequeathed a great name to posterity, the more shall we be persuaded that no substantial or permanent excellence can ever be attained without much pains, labour, and preparation, and that extraordinary talents are less necessary to the most brilliant success than perseverance and application."

The methodical employment of our time is, as we have said, one of the great secrets of success. It is the only way by which we can do justice to time and to ourselves. "When the charm of method is wanting," says Coleridge, "every other merit loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed, we say, proverbially, he is like clockwork. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more: he realises its ideal divisions, and he gives a character and individuality to its movements. If the idle are described as killing time, *he* may justly be said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the destined object not only of the *consciousness*, but of the *conscience*. He organises the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to pass away, he takes up into his own permanence, and endows with the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodised, it may rather be said that he lives in time than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the steps and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more."

"Time is money," says the proverb. If some people we know were of the same opinion, how careful they would be of it! But it is also happiness, and peace of mind, and the fulfilment of the

Divine commission intrusted to us at birth. It is, in truth, the chief good upon earth, if we do but know how to make it so. For, be it remembered, time is exactly what we make it; in the hands of the wise, a blessing; in the hands of the foolish, a curse; in the hands of the wise, a preparation for life eternal; in the hands of the foolish, a preparation for the condemnation that is everlasting. To you it is much; to your neighbour it is naught. He is as anxious to throw it away as you (we hope) are anxious to cultivate it to the greatest advantage. Ah, if all of us did but know what it is, what it signifies, what it might be, how we should watch over every grain in the hour-glass! How great would be our activity, how solicitous our labour, how profound our consciousness of duty! How we should aspire to avail ourselves of each passing moment! How keen would be our regret if conscience could speak to us of days wasted and opportunities neglected!

In commenting on the importance of thrift in regard to time, it would be easy to lay down a few practical and familiar rules for the benefit of the young adventurer in life's chequered career. As, for instance:—

One thing at a time.[1]
Do at once what ought to be done at once
Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.
Never leave to another that which you can do yourself.
More haste, worse speed.
Stay a little that we may make an end the sooner.

But more is to be learned from example than precept; and the lives of great men, or of men good and great, will prove of higher and more lasting value to the student than the most precious fragments of proverbial philosophy. Show me a man who has attained to eminence or excellence, and you show me a man who has economised his time. Show me a man who has benefited the world by his wisdom, or his country by his patriotism, or his neighbourhood by his philanthropy, and you show me a man who has made the best of every minute. In business, the men who have attained success are the men who have known the importance of method, the men who have appreciated the potentiality of time. Of Tours, the wealthy

[1] So the Rev. Robert Cecil said, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once."

New Orleans shipowner, it is said that "he was as methodical and regular as a clock, and that his neighbours were in the habit of judging of the time of day by his movements." Of William Gray, the Boston merchant, who owned at one time upwards of sixty large ships, we read that for upwards of fifty years he arose at dawn, and was ready for the work of the day before others had roused from their slumbers. These are the men who make prize of the world and all it has to give; these are the men who have coined minutes into hours and hours into days. These are the men who are always doing much in order that they may be able to do a little more!

CHAPTER II.

AIMS IN LIFE.

"Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."—*Sydney Smith.*

"The crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness."—*R. W. Emerson.*

"That man is but of the lower part of the world that is not brought up to business and affairs."—*Owen Feltham.*

"It is an uncontroverted truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them."—*Dean Swift.*

"I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession, *i.e.*, some regular employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far mechanically that an average quantum only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge."—*S. T. Coleridge.*

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT shall I be?" is the question that a young man necessarily proposes to himself,—and "What shall we make of him?" is the question his parents or guardians propose for him—at that eventful epoch when, taking a farewell look at the rose-garden of his youth, he prepares to enter the wilderness of the "wide world." In a different sense from any intended by Madame de Stael, the first step is the only difficulty (*c'est le premier pas qui coute*). It is a step that can seldom be retraced with safety or advantage. It is a step that decides the future fate of him who takes it, and hence it also decides his success or failure. We are speaking, of course, of those who are compelled to adopt some profession or avocation as a means of livelihood, and not of the gilded youth who are bred in the lap of affluence, and for whom stern necessity has no laws. True it is that even these favoured children of fortune, if they take a right view of life and its duties, will fix upon a career, and sedulously follow it; but in their case a mistake is of less importance, and can more easily be remedied. On the other hand, for the majority it is indispensable that they should labour by brain or hand, and, therefore, it is a vital matter for them to choose the species of labour best adapted to their talents and character. Horace advises an author, in selecting a subject for his muse, to be careful that it does not lie beyond his measure; that he does not attempt to bend the bow of Ulysses, or to carry on his shoulder a burden fit only for an Ajax. It is not less essential to the success of the young adventurer, and, we may add, to his health of mind and tranquillity of heart, that the calling which he chooses should be within the range of his capabilities. Otherwise his defeat is certain. The talent that will

make a man a good lawyer runs to waste if diverted into an attempt to make him a good chemist. A "born musician" will make but a sorry dealer in stocks and shares. The high courage, the spirit of mastery, the genius for combinations, that would secure success in the career of arms, can be turned to small account behind a banker's counter. Patient, plodding industry, if wisely directed and applied, will earn no unworthy recompense; but will egregiously and painfully fail if it undertake to do the work of genius. All men agree that it would be an unpardonable folly to yoke the coursers of the sun to a huckster's cart; but it is not less absurd or criminal to enter a laborious roadster in a race against the victor of the Isthmian Games.

As Wordsworth says:—

> "All freakishness of mind is checked;
> He tamed who foolishly aspires;
> While to the measure of his might
> God fashions his desires."

A wise father will take care that his son is not "handicapped"—if we may borrow the phraseology of Newmarket—too heavily in the struggle that lies before him. To avoid failure, we must undertake nothing to which we are notoriously unequal, to which we feel ourselves to be unequal; though, of course, we must not mistake the natural timidity of youth for actual incapacity.

To do that which you know you *can* do, and which your heart *wishes* you to do, that is the secret of success. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote:—

> "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;"

and elicited his Queen's prompt and unanswerable retort:—

> "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

In determining on your future profession, you must not allow your judgment to be overborne by irrational fears. You must not be deterred from climbing by anything else than a mature conviction that if you rose beyond a certain height you would be certain to lose your footing. Timidity, however, is not the usual weakness of young men. Youth is generally bold, because it does not see consequences; and Phaetons are much

commoner characters than Dœdaluses. To know the exact limit of our powers is a piece of knowledge which we gain too frequently only after bitter experience.

Listen to Robert Browning:—

> "The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
> Is not to fancy what were fair in life,
> Provided it could be, but finding first
> What may be, then find how to make it fair,
> *Up to our means*—a very different thing!"

Hazlitt says that if a youth who shows no aptitude for languages dances well, we should abandon all thought of making him a scholar, and hand him over to the dancing-master. This is an exaggerated way of stating a sound principle. How much precious effort is constantly wasted in the vain attempt to convert into musicians young ladies who have no feeling for "the concord of sweet sounds!" How many admirable mechanics have been spoiled by the efforts of ambitious parents to educate them into physicians, or clergymen, or lawyers! A lad whose earliest promise of quickness is given by the instinctive dexterity with which he handles the implements of his little box of tools, is despatched to college, where he makes a sorry figure at his classes, with difficulty drags through an examination, plods wearily and apathetically until he gets a certificate or a degree, and then enters active life with the doom of failure upon him—a lawyer without briefs, a doctor without patients, or a minister without hearers. When the ambition is less, the failure is often as great. A parent apprentices to some uncongenial trade a boy whom nature has obviously designed for a great lawyer: the possible Smeaton or Stephenson is compelled to measure out yards of broadcloth. The celebrated leader of free lances, Sir John Hawkwood, who fought so gallantly at Poitiers, was apprenticed in early life to a London tailor. His after career proved that the shears could never have been his proper weapon! Another genius nearly spoiled as a tailor was Jackson the painter. There was once a boy in the Isle of Wight whose whole soul was absorbed with the sights and sounds of the sea, whose mind was filled with dreams of its romance and adventure. His parents, however, insisted that he should be a tailor, and apprenticed him to a worthy tradesman

in the village of Niton. One day, however, it was reported in the workshop that a squadron of men-of-war was off the island. The lad threw aside his needle, leaped from the shopboard, and mingled with the crowd that had assembled to gaze upon the stately spectacle. His old sympathies kindled immediately into fresh life; he jumped into a boat, rowed off to the admiral's ship, offered himself as a volunteer, and was accepted. That boy was afterwards Admiral Hobson, who broke the boom at Vigo.

The chemist Vauquelin, not to be confounded with the Sieur Jean, author of "Les deux livres de Foresteries," was the son of a peasant of Saint-André-d'Herbelot, in the Calvados. When at school he displayed a bright intelligence; and his master, alluding to the rags and tatters of his daily attire, would encourage him by saying, "Go on, my boy; work, Nicholas, work and study, and one day you will go as well dressed as the village maire." If his parents had doomed him to the same calling as his father's, how fine a genius would have been lost to science! But a country apothecary, struck by his robustness rather than his talent, offered to receive him into his laboratory to pound drugs; and as his father did not object, Vauquelin accepted the engagement, in the hope of being able to continue his studies. He quickly discovered that the apothecary did not intend to allow him leisure for any such purpose; and stowing his few belongings into his haversack, he bade farewell to Saint André, and started on foot for Paris. He reached the great city; but, after much searching, could not obtain employment as an apothecary's boy. Through the continued effects of hunger, fatigue, and disappointment, he fell ill, and was removed to the hospital in a very dangerous condition. Youth and a good constitution triumphed over disease. He renewed his quest of employment, and at length obtained it. A train of circumstances led to his introduction to Fourcroy, the great chemist, who made him his private secretary; and in the course of years, on that philosopher's death, he succeeded him as Professor of Chemistry. Fourcroy himself, by the way, began life as a copyist and writing-master.

Has not English art had good reason to be thankful that Sir Joshua Reynolds' father did not succeed in conquering his inborn love of drawing and making him a physician? What

exquisite portraits we should have lost! what delightful faces of fair women, happy children, and illustrious men! what exquisite examples of colouring and expression! how many "things of beauty" and suggestions of refinement and grace! And, again, should we not have had occasion for regret if William Blake, the most mystical of poet-painters, had buried his genius in the hosier's shop to which his father at first apprenticed him? Hogarth's father had so little perception of the faculties and tastes of his son that he placed him under a silversmith. Had not his genius worked out its own career there would have been no "Rake's Progress," no "Marriage à la Mode," no "Idle Apprentice"—none, in fact, of those singularly powerful pictorial moralities by which Hogarth founded a "school" of his own.

The errors committed in the choice of a vocation are sometimes amusing, or would be so if we could forget how serious might have been their consequences. The parents of Claude Lorraine, who divides with our own Turner the supremacy in landscape-painting, would have made him a pastrycook! His brother was a little keener of insight, for he took him from the pastrycook's into his own shop, a wood-carver's; and in this kind of work there was at least more room for the development of his artistic faculty. Turner was intended by his father for the respectable but inglorious trade of a barber. One day, however, a design of a coat-of-arms which the boy had scratched on a silver salver attracted the attention of a customer whom his father was shaving, and he was so struck by its promise, that he strongly recommended the latter not to interfere with his son's evident bias. The lover of art almost shudders at the thought of what the world would have lost had Claude continued a pastrycook, and Turner shaved the bristling chins of his father's patrons!

The father of Benvenuto Cellini was possessed with the desire of making him a flute-player, but the youth had a better idea of the bent and quality of his powers, and sedulously cultivated his love of art. Nicolas Poussin might have spent life obscurely as a village schoolmaster, had not a country painter, pleased with his juvenile efforts, advised his parents to give his abilities free scope. Sir Francis Chantrey, the distinguished sculptor, losing his father when he was still in his early boyhood, was forced to drive an ass laden with his mother's

milk-cans into the town of Sheffield to supply the customers with milk. His mother married a second time, and Chantrey not agreeing with his step-father, was placed in a grocer's shop in Sheffield. He soon grew weary of small dealings in tea, sugar, and the like; and having conceived the idea of becoming a carver, implored his friends to release him from his engagement to the grocer. This was done, and he was bound apprentice to a carver and gilder for seven years. His new master was not only a carver in wood, but a dealer in prints and models, which Chantrey set to work in his spare hours to copy with unfailing perseverance. His success was signal; and growing conscious of his capacity for better things, he bought his discharge from his master, and made his way to London. Here, while patiently studying the arts of painting and modelling, he supported himself by working as a carver. His studio in London was a room over a stable, and his first great achievement was a colossal head of Satan, which, later in life, when he had won renown, he pointed out to a friend. "That head," he remarked, "was the first thing that I did after I came to London. I worked at it in a garret with a paper cap on my head; and as I could then afford only one candle, I stuck that one in my cap that it might move along with me, and give me light whichever way I turned." Flaxman, having seen the head, recommended Chantrey for the execution of the busts of four admirals intended for the Greenwich Naval Asylum. This commission led to others, and the sculptor's success in life was ensured.

William Etty may also be put forward as an example of the right direction of natural endowments. His father was a gingerbread baker and miller at York, who died while his son was still a boy. Young Etty had already evinced a strong partiality for drawing; walls, floors, tables, all were covered with his fanciful designs; his nimble fingers using first a lump of chalk, and afterwards a charred stick. But his mother, ignorant and unsympathetic, apprenticed the would-be artist to a printer. The genius within him, however, refused to be conquered. All his scanty leisure was devoted to the practice of drawing; and as soon as a cruel apprenticeship was at an end, he announced his intention of entering on an artist's career. The result fully justified his self-confidence, and, instead of a tolerable printer, England gained a great painter.

It is necessary, when dwelling on this subject, to guard the reader against a serious delusion. He must not mistake mere *liking* for real *talent*. He must not think, because he is fond of drawing caricatures or sketches, that therefore he can become an Etty, a Turner, or a Claude; that because he can play a little on the violin, therefore he is destined to develop into another Paganini. Books upon "Self-Help" and "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," valuable as they are in many respects, have sometimes erred by not impressing this consideration on the minds of their readers. A boy fired with enthusiasm by the narrative of what genius has accomplished in despite of the most formidable obstacles, and enchanted by glowing pictures of the fame and opulence that have rewarded its labours, thinks that an equally radiant path lies open before himself, and that he may disregard the counsels and neglect the wishes of his nearest and dearest friends. No doubt parents and guardians have often made mistakes; but far more numerous have been the mistakes of young men whom an imprudent ambition or a greed of gain has led into paths they were incompetent to tread successfully. As a rule, it is always best to accept and act upon the advice of our elders. The avocation may be uncongenial, and after a while it may appear plainly unsuitable. It will then be open to us to seize the first opportunity of choosing another career, if this can be done without injury. Instances there will always be, similar to those we have already set before the reader, of a strong and masterful talent asserting itself in the face of every discouragement, and seeking and finding its natural and legitimate outlet. But let us remember with humility that such talent is given to very few, and with gratitude that Heaven estimates our life-work not by its brilliancy but by its honesty. If we do our duty, it matters not whether we be leaders in the fore-front of the battle, or only the rank and file. In fixing upon a pursuit, let us therefore be guided by nobler thoughts than those of ambition, emulation, or envy. Let us bethink ourselves of the old saying that the greatest man is he who chooses right with the most unconquerable resolution; who withstands the sorest temptations within and without; who patiently bears the weightiest burdens; who is calmest in the storm, and most fearless under frown and menace; whose faith in truth, in

virtue, in God, is most unfaltering. We cannot all be great sculptors, painters, musicians, men of letters, or successful merchants and wealthy manufacturers. The dishonour and the failure do not lie in the choice of a lowly trade, or even in the unfortunate selection of the wrong vocation; they lie in our not doing the work before us with all our might. It is no disgrace to be a shoemaker; but it is a shame for a shoemaker to make bad shoes.

The infatuation which induces parents to convert their sons into "clerks," in which capacity a wearisome poverty must always be their lot; the delusion that sitting on a stool and adding up columns of figures is more honourable work than "pushing" a large business or carrying on a respectable trade, or than the higher forms of manual labour, must always remain inexplicable. We have met with a very vivid sketch of the ordinary life of a banker's clerk, and have every reason to believe in its accuracy. It does not represent the position as one of epicurean ease or divine independence. He is born, says the writer, to a high stool. He is taught vulgar fractions, patience, and morals, in a suburban academy. At fourteen he shoulders the office quill or "Gillott's Commercial." He copies letters from morning till night, receiving no salary; but he is to be remembered at Christmas. He is out in all weathers; and at twenty is, or is required to be, thoroughly impervious to rain, snow, and sunshine. At last he gets forty pounds per annum. He walks five miles to business and five miles home. He never stirs out without his umbrella. He never exceeds twenty minutes for his dinner. He runs about all day with a big chain round his waist and a gouty bill-book in his breast-pocket. He marries, and asks for an increase of salary. He is told "the house can do without him." He reviews every day a large array of ledgers, and has to "write up" the customers' books before he leaves. He reaches home at nine o'clock, and falls asleep over the yesterday's paper, borrowed from the public-house. He reaches eighty pounds a year. He fancies his fortune is made; but small boots and shoes and large school-bills stop him on the highroad to independence, and bring him no nearer to Leviathan Rothschild. He tries to get "evening employment," but his eyes fail him. He grows old, and learns that

the firm never pensions. One morning his stool is found to be unoccupied, and a subscription is raised amongst his old companions to pay the expenses of his funeral.

We have been greatly struck by the truth of some homely remarks of an American writer. He is contesting the fallacy that "the three black graces," Law, Physic, and Divinity, must be worshipped by the candidate for honour and respectability; and he observes that "it has spoiled many a good carpenter, done injustice to the sledge and the anvil, cheated the goose and the shears out of their rights, and committed fraud on the corn and the potato field." It is a melancholy fact that thousands have died of broken hearts in these professions who might have prospered at the plough or behind the counter; that thousands, dispirited and hopeless, wistfully gaze on the farmer's healthful and independent calling, or pluck up courage to try their fortune in the Colonies or the United States in the very trade they regarded as "not respectable" when entering upon life; while no inconsiderable numbers are reduced to necessities which humiliate them in their own estimation, rendering the most splendid worldly success a miserable compensation for the sense of degradation which accompanies it, and compelling them to derive from the miseries of their fellow-men the livelihood denied to their legitimate exertions. Hence, in society, we are constantly meeting with men who, conscious of their unfitness for their vocation, and earning their living by their weakness instead of by their strength, are doomed to hopeless infirmity. "If you desire," says Sydney Smith, "to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table of different shapes,—some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong,—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, while the square person has squeezed himself into the round hole."

Is it true that "our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities"? To our thinking the maxim is dangerously delusive. Few of us set any rigid limit to our wishes. In those day-dreams which all but the sober and self-contented permit themselves—which, let us own, assist us in bearing the burden of our daily life—we are fond of giving full range to our desires, and frequently they aim both high and far. That a

burning wish to become a great musician or a great painter is a proof of the possession of superior artistic genius we cannot admit. Young men fresh from the study of Tennyson are animated by a longing to gain the laureate wreath; but how sadly their capabilities fall short of their ideal, still-born volumes of unread rhymes proclaim. On the other hand, success in any particular pursuit depends undoubtedly in no small degree upon the spirit in which it is embraced. No man can expect to excel if his heart be not in his work. It is true, unquestionably, that Mozart yearned to become a great musician, and that but for this yearning and his passionate love of music he would never have written "Don Giovanni" or "Le Nozze di Figaro." But this by no means implies that the "capacity" necessarily accompanies the "wish." If the wish ripen into action, if it inspire a resolute determination to succeed, if it encourage perseverance and energy and calm endurance—then, indeed, it may work out its own fulfilment. Handel practising on his clavichord at midnight in a remote attic was a true foreshadowing of Handel the composer of "The Messiah;" not because he *wished* to become a great musician, but because he gave himself up heart and soul to the study of the art he loved. So with the boy Bach, who copied intricate pieces of music by moonlight because he was denied a candle. Here was the resolution as well as the desire, and the patient labour as well as the natural genius.

Whatever our aims in life, let us take care, at all events, that they are not unworthy of honest men. Do not let us set before ourselves a low mark. For instance, do not let us live and strive simply that we may "get on in the world," but to the intent that we may turn to the best account the talents with which God has endowed us, that we may do our duty as men and Christians, each within his proper sphere. We do not desire to discourage an honourable ambition; every healthy soul seeks to rise; but we pity those who suffer that ambition to overmaster them. To work for social advancement is nothing wrong. A man may profitably work for money, since money is a means to an end; but wealth and social position are, after all, the poorest imaginable ideals, and will hardly excite the aspirations of any generous nature. A contemporary essayist has some judicious observations on true ends of life; on the objects for which it is fitting that men should live and toil; on

HANDEL.

MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER.

the definite purpose that should inspire their studious youth and animate the efforts of their maturer years. "Why do we consume our nights and days in study? Why do we devote to toil and thought the bright hours of life's sweet spring?" These are the questions we should put to our hearts in the privacy of the closet. For what end do we work? What motive stimulates us? To what goal are our steps directed? We repeat that it is a vulgar and degrading ambition which endeavours simply to secure "a respectable position" in life. We have no sympathy with the man who disregards the higher excellences of knowledge, and fails to appreciate the sublimity of patience, resolution, self-denial;—"Soul-strengthening patience and sublime control." It is "the struggle" which ennobles us, and not "the prize." He who thinks only of "the prize" will probably fail in "the struggle;" for, wanting the inspiration of a lofty and exalting impulse, his heart may well faint before the obstacles which Fortune accumulates in the aspirant's path. Our admiration should and must be reserved for the heroic effort; and when we recognise that such an effort has been or is being made, we should not wait for failure or success, but bestow our hearty sympathy on the courageous and honest worker.

It has been said that "trifles light as air" often decide a young man's career; and this may be true in the sense that a spark may destroy a town if it alight upon a train of gunpowder. Where the will, and the sympathy, and the capacity already exist, a very slight impetus will be sufficient to guide them into the proper channel. But unless the career be in harmony with the natural aptitude, it will prove neither prosperous nor tranquil. Dryden tells us that—

> "What the child admired,
> The youth endeavoured, and the man acquired;"

and the poet's saying embodies a true philosophy. The labour that is to ripen into a golden harvest must spring from an innate sense and be carried out by a spontaneous will. "We are not surprised," remarks a popular writer, "to hear from a schoolfellow of the Chancellor Somers that he was a weakly boy, who always had a book in his hand, and never looked up at the play of his companions; to learn from his affectionate biographer that Hammond at Eton sought opportunities of

stealing away to say his prayers; to read that Tournefort forsook his college class that he might search for plants in the neighbouring fields; or that Smeaton, in petticoats, was discovered on the top of his father's barn in the act of fixing the model of a windmill which he had constructed. These early traits of character are such as we expect to find in the cultivated lawyer who turned the eyes of his age upon Milton; in the Christian whose life was one varied strain of devout praise; in the naturalist who enriched science by his discoveries; and in the engineer who built the Eddystone lighthouse." In each of these cases we see that the calling, however seemingly determined by accidental and external causes, was exactly that which would have been the result of deliberate choice. Nelson became a great seaman, not because when a boy he played with a miniature ship on the village pond, but because he had a natural disposition towards "a life on the ocean wave." In his boyhood Burns eagerly drank in the stories of witches and hobgoblins with which the old cronies of his father's fireside regaled him. But these did not make him a poet; they simply fed and fostered the poetic faculty which slumbered in his breast. George Law, the farmer's boy, chanced upon an old volume containing the history of a farmer's son who went out into the world to seek his fortune, and "after long years" returned home laden with wealth. But it was not this narrative which made Law a great steamship owner and merchant prince, however it may have operated as an incentive to his exertions. It was the firm, manly strain of his character, combined with the energy of a quick and lucid intellect.

It is told of the admirable philanthropist, Thomas Clarkson, that, competing for a prize essay at the University of Cambridge, he had given no consideration to its theme, which was "May one man lawfully enslave another?" But happening one day to see in the newspapers an advertisement of a "History of Guinea," he hastened to London and purchased the work, which revealed to him the horrible cruelties practised upon the victims of the accursed slave-trade. "Coming one day," he writes, "in sight of Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the wayside, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind that, if the contents of this essay were true, it was time that some person should see those calamities to their end." Thus was Clarkson

led to undertake a lifelong crusade against slavery; but who can doubt that he was predisposed to such a work by a natural benevolence of mind and gentleness of character? The truth of our contention can be proved by a thousand illustrations. We have heard of "the ruling passion being strong in death," but it is strongest in youth, and it is then that we must guide and control it. "The bearing which thoughts and studies may have upon our acts," says Matthew Arnold, "is not enough considered." Pope lisped in numbers, and wrote his "Ode to Solitude" at fourteen. Pascal composed at sixteen a tractate on the Conic Sections. Mozart wrote some fine musical compositions at eleven. Leon Faucher, the French politician, showed when at school so much interest in public affairs that his comrades nicknamed him "The Statesman." The industry and intelligence of Ferguson, the peasant-astronomer, had already been conspicuous before the incident occurred which seemed to guide his talent into the channel fittest for its successful development. He was only eight years of age when, the roof of the cottage having fallen in, his father, in order to re-erect it, applied to it a beam resting on a prop in the manner of a lever, and by this means easily accomplished what seemed to his son a stupendous effort. The boy's quick mind immediately began an inquiry into the principles of leverage, and soon struck out the fundamental one that the effect of any weight brought to bear upon a lever is always in exact proportion to the distance of the point on which it rests from the fulcrum.

In choosing a pursuit in life, it is necessary, then, that we should consult what we may call our "natural instinct," and that we should also endeavour to ascertain the exact limit of our powers. But we are liable to be influenced—and it is well that we should be influenced—by certain external causes or circumstances; such as our home-training and the example of our friends. These so mould and fashion the character that they cannot be otherwise than important factors in our calculations. Sometimes they will educe or foster the natural instinct; sometimes, perhaps, they will overrule and depress it. However this may be, their power cannot be denied. "The childhood shows the man," says Milton, "as morning shows the day." And therefore it is of vital importance that in childhood we should be surrounded by everything that can

assist in elevating, purifying, strengthening—everything that will cherish our good impulses and master our inclinations to evil—everything that will cultivate all that is true and honest, simple and generous, in our nature. It is in childhood that the temper can be disciplined, the will brought into subjection. It is in childhood that the intellect, like a virgin soil, lies open to the reception of golden seed. It is in childhood that the impressions are received which communicate their colouring to our later life. It is in childhood that the "natural instinct" is most plastic and can be shaped according to the highest model. Our home influences are never forgotten; our earliest lessons are always the best remembered. What a youth will become may generally be inferred from his home. We never see a good and great man without feeling sure that the home atmosphere which he breathed in his young years was pure and healthy. Childhood is both receptive and imitative; it absorbs all that is poured into it, and copies everything that surrounds it.

The most potent influence which humanity acknowledges is that of women, and the most potent influence in childhood is the mother's. We are, to a great extent, what our mothers make us. The lessons we learn from their dear lips are the lessons which abide by us to the grave. Therefore might George Herbert justly say, "that one good mother was worth a hundred schoolmasters." We cannot have a St. Augustine without a Monica. Cromwell, Pitt, George Washington, Napoleon, Walter Scott, how much did they not owe to their mothers! In each case the maternal impression was all in all. The fruit grew out of seed sown by the mother's hand. "I should have been an atheist," writes John Randolph, the American statesman, "if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven!'" Mr. Forster describes the mother of Oliver Cromwell as "a woman possessed of the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her; ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse turn; of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience; who, with the labour of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters sufficient to marry them into families as honourable but more wealthy than their own; whose single pride was

honesty, and whose passion was love; who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon; and whose only care, amidst all her splendour, was for the safety of her son in his dangerous eminence." What wonder that the son of such a mother became a great English worthy! A life nurtured under such high influences could hardly be other than heroic.

It was to the fostering care and wise guidance of his mother that Ary Scheffer, the German artist, owed the development of his intellect. Who can forget the lessons of admirable counsel she addressed to him when he was pursuing his studies at Paris? "Work diligently; be, above all, modest and humble; and when you find yourself excelling others, then compare what you have done with Nature itself, or with the 'ideal' of your own mind, and you will be secured, by the contrast which will be apparent, against the effects of pride and presumption." The mother of the great Napoleon was a woman of remarkable energy of mind and force of character. The late Lord Lytton ascribed his literary successes to the early impulse given to his talents by the cultivated taste of his accomplished mother. From his mother the poet Burns derived much of his fervour of imagination. Canning, the brilliant wit and successful statesman, inherited his intellectual qualifications from his mother. The father's influence must not be wholly set aside; and if William Pitt was largely indebted to the energy and vigour of his mother, he also owed not a little to the example and lessons of his father, the great Earl of Chatham. The Romillys, the Wilberforces, Sir Robert Peel, Matthew Arnold, are all illustrations of the inheritance of ability and character on the father's side; but as the mother is nearer to the child than the father, as her love is deeper and more unselfish, so is her influence greater and more enduring. A man's career in life is more frequently fixed by the mother's impulse than by the father's; and it is to be observed that the mother generally shows a much subtler sympathy with the "natural instinct" of her children, more correctly estimates their capabilities and understands their tastes, than the father. This truth was keenly felt and eloquently expressed by Michelet. "I lost my mother thirty years ago, when I was still a child," he writes; "nevertheless, ever living in my memory, she follows me through each stage

of life. She suffered with me in my poverty, and was not permitted to share my brighter fortune. When young I frequently caused her pain, and now I cannot console her. I know not even where her bones lie: I was then too poor to buy earth for her grave! And yet I owe her a large debt of gratitude. I feel deeply that I am the son of woman. Every instant, in my ideas and language, not to speak of my features and gestures, I find again my mother in myself. It is my mother's blood which gives me the sympathy I cherish for ages past, and the tender remembrance of all those who are now no more." It was in a like spirit that Benjamin West said, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter;" and Curran, the Irish orator, "The only inheritance I could boast of from my father was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child a portion from the treasure of her mind." So, too, Fowell Buxton wrote to his mother: "I constantly feel, especially in action and exertion for others, the effects of principles early implanted by you in my mind." Pope was never loth to acknowledge the beauty of the example set before him by his mother. It was Goethe's mother who discerned and encouraged his literary tastes when his father was bent on his following the law. In the case of Macaulay, the paternal and maternal influences seem to have been happily combined. "Nothing," says his biographer, "could be more judicious than the treatment that Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay adopted towards their boy, distinguished even in his childhood by his extraordinary mental powers. They never handed his productions about, or encouraged him to parade his powers of conversation or memory. They abstained from any word or act which might foster in him a perception of his own genius, with as much care as a wise millionaire expends on keeping his son ignorant of the fact that he is destined to be richer than his comrades. . . . One effect of this early discipline showed itself in his freedom from vanity and susceptibility—those qualities which, coupled together in our modern psychological dialect under the head of 'self-consciousness,' are supposed to be the besetting defects of the literary character." Finally, the accomplished lawyer, Lord Langdale, in his consciousness of the value of his mother's

teaching, exclaimed, "Were the whole world put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam."

Our aims in life, though they may be largely controlled by the influences of home, will also be not a little swayed by the influences of companionship. Show us a man's friends, and you show us the man himself.[1] We need no other character of the chivalrous Lord Brooke than the epitaph he caused to be inscribed upon his tomb—"Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sydney;" for we know what manner of man Sir Philip Sydney's friend would necessarily be. In the well-known song of the Persian poet Sadi, the poet asks a clod of clay how it has come to smell so fragrantly. "The sweetness is not in myself," replies the clay, "but I have been lying in contact with the rose." Those higher qualities in which our character may naturally be deficient we must learn, therefore, to supply by cultivating worthy friendships; and in this way we shall be fitted to form a loftier and purer ideal of life. It is curious, in studying Byron's works, to note how largely his genius was coloured by the influence of his associates. Thus, he never wrote with so much sensibility, such tenderness, and so generous a sympathy with nature, as when he was in constant communication with Shelley. Who shall determine what Tennyson may not have owed to his friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam? The friends of John Sterling were accustomed to say of him that none could come into contact with his noble mind and heart without being in some manner ennobled, without being lifted up into a higher region of aim and object. It was the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds that kindled the ambition of Northcote. Gomez became a painter by watching Murillo; Handel a musician by listening to Haydn.

"If thou wouldst get a friend," says an old writer, "prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him, for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed to thy friends. A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure. A faithful friend is the medicine of life." These cautions are well worth bearing in mind, for your choice of a career in life,

[1] Sainte Beuve says, "Vis moi qui tu admires, et je dirai qui tu es."

and your successful following of it, will depend, in a greater degree than you imagine, on the impulse you receive from your friends—an impulse sufficiently powerful at times to counteract the wise lessons and sacred example of the home. Choose worthy friends, and your life will be worthy. Let your exemplars be such that to follow them will be an honour. Or, as George Herbert says, "Keep good company, and you shall be of the number." And George Herbert's mother spoke similar words of wisdom: "As our bodies take in nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so do our souls as insensibly take in virtue or vice by the example or conversation of good or bad company." Charles James Fox was unfortunate in his home training, but its defects were largely remedied through his friendship with Edmund Burke. He declared publicly that if he were to put all the political information which he had learned from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from Burke's instruction and conversation were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference. What would Cicero have been without Atticus, or Xenophon without Socrates? Or, to borrow an illustration from English history, was not Cromwell the better for his friendship with Hampden? Did not Canning acknowledge the value of his intimacy with William Pitt?

A remarkable instance of the extent to which a man's life may be shaped and moulded by the teaching or conduct of a friend is furnished by the biography of Paley, the moralist and theologian. When a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, he was equally well known for his clumsiness and his cleverness, and his fellow-students made him at once their favourite and their butt. Possessed of a strong, clear intellect, he wasted his time on unprofitable pleasures and pursuits, so that at the end of two years his progress was very trivial. One morning a friend came to his bedside before the idler had risen, and addressed him in grave and earnest tones: "Paley," he said, "I have not been able to sleep for thinking about you. I have been thinking what a fool you are! *I* have the means of dissipation, and can afford to be idle; *you* are poor, and cannot afford it. *I* could do nothing, probably, even were I to try; *you* are capable of doing anything. I have

lain awake all night thinking about your folly, and I have now come solemnly to warn you. Indeed, if you persist in your indolence, and go on in this way, I must renounce your society altogether." This emphatic warning had such an effect upon Paley that he abandoned his idle courses, resolved upon a new plan of life, and carried it out with diligence and energy. His after career of success, well deserved, was due to a friend's candour.

The inspiration of example is felt by all generous natures, and one of the greatest services rendered to humanity by our poets and artists, patriots and heroes, is the suggestion they give by their lives to all that is best and loftiest in young minds. A Dante passes on "Apollo's wand" to a Milton; a Racine kindles his genius by a live coal borrowed from the altar of a Corneille. What would Titian have been without Ariosto? The young Correggio gains hope and strength from the study of the work of a famous master, and exultantly exclaims, "I too am a painter!" Pope sits at the feet of Dryden, and feels that the breath of poetry has blown upon him. Raffaelle reverently receives from Michael Angelo the living torch of art. Haydon touches Sir Joshua Reynolds, and seems to draw a virtue from the contact. Allan Cunningham is encouraged to persevere by seeing Sir Walter Scott as he passes along the streets of Edinburgh. Haydn obtained admission as a valet into the household of the musician Porpora, and learned to write "The Creation." The friendship of Faraday proved "energy and inspiration" to Professor Tyndall. Who does not remember how the spirit of Nelson communicated itself to his captains? "Example," writes Dr. Smiles, "is one of the most potent of instructors, though it teaches without a tongue. It is the practical school of mankind, working by action, which is always more forcible than words. Precept may point to us the way, but it is a silent, continuous example, conveyed to us by habits, and living with us, in fact, that carries us along. Good advice has its weight, but without the accompaniment of a good example, it is of comparatively small influence; and it will be found that the common saying of 'Do as I say, not as I do,' is usually reversed in the actual experience of life."

It has been remarked by Emerson, the American essayist, that "the pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney,

Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life *is*, that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendour, and act upon principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days." In other words, if our aims in life are to be high, we must choose high examples, and carefully select our friends, in order to ensure that they shall subject us to no degrading or unhealthy influences. The example of a good and great man is like the lighthouse; it not only warns, but directs; not only indicates the rock, but guides into port. No sermon can be so eloquent as an heroic life. It teaches us how poor and commonplace would be our own if it were never elevated by worthy deeds, never illuminated by generous thoughts. O reader! take care that your friends be able to raise you up, not pull you down. Take care that they are able to strengthen you in good purposes, and encourage you to lofty deeds. "It is astonishing," says the late Dr. Mozley, "how much good goodness makes. Nothing that is good is alone, nor anything bad; it makes others good or others bad, and these others, and so on; like a stone thrown into a pond, which makes circles that make wider ones, and these others, till the last reaches the shore." A bad friend will make you yourself no helpful friend to others. The electric spark of character shoots all along the chain from link to link.

Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam," has sketched with equal truth and beauty the extent of the power for good, of the elevating and brightening inspiration, of a worthy friend. Apostrophising the lamented Arthur Henry Hallam, he says:—

"Thy converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years:
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

"O'er thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarmed of pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his double tongue.

"The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was softened, and he knew not why.

"While I, thy nearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art.

"Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will."

The causes which operate upon us in determining our aims in life are of all kinds. Sometimes it is accident that touches the hidden spring, and throws wide the gate through which the adventurer passes into the enchanted land of fortune. A trivial incident may evoke the natural instinct, and set our feet in the path which we are best adapted to pursue. Thucydides in his boyhood hears Herodotus read his history, and is at once awakened to a consciousness of his powers, and of their appropriate field of labour. Fanny Burney comes upon one of the novels of the day, and is incited to the composition of her "Evelina." Hall, the Arctic voyager, was inspired by his perusal of the narratives of the earlier explorers. But most of us can wait for no such inspiration, nor do we *need* any such inspiration. Our vocations in life are humbler and less exciting. Well if our calling be honest, and if in that calling we do our best; if it be adapted to the measure of our powers, and not in opposition to our natural bias, we shall have no occasion to repine. To do that which before us lies in our own sphere of work, and to do it with all our might and energy, that is our great and solemn duty. Whatever our aims in life, let them be honest in themselves and honestly pursued.

It is not difficult to discover the "path in life" which we can follow with the greatest success. The "natural instinct" reveals itself in many ways, and the tastes of the boy foreshadow the occupations of the man. Ferguson's clock carved out of wood and supplied with the rudest mechanism; the boy Davy's laboratory in his garret at Penzance; Faraday's tiny electric machine, made with a common bottle; Claude Lorraine's pictures in flour and charcoal on the walls of the baker's shops; Canova's modelling of small images in clay; Chantrey's carving of his schoolmaster's head in a bit of pine wood,—all were indications, clear and strong, of the future

man. Not only was the sympathy present, but the talent; not only the inclination, but the will. And so when Charlotte Brönte in her childhood invented romances and constructed plots, the signs of the future novelist's great genius might easily have been detected by an observant eye. All honour to the Scotch dominie whose sagacity recognised the fact that David Wilkie "was much fonder of drawing than of reading, and could paint much better than he could write!" Is it not a good thing for the world that it possesses "The Rent Day" and "The Village Fiddlers"? Yet these it might never have had had a wrong direction been given in his early years to Wilkie's talents. It is often, perhaps generally, the fault of others that the round man is thrust into the square hole, and in this uncongenial position compelled to fret through the weary years. What a burden for the individual, what a misfortune for society, when lives are thus pitifully wasted! We have been reminded by an American essayist that if Mendelssohn's father had discouraged instead of wisely fostering that rare musical genius which, when its possessor was only eight years old, detected in a concerto of Bach's six of those "dread offences against the grammar of music," consecutive fifths, we should never have had that perfect tone-picture of Shakespeare's exquisite fancy, the "Midsummer Night's Dream!" No; nor the grand music of the "Elijah," nor the noble and various strains of the "Lieder ohne Worte," nor the delicate interpretation of the Greek dramatist's "Antigone." How much poorer would the world have been had Mendelssohn's intellectual powers been misdirected into a wrong channel!

It is related of the American President, John Adams, that when he was a boy, his father, a shoemaker, essayed to teach him the craft honoured of St. Crispin. One day some "uppers" were placed in his hands, with instructions to cut them out by a pattern, with a triangular hole in it (the hole having been utilised for suspending the pattern to a nail) which was given to him. The boy worked assiduously at the unwelcome task; but behold, when he had completed it, it was found that he had imitated the pattern with irritating exactness, hole and all. His father sagely concluded that the boy would never be other than a bad shoemaker; history shows, however, that he made a prudent and successful statesman. It is true that parents

sometimes err on the side of partiality, and over-estimate the abilities of their sons, and that youth itself, as we have hinted, is prone to this flattering exaggeration. It is true—for moralists are never weary of telling us so—that Liston, who convulsed audiences by the richness of his drollery, was convinced that he was born to play "Macbeth;" that David, the artist of Revolutionary France, could never be persuaded that his proper profession was not the diplomatic. These delusions must be accepted as warnings to exercise the greatest discretion in judging of the character, temperament, and faculties of the young before we seek to determine them in the selection of a career. And this discretion is all the more needful because it is certain that each of us has his suitable groove, if he can but find it. Lamentable wrecks of goodly barks would be avoided if they were properly trimmed at the outset, and steered with a trustworthy compass. It is the duty of the parent, the guardian, the instructor, to study carefully the proclivities of those committed to their charge, to search for the latent force, and watch and wait for the indications of nature. The elder Caxton, while superintending his son's education, recalls how he has read in a certain Greek writer of the foolish experimentalist who, to save his bees a laborious flight to fragrant Hymettus, cut their wings, and then set before them the finest flowers and fullest of nectared sweets he could collect. Alas! he soon discovered to his cost that the bees made no honey! Applying the illustration, Caxton determines that his young Pisistratus shall be restricted to no narrow sphere limited by parental anxiety, but allowed to range over fresh woods and pastures new for his own materials.

It is generally found that in men of great genius the "natural instinct" is so strong as to defy all efforts to repress it. In their early years its spell is upon them, invincible and irresistible as that of the enchanter in the "Orlando Furioso." Their thoughts and dreams are occupied by its influence, which, like the ghost of Miltiades in the case of the Athenian statesman, or the spirit of Hamlet's father, will not let them rest. The impulse cannot be denied. Shakespeare struggles with his thoughts until he composes "Hamlet;" Beethoven is driven onward until he creates the "Sinfonia Eroica." Genius chooses its channel of expression with no desire for wealth, or fame, or happiness; but because it cannot do otherwise, just as

the nightingale sings because its heart is in its music. The poet and the painter and the musician love their art, and give up their souls to it with unquestioning surrender. Aims in life!—Genius has only one; to find an outlet in the way best adapted for it. It may be enslaved for a while—"cribbed, cabined, and confined" by unpropitious circumstances; but sooner or later it will burst its bonds, and ply its wings in the free, open air. The time comes at last when it will no longer consent "to harrow the valleys, or be bound with the band in the furrow;" when "it laughs at the multitude of the city, and regards not the crying of the driver;" when, refusing any longer to pour water into sieves or weave ropes out of sand, it designs a "Madonna," carves an "Apollo," or writes a "Divina Commedia." How was it that Hogarth and Correggio, to name two masters of very opposite genius, succeeded in attaining that high standard of excellence which the world now recognises admiringly? What was their inspiration? Not a mother's approving smile, nor a father's frown; not the help of teachers, nor the world's premature applause; but the vivid, tingling delight with which the one seized upon a grotesque incident or character, the rapt soul shining in the eyes of the other as he raised a saint to, or drew an angel from, the skies.

To these remarks upon the conditions which the young should bear in mind when debating their "aims in life," we may add a couple of warnings. First, we would say, having once selected your profession or calling, do not be in a hurry to change it. "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Because it is at first distasteful, do not hurriedly conclude that you are in the wrong place; that your "genius" (heaven save the mark!) has not discovered its appropriate sphere; that you are not rightly appreciated, but that in some other pursuit you would assuredly rise to fame and fortune. Be humble and be patient. We cannot all of us mount Pegasus, and the modest hackney is at best a safer steed. Our young men seem to share in the general unrest of the age, and shift uneasily from one pursuit to another, with the result of succeeding in none. They would do well to imitate Sydney Smith, who, as a parish priest at Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, felt that he was inappropriately situated, but cheerfully persevered in his resolve to do justice to his work. "I am determined," he said, "to like it, and reconcile myself

to it, which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post of being thrown away and being desolate, and such like trash." Macready appears to have detested his profession as an actor as strongly as did Shakespeare; but he laboured in it with persistent industry, and after years of discouragement rose to the highest position on the English stage. It is well, then, to be careful in the choice of the road we travel; but it is better, when once the choice has been made, to adhere to it contentedly. "Going back" is almost always a losing game, and much that is possible to men of genius is impracticable or dangerous to men of ordinary ability.

Our second caution is, whatever your calling, do not despise it. If it be humble, elevate it by the honesty and excellence with which you discharge its duties. As we have already hinted, there is no discredit in being a shoemaker, but there *is* in making a bad shoe. The scorn with which some young men speak of the work to which they have been called springs too often from a wretched vanity. Their great souls are humiliated by being required to labour like their neighbours. But if a man cannot be a Guido, he can at least learn to mix colours thoroughly; and it is more praiseworthy to "engross a deed" with careful accuracy than to write bad verses. It is not the labour that dignifies the man, but the man who dignifies the labour. Of nothing is the world more contemptuous than of the silly affectation that is ashamed of its position in society or business. Of nothing is the world more tender than of the honest pride which seeks only to do its duty. It reserves its deepest reverence for such men as George Wilson, who could say, "The word DUTY seems to me the biggest word in the world, and is uppermost in all my serious doings." It echoes and approves the poet's saying, "The path of duty is the way to glory":—

> "He that walks it, only thirsting
> For the right, and learns to deaden
> Love of self, before his journey closes,
> He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
> Into glossy purples, which out-redden
> All voluptuous garden-roses."

CHAPTER III.

A STEADY PURPOSE.

"Be not simply good; be good for something."—*Thoreau.*

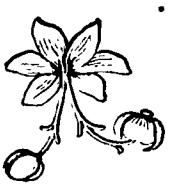
"Rich are the diligent, who can command
Time, nature's stock, and, could his hour-glass fall,
Would, as for seed of stars, stoop for the sand,
And, by incessant labour, gather all."
—*Sir William Davenant.*

"We are but farmers of ourselves; yet may,
If we can stock ourselves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent-day."
—*Dr. Donne.*

"We should guard against a talent which we cannot hope to practise in perfection. Improve it as we may, we shall always, in the end, when the merit of the matter has become apparent to us, painfully lament the loss of time and strength devoted to such botchery."—*Goethe.*

"Do what thou dost as if the earth were heaven,
And that thy last day were the judgment-day:
When all's done, nothing's done."
—*Charles Kingsley.*

"When I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle, I go through."—*Ben Jonson.*



CHAPTER III.

THE severest censure that can be passed upon a man is that of the poet's:—"Everything by turns and nothing long." The words contain a sad revelation of wasted opportunities, wasted powers, wasted life. They have always seemed to us to apply, with a painful degree of exactness, to the career of Lord Brougham. Few men have been more richly endowed by nature. Few men have exhibited a greater plasticity of intellect, a greater affluence of mental resources. He was a fine orator, a clear thinker, a ready writer. It is seldom that a man who sways immense audiences by the power of his eloquence attains also to a high position in the ranks of literature. Yet this Brougham did; while, as a lawyer, he gained the most splendid prize of his profession, the Lord Chancellorship of England, and, as a scientific investigator, merited and received the applause of scientific men. All this may seem to indicate success; and, to a certain extent, Brougham *was* successful. Not the less, having been everything by turns and nothing long—having given up to many pursuits the powers which should have been reserved for one or two—he was, on the whole, a failure. Not only did he fail to make any permanent mark on the history or literature of his country, but he even outlived his own fame. He was almost forgotten before he died. He frittered away his genius on too many objects; while every schoolboy knows, that to secure the greatest possible amount of solar energy, you must concentrate the rays upon a single focus. Miss Martineau has happily said, that when we think of Lord Brougham, the often-quoted apologue of the Duchess of Orleans respecting her son, the Regent, involuntarily occurs to the mind. He was one on whom, in his cradle, beneficent fairies

had lavished every intellectual gift, but a single malignant spirit rendered them all unavailing by adding the fatal ingredient of waywardness. And she relates an anecdote which bears with it a mournful and significant application. Lord Brougham, she says, was at his chateau at Cannes, when the daguerreotype process, the precursor of photography, was introduced there; and an accomplished neighbour proposed to take a view of the chateau, with a group of guests in the balcony. The artist explained the necessity of perfect immobility. He asked his Lordship and friends to keep still only for "five seconds;" and his Lordship vehemently promised that he would not stir. Alas! he moved too soon, and the consequence was, where Lord Brougham should have been, a blur; so stands the daguerreotype view to this hour. "There is something," remarks Miss Martineau, "very typical in this. In the picture of our century, as taken from the life by history, this very man should have been a central figure; but now, owing to his want of steadfastness, there will be for ever a blur where Brougham should have been." For want of concentration of aim, of steadiness of purpose, how many lives are nothing but blurs!

> "See first that the design is wise and just;
> That ascertained, pursue it resolutely.
> Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
> That you resolved to effect."

Not for one repulse, no, and not for repeated repulses. Keep true to your object. Remember that "steadfast application to a fixed aim" is the law of a well-spent life and the secret of an honourable success. Said Giardini, when asked how long it would take to learn the violin, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together." Ah me! how many of us think to play our fiddles by inspiration! Now Giardini became a great violinist because he practised twelve hours a day, and *only* on the violin. His motto was Strafford's—"Thorough:" and we know of no better motto for men in earnest.

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, in a letter to his daughter, records some interesting particulars of the elder Rothschild. "We dined yesterday at Ham House," he says, "to meet the Rothschilds, and very amusing it was. He told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at

Frankfort. 'There was not,' he said, 'room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man, and did us a favour if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday. I said to my father, "I will go to England." I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started. The nearer I got to England, the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money, things were so cheap, and I made a good profit.'

"'I hope,' said ——, 'that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that?'

"'I am sure I would wish that,' said Rothschild; 'I am sure I would wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. Stick to one business, young man,' said Rothschild, addressing Edward (Sir T. F. Buxton's son); 'stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. But be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the *Gazette*.'"

The advice is sound, though given in a sordid spirit. It is not possible to insist too strongly upon the necessity of definiteness of aim, steadiness of purpose, unity of object. To excel in one pursuit is surely better than to fail in many. As much persistence is required in following up the vocation which we have chosen in life, as was shown by the eminent financial authority, Mr. Lawson, in the first stage of his career. The story is told by himself. One day, on visiting Lombard Street for some trivial business, he, acting under a vague but potent influence, ventured boldly into the office of one of the largest banking-houses in that celebrated locality. "I looked about me," he says, "but nobody appeared to take any notice. I saw young men standing behind long counters, weighing gold and silver in scales. I stood there for some time watching the tellers and inwardly admiring the magnificence of the money-changers. At last I said to one of them, 'Pray, sir, do you want a clerk?' He answered sharply, 'Who told you that we wanted a clerk?' I replied, 'Nobody told me so, but having recently left school, I am desirous of

getting some employment. I am living with my mother, who cannot afford to keep me idle at home, and what to do, I know not.'

"Whether the teller was struck with the novelty of the application, or the reason I adduced for making it, I never could discover. Suffice it to say that, after waiting about ten minutes, I was requested to walk into the partners' room.

"On my entering this *sanctum sanctorum*, I perceived three persons sitting at a table. One was a venerable and amiable-looking old gentleman, the head of the firm; the others were younger. One of the latter, the junior partner, addressed me, putting the question the teller had done; and, nothing daunted, I gave the same answer, adding, 'I do not like to be beholden to my friends for my support if I can anyhow get my own living.'

"'A very praiseworthy determination,' he said; 'and how old are you, my boy, and how long have you been from school?' Having satisfied him upon these points, he continued his queries, asking what sort of a hand I wrote. 'A very good one,' I replied; 'at least, so my master used to say;' and at the same time pulling out my school copy-book, which I had been thoughtful enough to put in my pocket, I displayed it before them. 'Ay,' he said, 'that is very good writing; but can you get any one to be security for you?' I said at once, and without the least hesitation, 'Yes, sir.' This reply was made without my having at that time the remotest idea what the security meant, as applied in the sense in which he used it. I gave him the name of a gentleman, who, I said, would no doubt do what was required. I also gave him the name of the steward of Christ's Hospital.

"Inquiries were made of these gentlemen, which proving satisfactory, I received on the following Wednesday a visit from the gentleman at the banking-house whom I had accosted on my first entering, and who on this occasion said he was very happy to be the bearer of the intelligence that I had been appointed to a clerkship in the banking-house of Barclay, Tritton, Bevan, & Co., and that I was to commence the duties of my office on the following morning. 'Your salary,' he added, 'will be seventy pounds per annum.' This was indeed a most agreeable and joyful piece of information, and such as

I had no reason to expect. I accordingly made my appearance at the office on the following morning, which but a week before I had entered a wandering stranger."

It must be admitted that Mr. Lawson by his directness of aim, his boldness, and his energy, had deserved his good fortune. The example, however, is one which can hardly be imitated with success. The moral of the story is its chief value: "Know your own mind, and adhere to it." Then, indeed, you may not win a complete victory, for Circumstance is always a formidable adversary, but you will avoid absolute defeat. In great battles the issue rests with the general who seizes most clearly the best point of attack, and directs his efforts thither with the greatest tenacity.

"A man," says Emerson, with equal truth and beauty, "is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle, then it shows deep and beautiful colours." That is the angle which the prudent soul, which has learned to know itself, is always anxious to expose to the light. It may be asserted as an indisputable fact that every great man has become great, that every successful man has succeeded, in proportion as he has confined his powers to one particular channel. If we think of James Watt, it is as the inventor of the steam-engine; of Richard Arkwright, it is as the inventor of the spinning-jenny. Jenner is identified with the introduction of vaccination; Sir Humphrey Davy's name we associate with the safety-lamp. Each is known by his own trade-mark. It is true that Leonardo da Vinci was poet and musician as well as painter; but his sonnets are known only to the few, and it is "The Last Supper" that preserves his fame. By spreading our powers over a wide area we cannot do otherwise than weaken them; we secure breadth, but we lose depth. Universality has been the *ignis fatuus* which has deluded to ruin many a promising mind. In attempting to gain a knowledge of half a hundred subjects, it has mastered none. A versatile man is usually a smatterer. Sir Joshua Reynolds has left on record the emphatic aphorism that a painter ought to sew up his mouth; he cannot both excel in his art and shine as a conversationalist. Charles Dickens said, "Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to

put one hand to anything on which I could not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I now find to have been golden rules."

The examples which are sometimes given of successful versatility are found, on inquiry, to be deceptive. Take, for instance, that of the late Lord Lytton. It is said, and truly, that he attained eminence as a novelist, a dramatist, and, in a minor degree, as a poet. He wrote some admirable essays, and an historical work of considerable merit. Whether, if he had addressed himself wholly to fiction, he might not have done better, we will not now argue; but at least it must be observed that his eminence was confined to a single department, that of literature. The faculties he cultivated so assiduously were the literary faculties. As a politician he accomplished nothing. To furnish a fair illustration of versatility he should have succeeded also as a scientific inquirer or an artist. In like manner, Michael Angelo was a great sculptor and a great painter; but sculpture and painting are only two branches of art, and the same intellectual powers may enable a man to excel in both or either. It is said of Cicero that he was a master of logic, ethics, astronomy, and natural philosophy; and that he was also profoundly versed in music, geometry, and the fine arts. Science in Cicero's days was a very limited field, and could easily be covered by an active intellect; but it remains true that to us the great Roman is known only as an orator and a philosopher, and that in no other capacities has he acquired an enduring renown. Still, we do not deny that a few remarkable men have distinguished themselves by the vast scope of their attainments. Bacon seems to have claimed supremacy over the whole domain of human knowledge. Salvator Rosa touched the lute with skill, and shot with dexterous ease the arrowy shafts of satire, while transferring to the canvas so much of the poetry of landscape. Dante, to whose powerful imagination were open alike the gates of paradise, of purgatory, and of hell, was steeped to the lips in all the learning of his age, while in the political drama of his time he played a conspicuous part. These exceptions, however, do but prove the rule; for how many of us are there who can pretend to approach within the circle illuminated by the higher genius?

No athlete would gain a prize if he wavered between two

goals. Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, is remembered by "The Leviathan;" not by his weak attempts in verse. Bentley, great as a critic on the ancient classics, failed egregiously when he essayed his hand upon Milton. Corneille could not write comedy. "Art, not less eloquently than literature," says Robert Aris Willmott, "teaches her children to venerate the single eye. Remember Matsys. His representations of miser-life are breathing. A forfeited bond twinkles in the hard smile. But follow him to an altar-piece. His apostle has caught a stray tint from his usurer." Excellent is the advice given by Sydney Smith in his criticism on what he calls the "foppery of universality." He points out that the leading principle of the modern theory of education seems to be, "Be ignorant of nothing." His advice, on the contrary, is, "Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything." "I would exact of a young man a pledge that he would never read Lope de Vega; he should pawn to me his honour to abstain from Bettinelli and his thirty-five original sonneteers; and I would exact from him the most rigid securities that I was never to hear anything about that race of puny poets who lived in the reigns of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici." Acting upon this advice, the student will avoid the error of those who attempt intellectually the feat of the hippodrome, and are fain to show their skill in riding three horses at once!

We like the trumpet-note of Fowell Buxton's manly words:—"The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy—invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." Observe, that the purpose is to be fixed, the aim concentrated, and then the whole man brought to bear upon it. Desultoriness is the vice of the age; nothing is thoroughly done, because everybody attempts to do everything. We see this evil rampant in our schools, the curriculum of which includes as many branches of study as would occupy an average lifetime in only a cursory survey, instead of being spread out before astonished children:

Greek and Latin, French and German, multifarious "English," Ancient and Modern History, Physical Science, Mathematics, Astronomy, Botany, Drawing, &c., &c. The wonder is, how one poor head can carry such a burthen of knowledge! Or rather, such would be the wonder, if it were not obvious to every observer that the "scholar" gets no more than the merest inkling of all these languages and sciences. His time is divided among so many subjects that patient, exhaustive inquiry is impossible; and the gold leaf is extended over so wide a space that it becomes almost too thin to hide the wire beneath. The race of students is dying out. The ambition of our young men is no longer to dive deeply, but to skim the widest possible surface. Scholarship will soon become a thing of the past, unless a reaction happily take place; and, in the interest of true knowledge, a protest be raised against the present system of intellectual diffuseness. Concentration of aim is the one great want of the present time. We are repeating in another form what we have already urged; but the repetition of an important truth may well be forgiven us. For even our newspapers foster the growing evil by presenting to their readers such a number and variety of themes. Anything like continuous matured thought is rendered impossible. The mind flutters from topic to topic and takes hold of none; hence it lives in an atmosphere of dissipation which rapidly consumes its energies and exhausts its freshness.

The successful man of business is always a striking illustration of what is meant by steadiness of purpose. He, at all events, appreciates the force of the old adage, "Jack of all trades and master of none." He knows that his position was won, and can be maintained, only by "concentration of aim;" by the gathering up of all his powers into one special channel. Merchant, or banker, or stockbroker, engineer or shipbuilder, coalmaster or ironfounder, he is content with a single field for the employment of his resources. A glance at the career of William Astor, the American millionaire, may here be profitable. It is said that if anything were left undone by this man of steady purpose and superabundant energy to extend and crown with success his trade in furs, it must have lain beyond the compass of mortal shrewdness. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the trade, "interviewing" the agents, and gaining a comprehensive knowledge of its methods and profits.

His enterprising spirit carried him into projects which would have daunted most men.

At the close of the War of Independence, England still held possession of Oswego, Detroit, Niagara, and other important posts. As these were the entrepôts of the western and northern provinces, the fur trade languished after their detention and during their capture. The traders had been either driven away or drafted into the armies; the trappers had shared the political enthusiasm of the time, and ranged themselves on one side or the other; and the Indians obtained larger quantities of calico and "fire-water" in return for their mercenary rifles and tomahawks than they could have done had they employed them against only beavers and squirrels. After a protracted negotiation and vast diplomatic effort, these posts were ceded to the United States, and Canada was opened to the fur trade. Soon afterwards the English settlers withdrew from the west side of St. Clair, and the great fur trade of the West fell chiefly into the hands of American merchants.

It was clear to the sagacity of Astor that the posts thus made free would soon be frequented by Indians eager to dispose of the accumulated produce of several years' hunting, and that the time had come when he might hope to realise a large fortune by developing his trade. He set to work, therefore, to establish agencies, over which he exercised a careful personal supervision, while still fixing his headquarters at New York. His adventure proved entirely successful; and in a few years he derived large profits from this source.

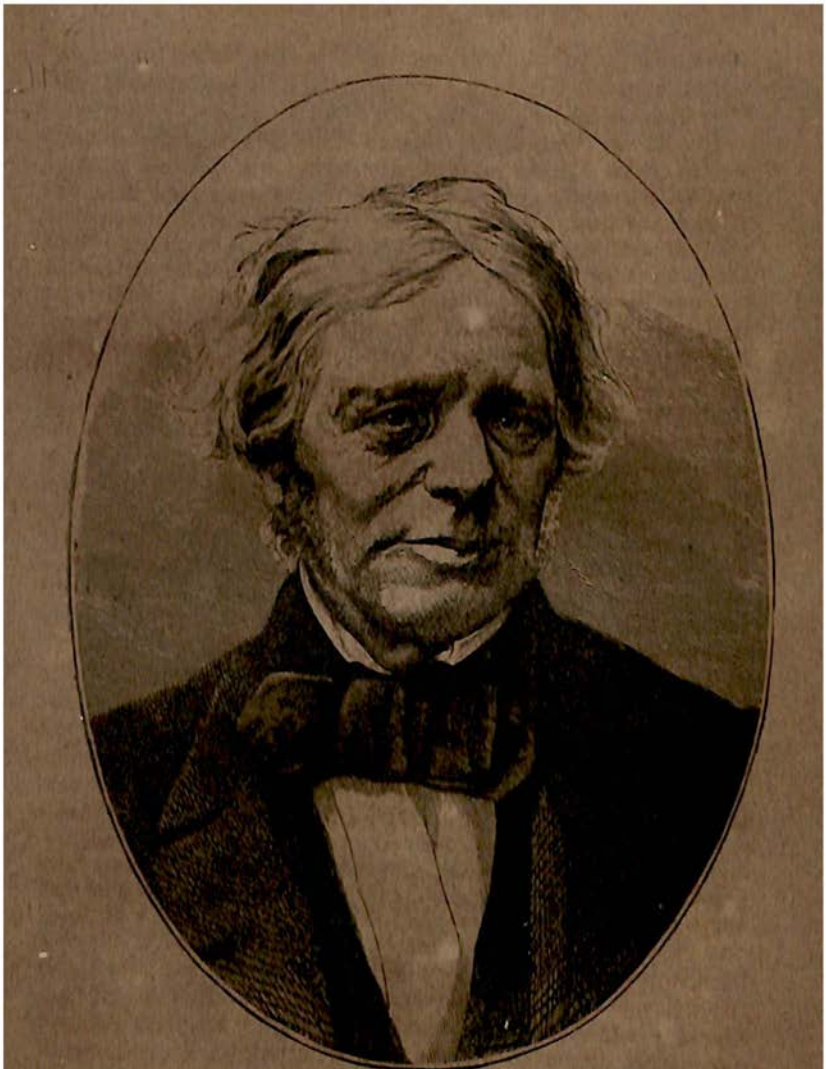
The British fur companies, however, had planted their block forts on almost every eligible site along the rivers of the northern and north-western parts of the North American mainland; and it seemed certain that, unless bold measures were adopted, they would speedily secure a monopoly of the entire fur trade. It was for this purpose Astor founded in 1803 the American Fur Company. The hardy adventurers whom he enlisted in his project boldly pushed their outposts far into the hitherto virgin prairie, and erected their rude log-huts and palisades on the banks of unexplored rivers. Tribes who had never seen the white man, who knew of him only by legend and tradition, or through the wonderful tales told round the bivouac-fire by some visitor from another tribe, now grew acquainted with him,

and laid at his feet their wealth of beaver, otter, sable, and buffalo skins, in return for supplies of muskets, powder, and "fire-water."

No sooner had the American Fur Company been fairly started, than Mr. Astor, still preserving his oneness of aim, cast his far-seeing eyes towards the region extending from the Rocky Mountains to the Ocean. He proposed to the American Government the establishment of a line of small forts along the shores of the Pacific and on the Columbia River, in order to deprive the British of their facilities for organising a trade west of the Rocky Mountains. The project found favour; and in 1810 sixty men, under the command of a hardy and adventurous leader, planted at the mouth of the river Columbia the first post, which, from the originator of the scheme, received the name of Astoria, and proved to be the germ of the future State of Oregon. Then began a series of operations on a scale far exceeding aught which had previously been attempted by individual enterprise. The whole story, which has been told by Washington Irving, is replete with the most romantic details. The scheme sprang from a bold and capacious mind; and had it been faithfully carried out by Mr. Astor's associates, would, no doubt, have been crowned with success. But it was mismanaged, and it failed. During the war between England and the United States a British armed sloop captured Astoria, and the British fur traders took possession of the rich field which Mr. Astor had begun to cultivate. Nothing, however, could discourage this man of fixed intent. He continued his operations in other quarters with untiring energy, until he amassed a princely fortune.

The late Mr. Brassey insisted upon the course we are recommending with as much sincerity as ourselves. His biographer says of him that, in the execution of a contract, he was very careful to apportion the work according to the abilities and experience of the workers. "He never liked to let the brick-work and the earth-work to one man. He would let the brick-work to a bricklayer, and the earth-work to a man specially acquainted with that branch. 'I have often,' says one of his employés, 'heard him mention, as a principle of action, Each one to his own speciality.'"

It was this wise concentration of purpose on a single object that made Faraday a great chemist. When an apprentice in a



MICHAEL FARADAY.
THE GREAT CHEMIST.

bookbinder's shop, he devoted his scanty leisure to the acquisition of the knowledge for which his soul thirsted. In the hours after work, he learned the beginnings of his philosophy from the books given to him to bind. There were two that helped him materially, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," from which he gained his first notions of electricity, and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations in Chemistry," which afforded him an introduction to that science of wonders. In time he obtained his master's permission to attend a series of scientific lectures at a Mr. Tatum's; and afterwards, through the kindness of a gentleman who had noticed and admired his remarkable industry and intelligence, he was present at the last four public lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy. "The eager student sat in the gallery, just over the clock, and took copious notes of the Professor's explanation of radiant matter, chlorine, simple inflammables, and metals, while he watched the experiments that were performed. Afterwards he wrote the lectures fairly out in a quarto volume that is still preserved; first, the theoretical portions, then the experiments with drawings, and finally an index." Sending these notes to Sir Humphrey Davy, with a letter explaining his intense attachment to scientific research, he was offered the post of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of London. Gladly he accepted it, with its weekly wage of twenty-five shillings and the advantage of a room in the house. Thenceforward his career was assured; but it must be remembered that the renown which gilded it was won by Faraday's unwavering pursuit of a single end.

An amusing Scottish story may here be introduced by way of additional illustration. An elderly couple having acquired a competency in a small shop in Aberdeen, retired from business, leaving their only son as successor in the shop, with a stock free from every incumbrance. After a few years, however, John failed. Then said Mrs. A. to Mrs. K., "I wonder hoo your Johnnie did sae ill in the same shop you did sae weel in?"

Mrs. K. replied, "Hoot, womin, it's nae wonder at a'."

Mrs. A.—"And hoo, then, did it happen?"

Mrs. K.—"I'll tell ye hoo it happen'd. Ye maun ken, when Tam an' me began to merchandeese, we took parritch nicht an' mornin', and kail tull our denner; when the times grew better we took tea tull our breakfast. Ah, weel! they aye mendit, and sometimes we coft a lam's-leg for a Sunday's

denner; an' afore we gae up, we sometimes coft a chuckie—we were doin' sae weel. Noo, ye maun ken, when Johnnie began to merchandeese, he began at the chuckie." Moral: In striving to carry out the purpose which you have set before yourself, do not begin at the wrong end. Imitate Faraday, and, at first, be content with the day of little things.

No small amount of ridicule has been expended upon the man of one idea. But we do not desire our readers to be men of one idea because we recommend them to be men of one aim. It is certain that no man has ever attained to affluence or reputation, or, what is more important, has ever been able to accomplish anything for the good of himself and his fellows, unless he has been dominated by some master-purpose. Luther, if not a man of one idea, was a man with a single object; and we know how gloriously he accomplished it. The same may be said of Cavour, of Leyden, of John Wesley, of all the world's great statesmen and reformers. There was much shrewdness in the remark made upon Canning, that he had too many talents; or, as his early patron, William Pitt, put it, that he might have achieved anything had he but gone on straight to the mark. Yet, wit as he was, and satirist as well as orator and politician—that is, versatile as were his abilities—they were all directed by his ambition towards one goal—the acquisition of political power. Not the grandest of goals certainly, but one not to be attained without a complete concentration of energy and genius. Even a greater directness of purpose may be traced in the career of Pitt, who lived—ay, and died—for the sake of political supremacy. That was the aim, the purpose of his life; and so we see him "neglecting everything else—careless of friends, careless of expenditure, so that, with an income of ten thousand a year and no family, he died hopelessly in debt; tearing up by the roots from his breast a love most deep and tender because it ran counter to his ambition; totally indifferent to posthumous fame, so that he did not take the pains to transmit to posterity a single one of his speeches; utterly insensible to the claims of literature, art, and belles-lettres; living and working terribly for the one sole purpose of wielding the governing power of the nation."

The "one aim" we take to be the secret of a useful and worthy life; the "one idea" a delusion of which the mind cannot too soon be disabused. A concentration of energy

and talent upon the object which it is most important for us to secure, implies no absolute disregard of every other. Because a traveller presses forward resolutely to the desired haven, and refuses to wander from the direct road, it by no means follows that he shall have no eyes for the blossoms that shine by the wayside, no ears for the music of the brook that ripples through the bracken. An indifference to everything that brightens or ennobles life is very apt to militate against success—success, that is, of the highest and purest kind. Because Faraday made chemistry his great pursuit, he did not neglect every other branch of science. Because John Stuart Mill gave himself up chiefly to political economy and metaphysical inquiry, he did not deny himself the sweet pleasures of botany and music. Mr. Gladstone is a fine Homeric scholar as well as a practical statesman. The exclusive cultivation of a single faculty would necessarily dwarf and wither all the rest. "Has not every profession," says an acute writer, "its peculiar tendencies, that more or less cripple, mutilate, or warp those that devote themselves to it too exclusively, paralysing this or that mental or moral faculty, and preventing them from attaining to a complete, healthful, and whole-souled manhood? Is not the weaver, in many cases, but an animated shuttle? the seamstress a living needle? the labourer a spade that eats and sleeps? Does not the clergyman too often get a white neckcloth ideal of the world, with some twists of dyspepsia in it? and do not his shyness, stiffness, and lack of practicality give too much occasion for the jest that the human race is divided into three classes,—men, women, and ministers? Does not the lawyer often become a mere bundle of precedents, a walking digest of real-estate rules and decisions in law or chancery? Are not scholars too often Dominie Sampsons,—mere bloated encyclopædias of learning? Is not the time rapidly drawing near when, to find a perfect man, we must take a brain from one, a heart from another, senses from a third, and a stomach from a fourth?"

Yes; by all means avoid the serious error of giving up your life to a single idea. Bishop Butler spent twenty years on his "Analogy of Religion;" that was his *aim*, but he did not neglect his clerical duties or the general cultivation of his active intellect. Edward Gibbon did not forget his position in society and its claims because he, too, devoted the labour of

twenty years to his great work, the "Decline and Fall of Rome." In fact, the occasional diversion of the mind to fresh fields of study acts as a recreation, and strengthens it for the better accomplishment of the one special end. What we desire to caution the reader against is that distraction of pursuit which has ruined so many fine natures. When young James Boswell, in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, imitated the lowing of a cow, the imitation was so complete that the gallery shouted, "Encore the cow!" Animated by success, he next attempted the cry of some other animal, but so indifferently, that his companion, Dr. Hugh Blair, slily whispered in his ear, "Stick to the cow, man!" *That* is the advice we often feel disposed to give to young men when we see them aimlessly experimenting first in one profession and then in another, and in none doing so well as in that in which they started. "Stick to the cow, man!" Stick to the one thing you understand, and do not be led astray by exaggerated hope, unreasonable depression, or imprudent ambition. Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, stuck to *his* cow, and became Lord Chancellor of England. An eminent American chemist, distinguished for his researches in electro-magnetism, was once heard to say, "I have learned that if I wish ever to make a breach, I must play my guns continually upon *one point*." In other words, must stick to his cow!

Fowell Buxton relates a conversation which he had with Sugden, the great lawyer, afterwards Lord St. Leonards. He had asked him the secret of his wonderful success. The answer was: "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week, but at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection."

Admirable Crichtons are few, and it does not appear that their work survives them. We may wonder at those universal geniuses who master with so much ease a dozen languages, arts, or sciences, but the wonder subsides when we reflect how little they really accomplish. The young frequently complain of the obstacles which meet them on life's threshold, and of the inequalities and disadvantages which afterwards

impede their progress; but certain it is that more persons fail from a multiplicity of pursuits and pretensions than from an absolute lack of resources. It was the conviction of Don Quixote that he could have made very fine birdcages and toothpicks if his brain had not been so full of chivalrous ideas; and there are many to whom success in life would be easy if they were not distracted by rival ambitions. "The one prudence in life," says an essayist, "is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine—property and its cares, friends and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting. Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work."

To adapt the appropriate remarks of another writer, we may point out that the secret of failure is *mental dissipation;* the expenditure of our moral and intellectual energies on a distracting multiplicity of objects, instead of confining them to one leading pursuit. To do a thing perfectly, it is essential that an exclusiveness of attention should be bestowed upon it, as if, for the time, all other objects, if not worthless, were at least superfluous. "Just as the general who scatters his soldiers all about the country ensures defeat, so does he whose attention is for ever diffused through such innumerable channels that it can never gather in force on any one point. The human mind, in short, resembles a burning-glass, whose rays are intense only as they are concentrated. As the glass burns only when its light is conveyed to the focal point, so the former illumines the world of science, literature, or business, only when it is directed to a solitary object. Or, to take another illustration, what is more powerless than the scattered clouds of steam as they rise in the sky? They are as impotent as the dewdrops that fall nightly upon the earth; but concentrated and condensed in a steam-boiler, they are able to cut through solid rock, to move mountains into the sea, and to bring the Antipodes to our doors."

To sum up: Having fixed upon your aim in life, pursue it steadfastly and with all your might, allowing yourself to be turned aside neither to the right nor the left.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THREE P'S—PUNCTUALITY, PRUDENCE, AND PERSEVERANCE.

"Let us go forth, and resolutely dare,
With sweat of brow, to toil our little day."
—*Lord Houghton.*

"To succeed, one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent."—*Napoleon.*

"Be firm; one constant element of luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
Stick to your aim: the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"Time and patience change the mulberry leaf to satin."—*Eastern Proverb.*

"Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best."—*Sydney Smith.*

"Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of that profession;—of all which
Arise and spring up honour."

—*Webster.*

CHAPTER IV.

WE take it for granted that, on whatever vocation in life the young man may finally determine, he will desire to be successful in it. And this from no mean motive, but because it is his duty to employ the talents with which God has intrusted him to the highest advantage. Now, success is possible only under certain conditions. You must observe the laws which govern events and direct the fortunes of men. If you seek to ascend a mountain, you are well aware that you must call into requisition certain physical and mental faculties. And so, if you would ripen into a great scholar, or become a merchant prince, or earn distinction as an engineer, or conquer fame as an artist, you must be prepared to bring all your powers into action. But you must also submit to the necessary training. It is not so much a question of talent as of morale, you see; and though it is a good thing to be clever, intelligent, sagacious, it is perhaps better to be industrious, patient, prudent. At all events, in profession or trade, there are three principles from which no man can diverge with impunity: the three P's—Punctuality, Prudence, and Perseverance. A firm adherence to these would save many a life from shipwreck; would often save the efforts of years from ultimate calamity. In "business" especially, that is, in commercial and trading transactions, caution, prudence, sagacity, and deliberation, are all described as necessary to success. Some men, it is true, get rich suddenly; but the majority do not and cannot storm the citadel of fortune, cannot carry it by a *coup-de-main*. Napoleon once said, "I have no idea of a merchant's acquiring a fortune as a general wins a battle—at a single blow." A fortune thus suddenly won is apt to vanish quite as suddenly. "The

Three P's," as we propose to call them, should always be precious to the young man of business.

We have referred in a preceding chapter to the far-famed American merchant, Mr. Astor. Always an early riser, he left business at two o'clock in the afternoon, having worked steadily for several hours. He was never at rest, though seldom in haste. His resources and his mental forces were always marshalled and in order. An enthusiastic admirer of this Napoleon of the counting-house declared that Mr. Astor could command an army of half-a-million men. His unfailing industry was impeded by no false pride. He would work with his own hands, and was never ashamed of his workman's garb. He knew that the master's example must encourage, support, and direct; that the master's eye must be on the work or it will be ill done. If his furs needed sorting and beating, he would undertake the toil himself with the best of his men; and his willingness and readiness for manual labour were as great when he was worth millions as when struggling for the first step upward. No disciple of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard" was ever more convinced of the value of punctuality, prudence, and perseverance.

We take two more American examples:—Saul Alley, the New York merchant, was bound, when in his early boyhood, to a coachmaker. During his apprenticeship his father died, leaving him wholly dependent on his own exertions; so that the very clothes he wore he was obliged to earn by labouring extra hours after the regular time for leaving off work. The foundation of his colossal fortune was laid by the exercise of prudence and perseverance while engaged as a journeyman mechanic.

Cornelius Lawrence, another opulent New York trader, was originally a farmer's boy, and toiled many a weary day in rain and sunshine on Long Island. Few were the lads within a score of miles of him who could mow a wider swath or turn a straighter furrow.

The following brief plain narrative was told by a man who had succeeded in life:—

"While yet a youth, I entered a store one day, and asked if a clerk were not wanted. 'No!' in a rough tone, was the answer, all being too busy to bother with me; when I reflected that if they did not want a clerk they might want a labourer,

but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again, 'No, sir,' was the response; when I exclaimed, in despair, almost, 'A labourer? Sir, I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object. I must have employ, and I want to be useful in business.'

"Those last remarks attracted their attention; and in the end I was hired as a labourer in the basement and sub-cellar at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together.

"In the basement and sub-cellar I soon attracted the attention of the counting-house and chief clerk. I saved enough for my employers, in little things usually wasted, to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let anybody about commit petty larcenies without remonstrance and threats of exposure, and real exposure if remonstrance would not do. I did not ask for any two-hours' leave. If I was wanted at three in the morning, I never growled, but told everybody to go home, 'and I will see everything right.' I loaded off at daybreak packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short, I soon became—as I meant to be—indispensable to my employers, and I rose, and rose, until I became head of the house, with money enough for any luxury or any position a mercantile man may desire for himself and family in a great city."

That industry and patience meet with their reward has been from the earliest working days of humanity the stock theme of moralists. We remember that in our own childhood a favourite maxim with our dominie was, "Patience and perseverance sooner or later overcome all difficulties." There is more truth in the old adage than in most such adages, and the experience of many of us will have confirmed it. Whether these qualities are always so severely tested as they were by the great Philadelphia banker, Girard,* on one notable occasion, may be doubted; and the anecdote, therefore, seems worth relating.

Early one morning, while Mr. Girard was walking round the square now adorned by the splendid memorials of his liberality, one John Smith, who had worked on the buildings in the

* Girard was a Frenchman by birth. He was born in 1750, died in 1831. The Girard College perpetuates his memory.

humble capacity of a labourer, and had attracted Mr. Girard's attention by his activity, applied to him for assistance. The following dialogue then took place :—

"Assistance—work—ha? You want to work?"

"Yes, sir; it's a long time since I've had anything to do."

"Very well. I shall give you some. You see dem stone yondare?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you shall fetch and put them in this place, you see?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you done, come to me at my bank."

With patient perseverance Smith performed his task, and completed it about one o'clock. He then repaired to Mr. Girard to report progress, and at the same time asked him for further employment.

"Ah, ha, oui! You want more work? Very well; you shall go place dem stone where you got him. Understandez? You take him back."

"Yes, sir."

Without a murmur Smith applied himself to his task, though it was a very Sisyphus-like one, and having finished it about sunset, waited on Mr. Girard to receive payment.

"Ah, ha! you all finish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; how much money shall I give you?"

"One dollar, sir."

"Dat is honest. You take no advantage. Dare is your dollar."

"Can I do anything else for you?"

"Oui. Come here when you get up to-morrow. You shall have more work."

Smith next morning was punctual to his appointment; but not a little astonished was he when told that he must "take dem stone back again;" nor was his surprise diminished when for a fourth time he received the same order. However, he was content to execute the order given him without asking for a reason, and persevered all day at his superfluous work. When he called on Mr. Girard in the evening, and informed him that he had replaced the stones as they were, the eccentric banker saluted him most cordially.

"Ah, Monsieur Smit, you shall be my man; you mind your own business, and do it; you ask no questions; you do not interfere. You got one vife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, dat is bad. Von vife is bad. Any de little chicks?"

"Yes, sir; five living."

"Five? dat is good; I like five. I like you, Monsieur Smit; you like to work; you mind your business. Now, I do something for your five little chicks. There, take these five pieces of paper for your five little chicks; you shall work for them; you shall mind your own business, and your little chicks shall never want five more."

The grateful feelings of Mr. Smith overcame him, so that he could not speak, and he retired in eloquent silence. By patient and persevering industry, and by single-minded attention to the work he had in hand, he became, however, in a few years one of the wealthiest and most respected merchants in Philadelphia.

Some of our readers may have met with the life of Mr. Walter Powell, the Australian merchant, published under the significant and well-deserved title of "The Thorough Business Man." It supplies an admirable commentary on our theme. His father, who had emigrated to Tasmania while Walter Powell was still an infant, had been ruined by the attacks of bushrangers; but before he was ten years old, Walter had resolved within himself to retrieve the fortunes of the family. At twelve, being a good penman, he went as clerk to a trader at Launceston, and after three years' patient industry removed to the office of an auctioneer, one Mr. Bell. The first payment he received here was devoted to the purchase of a sack of flour and a chest of tea for his mother. "On another occasion, receiving a letter from his married sister describing the distressing difficulties of herself and husband as pioneer settlers at Port Philip, he at once laid out the whole of his savings in procuring for them a dray and a pair of horses, and in defraying the cost of shipment. Nor was his sympathy confined within the circle of his own relationship. A poor man lamenting to him the straitness of his means and the largeness of his family, Walter suggested the possibility of improving his circumstances by starting as a 'dealer.' The man replied hopelessly that the *start* required ten pounds—a sum which, in his

state of hand-to-mouth dependence, he had no prospect of ever possessing. Walter, seeing that his well-meant advice had only served to make the poor fellow more painfully sensible of his utter helplessness, immediately gave him the ten pounds, although his own salary was but one hundred pounds a year."

The serious consequences of an accident compelled him to return to Launceston, where, while lying ill, he came under religious influences which powerfully affected his after-life. Joining the Wesleyan Church, he determined thenceforth to dedicate a tithe of his gains to God's service. Recovering his health, he resumed his old habits of industry. He worked like a slave in the quantity, though not in the spirit, of his work. The measure of his diligence and the extent of his conscientiousness appear in the following quotation from his diary:—"I have been able to discover that, if my hours were differently arranged, I should have much more time to attend to those duties which would enable me to a far greater extent to discharge my obligations to God and man. I grieve to find myself such a slave to habits thoughtlessly acquired. I do not retire to rest at the proper time; consequently I do not rise early enough to commune with God, and then take the necessary bodily exercise. The result is, I am each hour striving to catch up arrears of work left by the preceding; and thus body and mind are unduly, unnecessarily, and injuriously strained, burdened, and excited, and unfitted for the vigorous discharge of the duties incumbent upon me, and I am not able to maintain that serene, steady, faithful, thoughtful, fervent walk with God which befits the believer in Jesus. I sincerely trust, and pray with great anguish of heart, that this my mourning may not be in vain, but that my conduct may show that, by His grace reinforcing my resolutions, I have been enabled to break through this cruel bondage of habitual procrastination."

His diligent energy and perseverance, the punctuality of his habits, and the honourableness of his dealings, speedily raised him to a position of competency. Then he married; but very soon after his marriage the trade of Tasmania declined, and the current of commerce flowed towards the prosperous and rapidly rising settlement of Victoria. Eight months before, young Powell had had a fair prospect of enjoying moderate affluence amongst his own people. But now it was clear that he must take his young bride to "rough it" in

the new sphere of British enterprise. Yet this apparently adverse current, which tore him from his sheltered moorings, proved to be the rising tide "which, taken at the flood, led on to fortune." For the present, however, he could aspire to nothing more than honest bread-getting. "His impecuniosity was almost as absolute as when, at twelve years old, he entered the office of the auctioneer with the deep resolve to retrieve the fortunes of his family. He had now the responsibilities and the counterbalancing supports of wedded life. But the most disheartening aspect of his affairs was in his shattered state of health. He had not long before been utterly disabled by a succession of sharp and threatening sicknesses." This, however, did not diminish his mental activity, and his habits of perseverance and punctuality continued unaltered. To extend his business he visited England, and, after a sojourn of six months, returned to Melbourne with a selection of goods adapted to its market. It was the epoch of the gold-fever, and his picks and spades were largely in demand. With the profits thus realised he made judicious investments, never yielding to the mania for speculation, but making large purchases of land, erecting stores in new localities, and extending his business connections. "I can picture him," says his partner, "as he was then, full of energy, doing the work of three men, now serving customers, now buying gold, then snatching a few minutes to write letters, working hard early and late to keep his business under control, and, in the midst of all this activity, never forgetting the class-meeting or the Sabbath-school, and loving the public worship of the Lord's day. The trying ordeal he thuspassed through left his Christian character unchanged. He was the same genial friend when prosperous and immersed in business affairs as when struggling and comparatively low. The round of occupation did not cause him to forget the intimacies of less stirring times. And as his business prospered he promptly recognised the claims of benevolence, and lent a ready hand to the various schemes then laid to meet the exigencies of the time."

Genius has been happily defined as "an immense capacity for taking trouble," and its achievements are owing to its "passionate patience" rather than to its faculty of imagination

or insight. No great musician or painter has accomplished his masterpieces by a "sudden inspiration." "Ecstatic bursts," and "divine impulses," and "flashes of thought," are known only to feeble sentimentalists. What is the cultivation to which true genius, the genius of men like Mendelssohn and Beethoven, Michael Angelo and Turner, Gibson and Canova, willingly submits? "It needs unwearied labour at what to another man would seem the drudgery of the art—what ceases to be drudgery only because the light of genius is always present in every trifling act. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that genius dispenses with labour. What genius does is to inspire the soul with a power to persevere in the labour that is needed; but the greatest geniuses in every art invariably labour at their art far more than all others, because their genius shows them the value of such patient labour, and aids them to persist in it." What is true of the musician and the painter is true also of the actor. Macready was a patient and industrious student; so was Garrick; so was Mrs. Siddons. "Acting," said the elder Kean, whose marvellous power electrified audiences, "does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, 'come by nature;' with all the high qualities which go to the formation of a great exponent of the book of life (for so the stage may justly be called), it is impossible, totally impossible, to leap at once to fame. 'What wound did ever heal but by slow degrees?' says our immortal author; and what man, say I, ever became an actor without a long and sedulous apprenticeship? I know that many think to step from behind a counter or jump from the high stool of an office to the boards, and take the town by storm in 'Richard' or 'Othello,' is 'as easy as lying.' Oh, the born idiots! they remind me of the halfpenny candles stuck in the windows on illumination nights; they flicker and flutter their brief minute, and go out unheeded."

"Where there is a will there is a way." Like most proverbs, this oft-repeated one needs to be taken with large qualification, for in human affairs there can be no absolute certainty; but, as a general rule, it may safely be accepted and acted upon. So long as body and mind preserve their soundness, the "way" will be found by the resolute "will." Only the weak, the cowardly, or the idle, seek to excuse themselves by prating of difficulties that cannot be overcome or obstacles

that cannot be removed. The engineer, when he cannot carry his railway across or around a mountain, tunnels through it. "Impossibilities!" cried Lord Chatham; "I trample upon impossibilities!" "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau. "Talk not to me of that blockhead of a word." If a man's faith in himself and his mission be real and earnest, he cannot fail to gain a certain measure of success. If he do not satisfy the world, he will at least satisfy the voice of conscience. When we look back upon the history of humanity, we see nothing else but a record of what has been achieved by men of strong will. The present elevation of the race, the refined civilisation of Christendom, is due to their unflinching courage. Their will it is that has opened up the way to their fellows. Their enthusiasm of purpose, their fixity of aim, their heroic perseverance—we are all inheritors of what these high qualities have won. "The world is no longer clay," says Emerson, "but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows." But it is the persistent effort of those who have come before us that has made the world thus plastic.

Let us turn to some examples. Quintin Matsys, the painter of Antwerp, failed in his worship of art until his master told him that he should not wed his daughter until he had produced a great picture. *There* was "the way" to the prize he coveted; he soon showed that he had "the will." Early and late he toiled at his breathing canvas, and produced within six months the famous masterpiece of "The Misers." We have read of an English carpenter who was observed one day to be planing the magistrates' bench, then under repair, with singular carefulness. He was asked the reason for this unusual application. "Because," he said, "I wish to make it easy against the time when I come to sit upon it myself." The author of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby" was accustomed to ascribe his splendid literary success to his habits of industry and perseverance. Let us bethink ourselves also of Sebastian Gomez, a celebrated Spanish painter. He was a mulatto, and a slave of that still more famous master, Murillo, on whose pupils he waited as an attendant. Heaven had endowed him with a fervent love of art; and little did the gay young Spaniards who amused them-

selves by jests at his dark complexion and ungainly features suspect the elevation of soul that animated his misshapen body. He received no lessons; from none did he obtain a kindly suggestion or a precious hint; but with an intelligent eye he watched the operations of the students, and carefully did he examine the progress of their daily labours. At length he found courage to imitate what he had seen, devoting the hours of night to his secret, happy toil; and, as he grew bolder and more confident, venturing even to correct the errors of outline and colouring which he discovered in the rude essays of Murillo's pupils. Great was the surprise of the latter when they returned to their studio in the morning, to find that here an arm had been added and there a leg; that inharmonious proportions had been carefully adjusted; that woolly skies, harsh and discordant, had been toned and softened down into radiant heavens; and meaningless patches of ultramarine converted into sweet woodland lakes. With the credulous superstition of the time, they ascribed these improvements to the nocturnal labours of some supernatural power; and Gomez, to avert suspicion, strengthened them in their folly by declaring that it must be the Zomba, a spirit of whom the West Indian negroes were mortally afraid. But a finely painted head of the Blessed Virgin having attracted Murillo's attention, the great master, disinclined to believe that Zombas would paint Madonnas, instituted a close investigation, and discovered, to his no small wonder, that it was the production of his mulatto page. He summoned him to his studio; and when the poor slave confessed on his knees the secret of his nights of toil, he raised him up with words of encouragement, promised him his liberty, and adopted him as his pupil and successor. Gomez, as is well known, rose to a high position as a painter, and executed many highly-finished pictures, distinguished by their truthfulness and depth of expression, by their warmth and mellowness of colouring. In the history of art he figures as "Murillo's Mulatto." He survived his illustrious master only a few years, dying about 1689 or 1690.

Mr. Horace Twiss, in a work of considerable interest, has traced the career of the late Lord Eldon, and we commend it to our readers as full of cheerful inspiration, if at any time they should feel overcome by "the heat and burden of the day." Our political sympathies must not blind us to the noble

JOHN SCOTT (EARL OF ELDON), LORD CHANCELLOR. *p.* 86.

qualities of character by which he triumphed over the disadvantages of his early years. The son of a Newcastle coalfitter, he was educated at an indifferent school, where he was chiefly remarkable for his incorrigible idleness and love of mischief. So scant was the promise he gave of future distinction, that his father hesitated whether he should bring him up to his own trade or apprentice him to a grocer. Fortunately, his elder brother, William (afterwards Lord Stowell), had greater confidence in his abilities, and having just gained a scholarship at Oxford, he wrote to his father, "Send Jack up to me, I can do better for him." Jack went to Oxford, threw aside his indolent habits, and won a fellowship. Going home, however, in the vacation, he met and fell in love with a beautiful, virtuous, but penniless maiden, and eloping with her, married, and entered upon life without home or fortune. By marrying he had lost his fellowship, and hence there was no hope of his being able to enter the Church. He turned his attention to the study of law, and animated by a sheer determination to provide for the wife he loved, repaired to London, hired a small house in Cursitor Street, and applied himself to his new pursuit. Never did any toiler exhibit a greater self-command or a more heroic assiduity. Rising at four in the morning, he studied until far into the following night, frequently compelled to bind a wet towel round his head to keep himself awake. As he was too poor to seek his instruction of a special pleader, he copied out no fewer than three folio volumes of "precedents" from a manuscript collection, he and his wife sitting down, after the day's hard study, to a supper of sprats. His labours were so far successful that he was at length called to the bar; but even then he had to wait wearily for clients. His first year's earnings did not exceed nine shillings; but eventually the opportunity came; he had the spirit and the skill to profit by it. Succeeding in a very difficult case, he rose at once into favour with solicitors and clients; and so rapid was his progress, that, at the age of thirty-two, he was appointed King's Counsel. In due time he rose to be Solicitor-General, then Attorney-General, and at last Lord Chancellor, which high office he held for a quarter of a century.

The heroism of perseverance was surely exhibited by Euler when, prevented by blindness from committing his calcula-

tions to paper, he accustomed himself to work them out mentally, and retained the results in his memory. Not less noteworthy is the example of Mr. Henry Fawcett, the politician and political economist, who, instead of allowing his blindness to prove an incumbrance to him, has succeeded in spite of it in gaining a very considerable amount of political influence. This inflexible industry and this power of will have been the characteristic traits of most men who have risen to eminence. Without their impulse and influence could Hannibal have led his army across the Alps, and, almost unsupported by Carthage, have planted his standard within sight of the walls of Rome? Was it not the inspiration of these qualities that carried Julius Cæsar through his campaigns in Gaul and raised him to the throne of an imperial dictator? "Quicquid vult, valde vult;" *that* is the watchword of true greatness. What Dr. Arnold said of the boys at Rugby may be said of men on the stage of the world,—"The difference between one and another consists not so much in talent as in energy." The energy which manifests itself in an unflinching perseverance, in a patient diligence, is the spell that binds and overcomes all the powers of nature.

Thomas Erskine, whom Lord Campbell pronounces the greatest advocate and most consummate forensic orator that ever lived, began his career under the cold shade of poverty. For many years his path lay up the steepest side of the hill of difficulty, and he ascended only by small degrees and through the most arduous labour. His father's means having been exhausted on the education of his two elder brothers, young Erskine entered upon active life with a very imperfect stock of scholarship. While pursuing his legal studies, he was compelled to adopt the most rigid economy. For several years, because he could afford nothing better, he lived upon cow-beef; and his shabbiness of dress was noticed even by Bentham. His heart quailed not, however; his patience did not succumb; his perseverance could not be broken down; and, in an important case which accidentally fell into his hands having won a verdict, and astonished judge, jury, bar, and public, by his brilliant eloquence, he secured the prize for which he had striven and suffered. He entered the court that morning a pauper, he left it a man of affluence. As he stalked down the hall, the attorneys thrust their briefs into

his hands. From that day his fortune was made. So true is the forecast of the singer:—

> " If thou canst plan a noble deed,
> And never flag till it succeed,
> Though in the strife thy heart should bleed,
> Whatever obstacles contend,
> Thine hour will come—go on, thou soul!
> Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal."
>
> —*Charles Mackay.*

Everybody is familiar with the name of Bernard Palissy, the French potter. He has long been used to point a moral and adorn a tale. Recently Mr. Longfellow has introduced it effectively into his "Keramos":—

> " Who is it in the suburbs here,
> This Potter, working with such cheer,
> This madman, as the people say,
> Who breaks his tables and his chairs
> To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
> Who goes unfed if they are fed,
> Nor who may live if they are dead?
> O Palissy! within thy breast
> Burned the hot fever of unrest;
> Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
> The exultation, the divine
> Insanity of noble minds,
> That never falters nor abates,
> That labours and endures and waits,
> Till all that it foresees it finds,
> Or what it cannot find creates."

His story will always be told as long as an example is wanted of the success which ultimately attends continuous and patient effort; and, as such, the narrative of his struggles during the years he expended on the art of enamelling pottery ware will possess a perpetual interest. How he fed his furnace-fire with his chairs, his tables, and the joists and rafters of his rooms; how he spent all he could accumulate on what to his wife as well as to his neighbours seemed a visionary object; how he endured in silence the sharpest of household sorrows; how he mourned over six children successively torn from his side; how he bore without answer or anger the injurious reproaches and railings

of a shrewish wife; how he sweated at the devouring furnace, until his hose—"a world too wide"—slipped from his shrunken legs; how all men ridiculed or condemned the enthusiasm they could not understand; how he stole through the streets with bowed head and pale seamed face, showing that no one sympathised with him in his heroic life-work; how he hungered and thirsted, and, what was harder, much harder, to endure, saw his children hungering and thirsting too; and how, in spite of all, he persevered, and strove, and hoped, rising up, after every failure, like a giant refreshed by "new wine," or Antæus after touching his mother-earth; and how he succeeded in rediscovering the great secret of enamelled ware, which for centuries had been lost. In all this lie, no doubt, the elements of a vivid and animated romance. The tale is one to be read and pondered, and its moral is one to be laid to heart. It is in Palissy's spirit, with Palissy's perseverance, Palissy's devotion to one great aim, that the young should take up the gauntlet which Fortune flings down in the world's lists.

"Life is before ye—from the fated road
Ye cannot turn: then take ye up your load:
Not yours to tread or track the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.
Gird up your souls within ye to the deed,—
Angels and fellow-spirits bid ye speed!
What though the brightness dim, the pleasure fade,
The glory wane!—oh! not of these is made
That awful life that to your trust is given.
Children of God! inheritors of heaven!
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy,—
Ye were ordained to do, not to enjoy;
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare.
A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win:—
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim-warriors!"

—*Mrs. Butler* (*Fanny Kemble*).

"It is the loving labour at his own tasks," says Bishop W. Temple, "which makes a man a thorough scholar. It is incessant practice which makes a man skilful at a game. And

why is all this? Apparently because our nature is so framed that in this way only can any knowledge, or skill, or art, or faculty, or whatever else we may call that which enables us to do what we wish to do really well, be so worked into us as to be completely ours. To see how to do a thing is not enough. The power of really doing it implies that the needful science or skill shall have penetrated us through and through, until we do instinctively, almost mechanically, all that is needed for the purpose—until the little trifles which are so hard always to attend to, and which are so absolutely necessary to true success, cease to demand attention, because, indeed, it would require an effort not to do them—until in all trivial matters we do the right thing as unconsciously, as instantaneously, as we put out our hands to break our fall whenever our foot slips under us as we walk."

The lives of great lawyers provide us with numerous examples of work done in this spirit, of obstacles surmounted, sufferings bravely endured, and industry triumphant. In the legal profession prizes are never won except by strenuous application and the energy of patience. The eminent special pleader, Mr. Chitty, when consulted by an anxious father respecting his son's prospects at the bar, significantly asked, "Can your son eat sawdust without butter?" Lord Campbell, who rose to the woolsack, earned a scanty living by reporting for the press during the earlier years of his legal career. When on circuit, he walked from county town to county town because he could not afford to pay coach fares. The great Lord Ellenborough was a brilliant illustration of pertinacious endeavour. When, after prolonged application to his studies, he felt a sensation of weariness stealing over him, he would write on a piece of paper, in large characters, the words "Read or starve!" and set them before his aching eyes. Lords Thurlow and Kenyon underwent the severest privations while waiting for success, and were in the habit of dining together at a small eating-house near Chancery Lane, at the cost of sevenpence-halfpenny per head! When Wilberforce asked Lord Eldon how two young friends of his could best make their way at the bar, the venerable ex-Chancellor replied, "I have no rule to give them, but that they must make up their minds to live like a hermit and work like a horse."

It is almost needless to say that in other professions the road to success is equally strewn with thorns and thistles. The famous surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, was glad as a student to occupy a room on the third story of a house in an obscure street, at six shillings and sixpence a week. Dr. Adam Clark, at one time held in repute as a Biblical commentator, was the son of a poor Irish schoolmaster. When, at the age of twenty, he sought employment in England as a preacher, his small stock was soon reduced to a solitary sixpence, and this declined to three-halfpence. Yet, with so insignificant a sum in his pocket, he could calmly say to John Wesley, "I wish to do and be what God pleases," and went at once to his work. For many years he was restricted to the humblest and most arduous occupations, but never failed to act upon Wesley's advice, that "he should cultivate his mind so far as his circumstances would allow, and not forget anything he had ever learned." Having acquired some knowledge of Oriental tongues, he began to wish earnestly for a Polyglot Bible; but as his whole income was only three pounds per quarter, with his food, he could not afford to purchase books. Unexpectedly he received a bank-note for ten pounds from a friend, and exclaiming, "Here is the Polyglot," wrote to London for a copy, which he obtained for the exact sum at his disposal.

The early trials of Samuel Drew were of even a harsher kind. The son of a Cornish day-labourer, he was educated at a penny-a-week school until he attained the mature age of eight years, when he was sent out to get his living as "a huddle-boy" at a tin-mine, earning three-halfpence a day. At ten he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and endured such cruel treatment that he frequently contemplated running away and turning pirate. When about seventeen, he acted on his intention so far as to leave his master's house and make towards the coast; but a night in a hayfield cooled his ardour, and he returned to his last. His father procured him employment at St. Austell as a journeyman shoemaker; and a narrow escape from death having sobered his mind, he began to attend the preaching of the Wesleyan Methodists. Thereafter he entered upon a new way of life. With wonderful resolution he undertook to educate himself, though he had almost forgotten how to read and write. But he was nowise daunted; he believed that everything was possible to patience and courage. "The

more I read," he says, "the more I felt my ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or another. Having to support myself by manual labour, my time for reading was but little, and to overcome this disadvantage, my usual method was to place a book before me while at meat, and at every repast I read five or six pages."

After awhile he began business on his own account, with a few shillings only in his pocket; but he had by this time gained so high a character, that a friendly neighbour offered him a small loan, which was accepted, and, we may add, repaid. "He started," we are told, "with a determination to 'owe no man anything,' and he held to it in the midst of many privations. Often he went to bed supperless to avoid rising in debt. His ambition was to achieve independence by industry and economy, and in this he gradually succeeded. In the midst of incessant labour, he sedulously strove to improve his mind, studying astronomy, history, and metaphysics. He was induced to pursue the latter study chiefly because it required fewer books to consult than either of the others. 'It appeared to be a thorny path,' he said, 'but I determined, nevertheless, to enter, and accordingly began to tread it.'" So he continued to work at his business and to labour at the cultivation of his mind. His study was the kitchen, and his desk the bellows. He persevered and he toiled, and at length he produced his once-famous "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul," and sprang into repute. Towards the close of his career he was able to say, "Raised from one of the lowest stations of society, I have endeavoured through life to bring my family into a state of respectability by honest industry, frugality, and a high regard for my moral character. Divine Providence has smiled on my exertions and crowned my wishes with success."

"Not less useful in the lesson it inculcates is the life of Honoré de Balzac, the most brilliant of the French novelists. His parents, misreading the indications of his genius, wished to place him with a notary, but he was unalterably bent upon pursuing a literary career. "Do you know," said his father, "to what state the occupation of an author will lead you? In literature a man must be either king or hodman." "Very

well," replied Balzac, "I will be king!" His family, deeply wounded in their pride, abandoned him to his fate; a garret in Paris, with an allowance of twenty-five francs per month. Before the age of twenty-three he had published seven or eight tales; but at that time his industry was more conspicuous than his genius. After a long struggle against poverty, he won the ear of the public by his "Physiology of Marriage," and entered upon a career of extraordinary brilliancy.

Perseverance, not for himself but for his country, was the keynote of the life of Frederick Perthes, the German publisher and patriot. In his youth he had fought a hard battle for his daily bread; but having won his way to a position of comparative affluence, he devoted his energies and his means to the regeneration of his country. Let us glance at a few details. He began his apprenticeship to the book-trade at Leipzig in 1787. His master treated him with cruel rigour. His allowance for breakfast was a halfpenny roll; from one o'clock to eight he was allowed nothing. Excessive labour and privation broke down his young strength, and he lay ill for nine weeks, wholly neglected, except by his master's second daughter, Frederika, a child of twelve, who proved to him quite a ministering angel. All day long she sat, knitting-needle in hand, by the invalid's bedside, talking with him, consoling him, and attending to his wants. Upon the floor, among other old books, lay a translation of Muratori's 'History of Italy;' and the poor girl, with a noble kindness, read through several of its heavy quartos in the obscurity of that little attic. In a romance this idyll would end in a love-match between the youth and the maiden, but in real life it had a very different termination. Frederika married somebody else, and Perthes continued to work and wait. He studied the masterpieces of German literature, and attempted to give expression to his thoughts. His apprenticeship expiring in 1793, he removed to Hamburg, where he was fortunate enough to obtain an introduction into the most refined and cultivated society. With the assistance of a few friends, he started in business on his own account, and soon included among his customers, and, we may add, his friends, Matthias Claudius, the celebrated author of the "Wandsbecker Bote,"[1] Jacobi the philosopher,

[1] "The Wandsbeck Messenger," a series of poems and essays which Claudius wrote during his residence at Wansbeck.

and the celebrated Count Stolberg. The influence of these men, and especially of Claudius, created in the mind of Perthes a profound love of truth and beauty, and a practical philanthropy which showed itself in a vigorous effort to purify the book-trade and literature of Germany. "I know," he said, "that the book-trade can be managed mechanically, and as a way of merely making money, just as I see among priests, and professors, and generals some who, in giving their services, think only of their daily bread. But a shudder comes over me when I find booksellers making common cause with a crew of scribblers who hire out their wits for stabling and provender. Germany is flooded with their miserable publications, and will be delivered from the plague only when the booksellers shall care more for honour than for gold."

After the battle of Jena, and the humiliation of Prussia by the Emperor Napoleon, the energies of Perthes found a new object. His absorbing hope and thought came to be the deliverance of Germany from French tyranny. The occupation of Hamburg by a French army almost ruined his trade, but his anxiety now was for his country and not for himself. He saw that Germany had fallen mainly through her own vices. Her people had been deficient in religious principle, in independence of character, in regard for the national honour. His efforts were directed, therefore, to a revivification of the national life. He founded the "National Museum," a periodical in the pages of which the best German writers spoke out heartily and bravely to their countrymen, and he persevered with it in defiance of grievous obstacles, until compelled to stop by want of funds. When Hamburg was freed from the long misery of a French occupation, Perthes, with all his old industry, set to work to restore his business. Such was his activity, that in a very brief period he paid his creditors, and resumed his efforts for the improvement both of German letters and the book-trade. To infuse a higher spirit into the political literature of the country was one of his cherished designs, for he regarded it as a necessary prelude to the unification of Germany. "If my hopes be fulfilled," he wrote, "we shall see the North and the South, as two halves of all Germany, standing as a mighty bulwark against every attack from without, while our internal divisions will be merged in an amicable contest for the best development of

constitutional freedom and order, of attachment and fidelity to our princes, and of such intellectual culture as may set forth the glory of God and advance the best interests of man." After the death of his wife in 1821, he removed to Gotha, where he founded a new establishment, and applied himself to the publication chiefly of works of an historical and religious character—such as those of Schleiermacher, Neander, Risk, Ulmann, and Tholuck. A well-spent life was closed by a peaceful death on the 18th of May, 1843.

The following brief narrative cannot fail to impress the reader. It was told by an American senator in the course of an electioneering address :—

"I was born in poverty. Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and, at the end of eleven years' hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. A dollar would cover every penny I spent from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that, in September, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, and went through your mills seeking employment. If anybody had offered me eight or nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went down to Solmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success; and I returned home weary, but not discouraged. I put my pack on my back, and walked to the town where I now live, and learned a mechanic's trade. The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs, and chopped wood; and though I rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after dark at night, I received for it the magnificent sum of two dollars; and when I got the money, those dollars looked to me as large as the moon looks to-night."

The American author from whom we have quoted the above anecdote cites a passage from the autobiography of the well-known journalist and politician, Thurlow Weed :—"Many a farmer's son has found the best opportunities for mental improvement in his intervals of leisure while tending 'sap bush.' Such, at any rate, was my own experience. At night you had

only to fill the kettles and keep up the fires, the sap having been gathered and the wood cut 'before dark.' During the day we would always lay in a good stock of 'fat pine,' by the light of which, blazing bright before the sugar-house, in the posture the serpent was condemned to assume as a penalty for tempting our great first grandmother, I passed many and many a delightful night in reading. I remember in this way to have read a history of the French Revolution, and to have obtained from it a better and more enduring knowledge of its events and horrors, and of the actors in that great national tragedy, than I have received from all subsequent reading. I remember also how happy I was in being able to borrow the book of a Mr. Keyes, after a two-mile tramp through the snow, shoeless, my feet swaddled in remnants of a rug-carpet."

The desire of knowledge, like the greed of gain, calls forth all a man's latent powers, and stimulates him to the most strenuous endeavours. Whether that knowledge be sought for its own sake, or as a means to an end, it acts upon the soul like an inspiration. It emboldens the peasant-poet, Robert Nicoll, to exclaim, "Pain, poverty, and all the wild beasts of life, which so affrighted others, I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man's high destinies, or trust in God." It encourages the stone-mason, Hugh Miller, to live laborious days and studious nights, until from the quarry he rises to the editor's desk, and instead of the pick wields a powerful pen. It supports the "starry Galileo" in his contest against the despotic ignorance and bigotry of the Roman Inquisition. It becomes the motive power of the useful and industrious career of Edward Pocock, the great Oriental scholar. It animates the chemist, Scheele, during the weary hours of his apprenticeship, and crowns his brief life—he died at forty-four—with a wonderful series of discoveries. The desire of knowledge is almost the *one* power which seems strong enough to conquer circumstances.

Well has it been said that it is difficult to exaggerate the wonders which perseverance and patience—in other words, "intense and persistent labour"—can accomplish, when impelled by the strong will. And the enormous toil and long preparatory training which men voluntarily undergo for the sake of what, after all, are comparatively mean and trivial objects, must often reproach the supine and indolent engaged in lighter

pursuits. "You will see one man toiling for years to draw sweet strains from a fiddle-string, or to bring down a pigeon on the wing; another tasking his inventive powers, and torturing verbs and substantives like a Spanish inquisitor, to become a punster; a third devoting half his life to acquiring the art of balancing himself on a rope, or of standing on his head on the top of a pole; a fourth spending time enough in getting a mastery of chess to go through the entire circle of the sciences and learn half-a-dozen languages. A Taglioni, to ensure the agility and bounds of the evening, rehearses her *pirouettes* again and again for hours together, till she falls down exhausted, and has to be undressed, sponged, and resuscitated ere she is conscious. You listen to some great pianist, whose touch seems miraculous, and, as his fingers glide over the keys, you almost imagine that they are instinct with thought and feeling oozing from their tips, as if the soul had left its inner seat to descend into his hands. But, on inquiry, you learn that from the age of six or eight to manhood he sat on the piano-stool from morning till night, practising almost without interruption, except for meals and elementary instruction, and that incessant toil was the price of the skill which affects us like magic." To be a Leotard or a Blondin will never, we imagine, be the ambition of our readers; but will they not emulate these athletes in their splendid devotion to a special end, in their untiring patience and inflexible perseverance?

Such perseverance, such patience, as were shown by the French artist, Hippolyte Flandrin, the story of whose life has been told by Miss H. L. Sydney Lear. The son of poor parents, he received little or no education, and at one time it seemed certain that he would be apprenticed to a tailor or silk mercer. But the intervention of a friend, who had himself conquered serious obstacles in early life—who had begun by herding sheep and had risen to be a successful sculptor—(the artist Foyatin) secured Hippolyte and his brother Paul employment in a painter's studio. Thence they went to the Lyons Academy of Fine Arts, studying indefatigably for seven arduous years, and lightening meanwhile the pressure of poverty at home by their private toil. We read of them as striving in every possible way to earn a few sous; at one time drawing little vignettes for the shops where cheap pictures are sold; at another

time practising lithography, and gladly selling a stone with twenty finished subjects for fifteen francs (12s.); even designing rebuses and bonbon cases for the confectioner;—anything, anything that brought in but a handful of grist to the slowly dropping family mill.

For French artists there is no earthly paradise but Paris, and to Paris Hippolyte and his brother resolved to go. Their funds would not suffice for the expenses of railway travel, and therefore they walked the whole distance. On the sixth day after leaving Lyons they reached the great city. There they hired an unfurnished room on the fourth floor of a house in an obscure street, and expended a portion of their small earnings in the purchase of a bedstead, with paillasse and mattress, a table, two chairs, a candlestick, a broom, and a water-pot. Hippolyte thus describes their daily mode of life: "We get up at five o'clock, and go out for a whiff of fresh air in the Luxembourg, which is not far, and then at six we set to work. At eight or nine we breakfast. Unfortunately bread was never so dear as it is now. Then we work till six in the evening. Our breakfasts cost five sous each, and we dine for fifteen sous apiece, which makes forty sous a day between us. We feed at a very clean restaurant, where we eat the simplest and plainest things we can get." The brothers, however, could not always afford even such fare as this, and not unfrequently "dined greatly" on three sous' worth of fried potatoes divided between the two! At one time Hippolyte writes home, "You bid us be economical. I assure you we are, for we do not spend more than fifteen or sixteen sous each on our daily food, and to do that we must needs be very careful. I don't think that since we came here we have spent one sou unprofitably. Indeed, we feel too strongly how much sacrifice you make for your sons, dear mother, in the money you send us, and you may be certain that we shall husband it to the very uttermost."

In October, 1829, he and his brother successfully passed a competition which opened to them the Académie Royale, and planted them on the threshold of a career of eminence. There was much, however, to test their power of endurance still. The winter chanced to be exceptionally severe, and the young Flandrins were exposed to bitter cold, with very inadequate sustenance to defend them against its effects. However, they

lost no jot of heart or hope. They preserved their temper of cheerful diligence and patient tranquillity. Their letters breathed no discouragement, and no one who saw them, unless he knew their private history, could have read in their aspect any sign of suffering or trial.

Yet, not unfrequently, they had no resource but to go supperless to bed; and continually, during that long hard winter, they would do this as early as five in the afternoon, as the only way of enduring the cold of their draughty, fireless attic. "Sometimes, indeed, they were so fortunate as to have some little commission—a sketch, or a lithograph to execute for a shop—in which case the well husbanded oil had to be melted for their little lamp, and the pleasure of work and the food it supplied kept their blood warm; while often it involved a nice calculation as to whether they might prudently use a little of the aforesaid precious oil on anything save work; and if the decision was affirmative, the long hours spent in bed were beguiled with books, the brothers reading aloud in alternation, trying at once to forget their present discomfort and to make up for past deficiencies in their education." It is satisfactory to know that all this heroic struggle was not in vain; that Hippolyte eventually acquired the competency for which he cared little, and the fame for which he cared much; while living to the last a life which was almost an ideal life in its purity, its simplicity, its truthfulness, and its Christian fervour. A life which seems to us to offer a striking and eloquent commentary on the solemn yet not unhopeful verse of Longfellow:—

"In the olden days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

"Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

"Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And, ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.

"Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky."

To that same elevation Hippolyte Flandrin did, indeed, attain, as we in our turn may also do, if we will cultivate the same high qualities, and labour in like manner to do our best with the gifts which God has conferred upon us. The reflection, we own, is trite, but so is all truth. It is one, however, which too seldom strikes the mind and conscience of careless youth, and for this reason may constantly be repeated.

Along with patience and perseverance, we have classed as essential to success in life, whatever be our aim, the virtue of punctuality. A man who keeps his time will keep his word; in truth, he cannot keep his word unless he *does* keep his time. It is painful to reflect on how many unfulfilled hopes and unrealised ambitions has been, and every day is being written, the melancholy epigraph, "Too late!" Many a wasted career dates from a lost five minutes; an engagement not duly kept, a promise not faithfully observed. The vice of unpunctuality grows upon the victim. He begins by being too late for breakfast; he ends by being too late for fortune. In a business man it is certain that no defect more surely undermines confidence and breeds suspicion. The world has no sympathy to expend on men behind time. They are a trouble and a danger, and therefore they are set aside. Half the value of Blucher's help at Waterloo was due to the fact that he came in time. Punctuality is the oil which lubricates the wheels of commerce. A man who neglects to keep his appointment wastes not only his own time but that of other persons, and thus robs them of something which he can never repay. If you take my purse, you steal trash; but if you take my time, you deprive me of that precious but limited capital which can never be renewed. In this way, as in other ways, unpunctuality betrays a want of conscientiousness; and, it may be added, a superabundance of selfishness. "Oh, I

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shall be only fifteen minutes behind time; Mr. Blank can wait." Can he? How do you know that? Do you know his engagements? Do you know what appointments he may have made, and the serious mischief which his non-fulfilment of them —and probably he cannot fulfil them if he keep his appointment with you and wait your leisure—may bring down upon his head?

"When a regiment is under orders," writes Sir Walter Scott, "the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand be not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion." Be in time, and do everything in time: few maxims can be adduced of greater importance to men who have much to do, or have many persons depending on their movements. For that matter, it is of importance to every man, even so far as his own comfort is concerned. The unpunctual man misses his train; is too late for the post; comes to dinner when the soup is cold; forgets to meet his bill until a day after it is due; does not arrive at his counting-house until he has fretted his clerks and wearied his customers by his delay; loses his truest friend by not keeping his engagement with him. Thus he promotes indolence, rouses ill-temper, injures his credit, forfeits an inestimable friendship, and sets everybody and everything at cross-purposes; all for what? For the sake of indulging his favourite folly of procrastination.

Successful men have never failed to appreciate the value of time; have been "misers of minutes;" as solicitous for those of others as for their own. Napoleon studied his watch as carefully as he studied the map of "the scene of war;" and insisted upon that punctuality on the part of his lieutenants which he exhibited himself. Nelson once declared that his success in life was owing to his having been always a quarter of an hour before his time. "Punctuality," said Louis XIV., "is the politeness of kings;" and, no doubt, it is a fine compliment to a friend to lose no time in fulfilling your engagement with him. It allows him to suppose that you set a special worth on his time and company. When Washington's secretary would have excused himself on the score that his

watch was wrong, the great American remarked, "Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary." The rulers of the world allow of no delay in the execution of their orders; they know how much depends upon strict punctuality, and that a few minutes make all the difference between victory and defeat. It is on record that Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander, who in the American Revolution lost honour and liberty at Trenton, threw away the battle through this cause. Absorbed in a game of cards, he neglected to read a letter which had reached him informing him of Washington's intention to cross the Delaware. Thus he missed his opportunity of baffling the schemes of the American commander, and of securing, perhaps, a different result to the War of Independence.

One American anecdote recalls another. The celebrated John Quincey Adams, who belonged to the older and better race of Republican statesmen, was so remarkable for his punctuality that men took their time from him as from an electric clock. On one occasion, in the House of Representatives at Washington, of which he was a member, it was proposed to call over the House and begin proceedings; but to this proposition it was objected that Mr. Adams was not in his seat. Inquiry proved that the clock was three minutes too fast; and before the three minutes had elapsed, Mr. Adams walked in and took his place with his customary exactness.

Punctuality, Prudence, Perseverance, or the three P's, we hereby recommend to the assiduous attention of our readers.

CHAPTER V.

BUSINESS HABITS.

"Depend upon it, a lucky guess is never merely luck; there is always some talent in it."—*Miss Austen, in "Emma."*

"There is nothing more desirable than good sense and justness of mind; all other qualities of mind are of limited use, but exactness of judgment is of general utility in every part, and in all employments of life."—*Arnauld, "Port-Royal Logic."*

"What should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work, a noble life,
Some music harmonised from strife,
Some finished thing, ere the slack hands at eve
Drop, should be his to leave.

"Or, in life's homeliest, meanest spot,
With temperate step from year to year
To move within his little sphere,
Leaving a pure name to be known, or not,
This is a true man's lot."

—*F. T. Palgrave, "Lyrical Poems."*

"No man can end with being superior who will not begin with being inferior."—*Sydney Smith.*

CHAPTER V.

IN fighting the battle of life, we must take care, if we would escape without a wound as wide as a church-door, to preserve our *self-control.* The warrior who loses *that* gives the chances to his enemy, and to an enemy who is always on the watch to profit by his mistakes. The warrior who loses it not, has the best of all possible auxiliaries on his side. Self-control implies command of temper, command of feeling, coolness of judgment, and the power to restrain the imagination and curb the will. It means such thorough mastery over self as Robert Ainsworth, the lexicographer, possessed, who, when his wife, in a fit of passion, committed his voluminous MS. to the flames, calmly turned to his desk and recommenced his labours. A similar misfortune befell Thomas Carlyle, and was similarly conquered. A friend to whom he had lent the manuscript of the first volume of his great prose epic, the "French Revolution," for perusal, carelessly left it lying on the parlour floor, and a servant, regarding it as a valueless bundle of waste paper, utilised it in kindling her fires. The original composition of a book is in most cases a labour of love, but to rewrite it from memory is a cruelly unwelcome task. Carlyle, however, without uttering a word of complaint or reproach, addressed himself to it courageously, and at last completed the book in the form in which it now delights the understanding reader.

Self-control avoids haste. It is always *in* time, but never *before* its time; and in this respect it is allied to patience, or patience may be considered, perhaps, as a constituent part of it. Not, however, the patience which toils on unremittingly, but the patience which bides its opportunity. Some men have lost fame and fortune through their hurried efforts to snatch

them before the fruit was ripe. They have acted like thoughtless plotters, who rush into the streets with swords drawn and banners flying, only to discover that the people are not prepared to join them. Their ambition is as abortive as a Perkin Warbeck's. But self-control moves with deliberation though with promptitude. It waits until the train is laid before it kindles the match. And if the match will not burn, or the powder ignite, it tries again, like Salkeld and Home before the Cashmere gate of Delhi. Scarcely a great man can be named who has not failed the first time. In such defeat no shame lies; the shame consists in one's not retrieving it. Lord Beaconsfield made, as everybody knows, a signal failure in his maiden speech in the House of Commons. But he was not cowed by the derisive laughter which greeted him. With astonishing self-control, and no less astonishing self-knowledge, he exclaimed, "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded in them at last. I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me." The command of temper, the mastery over self, which these words displayed, is almost sublime. The late Lord Lytton made many failures. His first novel was a failure; so was his first play; so was his first poem. But he would not yield to disappointment. He subdued his mortification, and resumed his pen, to earn the eventual distinction of a foremost place among our foremost novelists, and to contribute to the modern stage two of its most popular dramas. We should be disposed to define genius as the capacity of surviving failure; in self-control, at all events, it finds a powerful auxiliary and agent.

Self-control is like armour which helps us most when the struggle is sharpest. Life cannot fail to bring with it its contrary gales and storms of thunder and lightning, but these will never do us hurt if we meet them bravely, and calmly, and hopefully. Sorrow never withstands us long if we eye it unflinchingly. It is only the craven who hears the feet of the pursuer. No doubt it is not always easy to detect "the uses of adversity;" but if there were no trial there would be no honour. How do we know that we possess any power of self-command until we have been proved? One thing experience teaches, that life brings no benediction for those who take it easily. The harvest cannot be reaped until the soil has been deeply ploughed and freely harrowed. "Learn to suffer and

be strong," says the poet; and certain it is that without suffering there can be no strength. Not, indeed, that suffering *is* or *makes* strength, but that it evokes the latent power, and rouses into action the energies that would have otherwise lain ingloriously supine. The discipline of life is a necessary prelude to the victory of life; and all that is finest, purest, and noblest in human nature is called forth by the presence of want, disappointment, pain, opposition, and injustice. Difficulties can be conquered only by decision; obstacles can be removed only by arduous effort. These test our manhood, and at the same time confirm our self-control.

> "In the reproof of chance
> Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
> How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
> Upon her patient breast, making their way
> With those of nobler bulk!
> But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
> The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
> The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
> Bounding between the two moist elements,
> Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat
> Whose weak, untimbered sides but even now
> Co-rivalled greatness!"
>
> —*Shakespeare.*

One important business quality is the clearness of judgment which discerns and seizes the happy moment. Success in life depends largely on what fools call "good luck;" that is, on opportunities promptly utilised. When a man complains of his ill luck, be sure that he is involuntarily bearing witness to his carelessness of mind, his habits of indolence, apathy, and indifference. A French writer attributes the victory of Salamanca to Wellington's good fortune; but military critics will tell you that it was due to the vigilance which detected, and the ready resource which profited by, a false movement of the enemy. We have no confidence in young men who talk of good luck and bad luck, and seek to throw upon chance the burden of their own errors. There may be, as our great poet tells us, a tide in the affairs of men, but it rests with men themselves to take it at the flood, and so be wafted on to fortune. We will not discuss here the exact weight which attaches to circumstance as a factor in human affairs, but we believe that it

rarely conquers a strong man. It is only the weak, the idle, the profligate, the thoughtless, who are beaten by it; and throwing themselves before the wheels of the Juggernaut, expect us to pity them as victims. In one of Richard Cumberland's comedies, a character is made to say, "It is not upon slight grounds that I despair. I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last. There is not a point to which the art and faculty of man can turn that I have not set mine to, but in vain. I am beat through every quarter of the compass. I have blustered for prerogative; I have bellowed for freedom; I have offered to serve my country; I have engaged to betray it. Why, I have talked treason, writ treason; and if a man can't live by that, he can't live by anything. Then I set up as a bookseller, and people immediately leave off reading. If I were to turn butcher, I believe, on my conscience, they'd leave off eating." This last quip reminds us of the humorous exaggeration of Graves in Lord Lytton's play of "Money," when he declares that if he had been bred a hatter, children would have come into the world without heads! But such successive failures as the dramatist's creation records can spring only from the mistakes and follies of the individual; from the choice of a wrong calling; from want of assiduous effort; from deficiency in self-control. It may be accepted as an incontrovertible fact, that to every man, sooner or later, comes his opportunity; and the successful man is he who knows how to turn it to advantage.

We know that this is not the general teaching. We know that Erskine, for example, asserted that success more frequently depended upon accident than upon the most brilliant gifts and the soundest scholarship. Another great lawyer said, "When I look round upon my competitors, and consider my own qualifications, the wonder to me is how I ever got the place I now occupy. I can only account for it by comparing the forensic career to one of the crossings in our great thoroughfares. You arrive just when it is clear and get over at once; another finds it blocked up, is kept waiting, and arrives too late at his destination, though the better pedestrian of the two." But this theory seems to us utterly untenable. In the case of Erskine himself, was it "luck," or ability and application, that carried him upward to the woolsack? Of what advantage would it be to a man who could not walk that

the thoroughfare was clear? Did Eldon owe his earldom and his high office to "luck"?

The brilliant French litterateur, M. Taine, remarks, that Nature, being a sower of corn, and constantly putting her hand in the same sack, distributes over the soil regularly and in turn about the same proportionate quantity and quality of seed. But not all of the handfuls dropped from her hand as she strides over space germinate. A certain moral temperature is necessary, adds M. Taine, to develop certain talents; if such be wanting, the talents prove abortive. Consequently, as the temperature changes, so will the species of talent change; if it turn in an opposite direction, talent follows; so that, in general, we may conceive moral temperature as making a selection among different species of talent, allowing only this or that species to develop itself to the more or less complete exclusion of others.

This is very philosophical, but very vague. It is difficult to understand what M. Taine means by "moral temperature;" but, at all events, we object to the theory of selection which he seems to put forward. Our contention is, that the mass of men meet in this world with exactly the amount of success they deserve. No rule is without its exceptions; and we will allow that cases may at rare intervals occur of unrewarded genius and oppressed virtue; that the records of biography preserve the names of some (to use Shelley's phrase) "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." Still we adhere to our general proposition. In Gray's well-known lines—

> "Some mute inglorious Milton here may lie,
> Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,"—

apart from the injustice done to the great Puritan leader, we see a gross and transparent fallacy. Does the reader, however wide his experience, know of such instances of neglected ability? Does he know of any peasant rhymester who, in more propitious circumstances, would develop into a Milton? of any village politician who, favoured by "good luck," would ripen into a Cromwell? Where *are* these dormant geniuses, these great men repressed and silenced by despotic circumstances? We may allow a Pliny to formulate the Pagan sentiment, "Some people refer their successes to virtue and ability, but it is all fate." We know, however, that the

history of life proves it to be untrue. It may very well have been that Alexander trusted to his "good luck;" and that Sulla, as Plutarch tells us, enjoyed to such an extent the smiles of circumstance as to receive the surname of "Fortunate;" but both Alexander and Sulla were men of genius, courage, and decision of character. We shall not yield even though against us be brought the dictum of Cicero, who, commenting upon the victories of Fabius, Maximus, Marcellus, Scipio, and Marius, says, "It was not only their courage but their fortune which induced the people to intrust them with the command of their armies. There can be little doubt but that, besides their abilities, there was a certain *fortune* appointed to attend them, to conduct them to honour and renown, and to unrivalled success in the management of important affairs." There speaks Cicero the augur and not Cicero the philosopher. In his sager moments he would have acknowledged that the good fortune of the heroes he names was won by consummate prudence and extraordinary intellectual power. It is true that so sagacious a mind as Bacon could assert that "outward accidents conduce much to fortune;" but he would have admitted, we suspect, that it is the privilege of genius to command and make use of these "outward accidents." The difference between the wise man and the fool is this, that the former seizes his opportunities, and the latter misses them.

When we see Mohammed flying from his enemies, and saved by a spider's web; when we think that a Whig Ministry was hurled from power in England by the spilling of some water on a lady's gown; when we find a Franklin ascribing his turn of thought and conduct to the accident of a tattered copy of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good" falling into his hands; and Jeremy Bentham attributing similar effects to a single phrase, "The greatest good of the greatest number," which caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet; when we see a Bruce passing through a series of perils greater than any which the most daring romance writer or melodramatist ever imagined for his hero, and then perishing from a fall in handing a lady downstairs after dinner; or a Speke accidentally shooting himself in crossing an English hedge, after escaping innumerable dangers in his journey to the remote and undiscovered fountains of the Nile; when we find that one man may suck an orange and be

choked by a pip, and another swallow a penknife and live; one run a thorn into his hand and die, in spite of the utmost efforts of medical skill, and another revive after a shaft of a gig has run completely through his body—we cannot help believing with Solomon, who, doubtless, had himself witnessed many such grim antitheses of life and death, that time and chance happen to all men, and that circumstances are not wholly without their influence on human destiny. "We talk of life as a journey," says Sydney Smith, "but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and marble terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, and over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled."

The preceding paragraph we have adapted from a clever little book by Professor Mathews, which has obtained some popularity in the United States. It seems to us to bristle with false premises and erroneous inferences. Let us examine its statements and illustrations one by one. The reference to Mohammed rests upon an apocryphal story that, to conceal himself from his pursuers, he took refuge in a cave, over the mouth of which a spider immediately wove its web. When the enemy came up, they saw the web, and concluded that it would not have been there had the cave been recently occupied. Now this story, if true, proves only that Mohammed had chosen his asylum with great prudence, and that his pursuers allowed themselves to be foiled by a hasty and superficial generalisation. And we have never intended to deny that a man may benefit by the mistakes of his enemies as much as by his own precautions. Passing on to the fable about the Whig Ministry, we need do no more than observe that no such trifle could have overthrown a Ministry which was not already tottering to its fall; but, in truth, the anecdote is without historical warranty. Franklin's "turn of thought and conduct in life" would have been what it was had he never met with Cotton Mather's "Essays;" and it is to be noted that hundreds have read those exceedingly tedious dissertations without becoming Franklins! The instance may, indeed, be claimed in support of our own argument, for it proves that Franklin had the will and the talent to benefit by what he read. In the same way we may dispose

of Jeremy Bentham; the phrase had for him a power and a significance which it had not for others, because he was already inclined to act upon the policy it indicated. As for the examples of Bruce and Speke, the man choked by an orange pip, and the other who swallowed a penknife with impunity, it seems enough to remark that Professor Mathews would hardly have adduced them had he not confounded "accident" with "fortune." It is possible enough that a careful inquiry into each case would show that prudence or want of prudence had much to do with the different results; but we fully acknowledge that the accident of will, the accident of a strong or frail constitution, the accident of failing strength, or the carelessness of one's fellow-men, cannot be overruled by the loftiest genius or the keenest sagacity. In other words, no man is exempt from "the changes and chances of this mortal life." This admission does not invalidate our main contention that "man is his own star;" that, according to his position in society and his natural qualifications, he can be what he chooses to be; and that "good luck" and "ill luck" have no real existence. We call the American Professor into court as a witness against himself. After accumulating fallacious illustrations to bolster up the "luck or fortune" hypothesis, he confesses that, "in nine times out of ten"—and we make bold to add, in the tenth also—"it is a mere bugbear of the idle, the languid, and the self-indulgent." Precisely so; and to preach to young men about good and ill luck is to encourage them to trust, like Micawber, to "something turning up," and not to their own strong arms and ready brains. Two men may seem to adopt the same means to attain the same end, and because one succeeds and the other fails, we say that the one is more fortunate than the other. But the one succeeds and the other fails because they do not *really* adopt the same means toward the same end. Of the two pilgrims who started on their journey each with peas in his shoes, it has been justly said that the one was not more fortunate than the other, only more wary. The man who sank by the way, toil-worn and foot-sore, with drops of agony on his forehead, groaning with pain, may have been the better walker of the two. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It is by the right application of your swiftness or your strength to the particular object in view that you make your way to success!

"It is not enough," continues Professor Mathews, "to do the right thing, but we must do it in the right way, and at the right time, if we would achieve great triumphs in life. Again, the 'circumstances' of which so many complain should be regarded as the very tools with which we are to work, the stepping-stones we are to mount by. They are the wind and tide in the voyage of life which the skilled mariner always calculates upon, and generally either takes advantage of or overcomes. The true way to conquer circumstances is to be a greater circumstance to yourself." We think these pertinent observations fully justify us in bringing forward the essayist himself as a witness in support of our side of the question. There is great truth in the pithy remark of Wendell Phillips, that common sense plays the game of life with such cards as it has in its hands; it does not waste time in protesting that there are no "honours" or "trumps" among them. It does not complain that its antagonist has a better hand, or all the "luck" on its side. "Common sense bows to the inevitable, and makes use of it. It does not ask an impossible chessboard, but takes the one before it, and plays the game." The true genius, the truly great man is he who, without taking account of good luck or ill luck—

> "... Breaks his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star."

A curious story is told respecting Lundy Foot, the once celebrated Dublin snuff manufacturer, which may not be thought too undignified for these familiar pages. Originally he kept a small tobacconist's shop at Limerick. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burned to the ground. While he surveyed the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a sufficiently melancholy mood, some of the poor neighbours, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed but not unbaked snuff. They proceeded to taste it, and found its odour so grateful, that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with the spoil. Lundy Foot, with much quickness of perception, imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property. He was immediately impressed by the superior flavour and pungency

it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Treasuring up the hint thus afforded, he hired another house in a place called "Black Yard," and preparing a large oven for the purpose, applied himself, after many experiments, to the manufacture of that high-dried article which attained such celebrity in snuff-taking days under the title of "Black-yard" (vulgarly corrupted into "Blackguard") snuff. Lundy Foot made a handsome fortune, and, no doubt, many envious tongues ascribed it to his "luck." But we should contend that it was due to the promptitude with which he turned to advantage what to other men would have been an occasion of ruin, and profited by a hint which many would have passed without notice.

Here is another anecdote which seems to us capable of being usefully applied.

One day, in the winter of 1815, after the conclusion of the great Peace, Mr. A., a New York merchant, proceeded to his office. The clerks, four in number, were already at their posts, and each met their employer with a smile. "Well, boys," said he, "this is good news; now *we* must be up and doing." He seldom used the singular number, *I*, but spoke *to* his clerks and *of* them as being part and parcel with himself, associating his interests with theirs. "We shall have our hands full now," he continued; "but we can do as much as anybody."

Mr. A. was owner and part-owner of several ships, which, during the war, had been hauled ashore, three miles up the river, and dismantled. They were now enclosed in a bay of solid ice, averaging over the whole distance from one inch to three inches in thickness; while such was the coldness of the weather that, when broken up, the pieces would unite and congeal again in an hour or two. This proved no discouragement to our energetic New York merchant. He knew that it would be a month before the ice yielded for the season, and that thus the merchants in other towns where the harbours were open, would have time to be in the foreign markets before him. His decision therefore was instantly taken.

"Reuben," he continued, addressing one of his clerks, "go and collect as many labourers as possible to go up the river. Charles, do you find Mr. ——, the rigger, and Mr. ——, the sailmaker, and tell them I want to see them immediately. John, engage half-a-dozen truckmen for to-day and to-morrow.

Stephen, do you hunt up as many gravers and caulkers as you can, and hire them to work for me." And Mr. A. himself sallied forth to provide the necessary implements for ice-breaking. Before twelve o'clock that day, upwards of an hundred men were three miles up the river, clearing the ships and cutting away ice, which they sawed out in large squares, and then thrust under the main mass to open up the channel. The roofing over the ships was torn off, and the clatter of the caulkers' mallets was like to the rattling of a hail-storm, loads of rigging were passed up on the ice, riggers went to and fro with belt and knife, sailmakers busily plied their needles, and the whole presented an unusual scene of stir and activity and well-diverted labour. Before night the ships were afloat, and moved some distance down the channel; and by the time they had reached the wharf, namely, in some eight or ten days, their rigging and spars were aloft, their upper timbers caulked, and everything ready for them to go to sea.

Mr. A. was thus enabled to compete on equal terms with the merchants of other seaports. No doubt, when large and rapid gains rewarded his enterprise, many of his neighbours spoke depreciatingly of his "good luck;" but we leave the reader to judge whether they were not rather the natural result of a policy of energy and perseverance. Mr. A. was equal to the opportunity. So was Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon, which proved the first stage in his wonderful career. So was Cromwell, when, with his "Ironsides," he turned the tide of fight at Naseby Field. So was George Stephenson when he ran his locomotive successfully at Rainhill. When Archimedes exclaimed, "Give me a resting-place, and with my lever I will move the world," he meant that all he wanted was the opportunity. For opportunity is the fulcrum with which the lever of genius or industry moves the most formidable obstacles out of the adventurer's path.

We pass on to another wise business maxim, and that is, "Never find fault with your tools." To do so is the unmistakable sign of a bad workman. Talent adapts to its use anything that lies close at hand. A Faraday masters the arcana of electricity with an old bottle. A Sir Humphrey Davy elucidates the laws of chemistry with rude instruments of his own preparation. It is only the artistic fop, the

literary "finic," the commercial amateur, who can do nothing without apparatus and appliances on the most splendid scale. Ferguson calculated the distances of the stars with a handful of glass beads threaded on a string. Good tools, of course, are better than bad tools, but all depends on the dexterity of the hand that wields them. It is a noteworthy fact that the Elizabethan seamen braved the terrors of the Arctic Sea as successfully in their tiny caravels, ill found, and badly manned, as the Victorian explorers in the best vessels that can be put afloat, with experienced crews, and all the auxiliaries that science can furnish. Many an amateur now-a-days has studio, and easel, and pigments, and brushes far and away superior to any that a Correggio or a Titian could command; but what does he do with them? "Pray, Mr. Opie," said a dapper young student to the famous painter, "what do you mix your colours with?" "With brains, sir," was the significant reply. That went to the root of the matter; the finest tools are useless without brains.

James Watt's first model of the condensing steam-engine was made out of an anatomist's old and rusty syringe. The first brushes of Benjamin West were extracted from the cat's tail. Lindsay, the shipowner, gathered all his education from an old edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Thomas Edward, the Scotch naturalist, was an adept in the construction of cheap appliances. Dr. Wollaston's laboratory consisted of an old tea-tray, which contained a few watch-glasses, a blowpipe, a small balance, and a dozen test-papers. With a sheet of paste-board, a lens, and a prism, Sir Isaac Newton discovered the composition of light and experimented on the origin of colours. Gifford solved his first mathematical problems by means of small scraps of leather which he beat smooth enough to be used as tablets. Dr. Black found out the secret of latent heat with a pan of water and a couple of thermometers. And George Stephenson mastered the rules of arithmetic with a bit of chalk on the grimy sides of the coal-waggons.

We have spoken of *self-control* as essential to a man's success in life; we must not omit to insist upon *self-reliance*. "Men," says Bacon, "seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength; of the former they believe greater things than they should, of the latter much less. Self-reliance and

self-control will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labour truly to get his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust." The wealthy man is he who trusts only to his own energy, prudence, and abilities. Such a man is always ready when he is wanted, always prompt, and calm, and fertile of resource; while the man who trusts to others fears, or is unable, to move unsupported. Like Edward the Black Prince at Cressy, it is better to fight it out alone. A man is never so happy as when he is *totus in se;* as when he suffices to himself, and can walk without crutches or a guide. Said Jean Paul, the glorious one: "I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more." No man will need more if he fall not into the thraldom of waiting for the help of others. Self-reliance, pushed, we admit, to the verge of self-conceit, was the distinctive quality of Benvenuto Cellini. He was a host in himself; free, independent, courageous, and assured. Wherever he went—and he wandered from town to town like a bird of passage, from Florence to Mantua, and Mantua to Rome, and Rome to Naples, and Naples back to Florence—he was always the same; rich in expediency, ready in action, resolute in will. He made his own tools; he not only designed his own works, but executed them with his own hands, hammering and carving, modelling and casting. Hence it is that we observe so strongly impressed a stamp of individuality on all that came from his hands. Not less self-reliant was the late illustrious French statesman, Thiers. He left nothing to others that he could do himself, and over all that he intrusted to others he exercised the sharpest supervision. Such was his courage, such his composure, that, civilian as he was, he would have undertaken the command of an army in the field if he had thought it to be his duty. "In life," said Ary Scheffer, "nothing bears fruit except by labour of mind and body. To strive, and still strive—such is life; and in this respect mine is fulfilled; for I dare to say, with just pride, that nothing has ever shaken my courage. With a strong soul, and a noble aim, one can do what one wills, morally speaking." And when it is done, when the victory is achieved, what joy one feels in the reflection that the honour is not to be shared with another!

Self-reliance is the pilgrim's best staff, the worker's best tool. It is the master-key that unlocks all the difficulties of life. "Help yourself and Heaven will help you" is a maxim which receives daily confirmation. Jupiter has no sympathy for the timid idler who cries aloud to him for help, and never puts his own shoulder to the wheel. Charity, however delicately administered, robs us of our independence, and vulgarises our ideas; let the young man have none of it. He who begins with crutches will generally end with crutches. Help from within always strengthens, but help from without invariably enfeebles, the recipient. It is not in the sheltered garden of the hothouse, but on the rugged Alpine cliff, where the storms beat most violently, that the toughest plants are reared. It is not by the use of corks, bladders, and life-preservers that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the wave and buffeting it, like Cassius and Cæsar, "with lusty sinews."

James Halford, a merchant prince of bygone days, ascended the ladder of fortune step by step—diligently, patiently, perseveringly, independently—until he stood securely on the summit, with all the world's prizes around him, and within him the blessing of a happy conscience. Some twenty years before, this same James Halford had been at the foot of the ladder, much pondering how he should rise. It was strange to contemplate that difficult and high-soaring ladder; it was stranger to listen to the world's comments upon it.

"It is all luck, sir," said one; "nothing but luck! Why, sir, I have succeeded at times in climbing a step or two, like a man who gets part way up a sloping glacier, but have always fallen back before long; and so I have given up the effort now, for luck is against me."

"No, sir," interrupted another, "it is not so much luck as plotting—plotting and intrigue! The selfish schemer contrives to mount, while honesty pines and starves at the foot."

"It is all done by patronage," cried a third. "You must have rich friends, powerful friends, to take you by the hand, and help you up first one step and then another, or you will have no chance."

James Halford listened, but did not believe. He was a calm, steadfast, self-reliant man, and again he looked at the ladder, and calculated its height.

"The cry of 'It's all luck'"—he thought to himself—"to what does it amount in reality? What does it mean more than that some people are surrounded by better conditions than others? To succeed permanently, however, they must still take advantage of, must do their best to utilise, these conditions; and I, having very indifferent circumstances around me, have the greater need to use strenuous exertion in order to improve them. When reverses come, therefore, I will not despair, as some do, but persevere on to fortune. I want no friend to take me by the hand, and do that for me which every healthy man can do better for himself. No, I will rely only on myself; I will rise by myself alone."

To this resolve, so earnestly made, Mr. Halford steadily adhered throughout life, and the result was a striking proof of what may be achieved by a dignified and prudent self-reliance.

To wait until some good Samaritan passes by,—to stand, with arms folded, sighing for a "helping hand,"—is not the part of any manly mind. The habit of depending upon others should be vigorously resisted, since it tends to weaken the intellectual faculties and paralyse the judgment. The struggle with circumstance has, on the contrary, a bracing and strengthening effect, like that of the pure mountain air on an enfeebled frame. It puts us, so to speak, into training; it is like the wrestling of two athletes. All difficulties come to us, as Bunyan says of temptations, like the lion which met Samson; at the first encounter they roar and gnash their teeth, but once subdued, we find a comb of honey in them. There can be no victory where there has been no battle. It is peril which calls forth the highest qualities of a man. Hence Pythagoras said, "Ability and necessity dwell near each other." "He who has battled," says Carlyle, "were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision waggons, or even rest unwatchfully 'abiding by the stuff.'" We have need of an occasional failure to quicken our vigilance, sharpen our insight, and confirm our discretion.

To grow strong by suffering seems the mystery of life. Goodness itself is nothing unless proved by temptation. There is more joy in heaven over the sheep that returns to the fold

after it has strayed afar, returns torn with briar and bramble, with wounded sides and bleeding feet, than over the ninety and nine who have never quitted the green pastures. Genius, in like manner, is developed and character tested by the rude assay of experience. It is up the Hill of Difficulty that the brave heart climbs to happiness or sorrow. The path of duty is not only steep but thorny; and it is well for men that it should be so. Shelley tells us that "most wretched men"—meaning thereby the world's great singers—

> "Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song;"

and we know that the crushed flower gives forth the rarest fragrance. It is not always true that sorrow loosens the fount of poetic inspiration; but in many instances the highest powers of genius seem to have been evoked by disappointment, pain, or trouble. An eminent musician once said of a fine but unsympathetic vocalist, "She sings well, but she wants something, and in that something, everything. If I were single, I would court her; I would marry her; I would maltreat her; I would break her heart; and in six months she would be the greatest singer in Europe." In this exaggerated form he expressed an undoubted truth. So, too, Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had in him the making of a good musician, if he had only been well flogged when he was a boy, but he had been spoiled by his facility of composition. It was not until his heart was overcharged with public sorrows and private grievances, until he had drunk the dregs of the cup of bitterness, that Dante composed his wonderful Christian epic. It was while the shadow of coming death brooded over him that Mozart wrote his immortal "Requiem." Everybody knows the anguish of passion which Tasso poured out in his "Gerusalemme Liberata." A profound sorrow inspired the "Lycidas" of Milton, the "Adonais" of Shelley, the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson. Let us not lose heart, then, when beset by difficulties, or sharply tried, or oppressed with failure; for these things are designed to stimulate us to higher and purer effort, and to teach us the great and glorious lesson of self-reliance.

This is a lesson which, now-a-days, is not taught in the

schools. To us it seems the vice of modern systems of education that they lay down too many "royal roads to knowledge." Those impediments which formerly compelled the student to think and labour for himself are now most carefully removed, and he glides so smoothly along the well-beaten highway that he pauses not to heed the flowers on either hand. The race of thorough and complete scholars is dying out. Our young men are equipped to such an extent with manuals that explain everything, and guides that go everywhere, that they find no occasion for thought. Why spend an hour in grappling with an obscure passage when it is cleared up beautifully in an obliging "note"? Why endeavour to comprehend the significance of an historical crisis when it is carefully brought out for you by the most condescending of critics? In a word, why take any trouble at all when so many are willing to relieve you of it? When we leave school, and turn our attention to the literature of the day, we find it equally complacent and easy-going. It does not ask or expect us to do anything for ourselves, and we quickly become accustomed to this new "Castle of Indolence." As no demand is made upon our mental energy, we soon learn to believe that the slightest exertion is beyond our strength, and, smooth as the road is, insist that it shall be made smoother. "As the native in some parts of the world carries the traveller in a chair on his back over the mountains, so the teacher carries the pupil up the Alpine peaks of knowledge; as the priest in Siberia puts his devotions into a mill, and grinds out prayers, so we expect our preacher to do our praying for us; as the steam-whistle whisks us, asleep or awake, to the city or capital, so we expect the book over which we doze or snore to bear us to the metropolis of science." We go to a popular lecturer for our chemistry, to a popular preacher for our religion, to a popular newspaper for our politics. And when some stern moralist arises, and speaks earnestly of the dignity and honourableness of work, we yawn and murmur, "Yes, in others." Self-reliance has disappeared before our indolent and luxurious selfishness. This is the secret of the mania for making money by speculative companies and stockjobbing ingenuities. Society wishes to save itself trouble. It wants money, but does not want to work for it. Even its pleasures it takes with languid ease. If it goes to the theatre, it must not be asked

to think. It is for ever crying, with Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters"—

> "Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
> Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
> Death is the end of life; ah, why
> Should life all labour be?
> Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
> And in a little while our lips are dumb.
> Let us alone. What is it that will last?
> All things are taken from us, and become
> Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
> Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
> To war with evil? Is there any peace
> In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
> All things have rest, and ripen towards the grave
> In silence: ripen, fall, and cease.
> Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease."

The splendid success to which self-reliance sometimes conducts us we see in the career of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, the attorney's clerk, who has risen to the post of Prime Minister of England. We have heard his achievements variously ascribed to his power of epigram, his audacity, his plasticity, his unscrupulousness; but, for ourselves, we find their foundation in his frank and fearless reliance on himself. Such was the motive which animated the American orator and senator, J. C. Calhoun. When at Yale College, on being ridiculed for his passionate devotion to his studies, he replied, "Why, sir, I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress." And when this saying was greeted with a laugh, he added, "Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day." He spoke in the true spirit of Goethe's famous advice, "Make good thy standing-place, and move the world." Be true to yourself, and what you *will*, that will you accomplish. "Our strength," remarks George Henry Lewes, "is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas: bricks and mortar are bricks and mortar until the architect makes them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while

his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives for ever amid ruins. The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the resolute."

We should be encouraged to cultivate the habit of independent thought and independent action by the consideration that each one of us has his appointed mission and place in the world, and his work to do for himself and his fellow-men. He is the centre of a circle, large or small, of which he is the primary influence; and that circle must accordingly react on another and wider circle, and that again on yet another, and so on through a succession of circles; just as we see that the dropping of a stone in the water creates a series of waves which expand far away into the distance. A recent scientific discovery has shown how the very words we utter may be preserved in articulate sounds for the hearing of future generations. But our acts, our conduct, our character, are transmitted in a still more living form. The thought is one which should "bid us pause;" which should incite us to attain by our strenuous effort to a lofty standard of living and thinking. We cannot divest ourselves of our responsibility to our fellow-men. True it is that but few of us can spell-bind the world like a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Wordsworth, a Bacon. We cannot all of us control the destinies of nations like the Richelieus and the Pitts. We cannot all of us enlarge the domains of science like a Newton, a Cuvier, a Faraday. We cannot all of us create those things of beauty which fill the heart of humanity with a perpetual joy, like a Raffaelle, a Titian, a Mozart, a Mendelssohn. But we can all of us do something to swell the sum of human happiness, to make the world better and purer than we found it. In our trade or profession we can set an example of honourable dealing and straightforwardness, punctuality, truthfulness, and independence. "No man," said the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, "ought to be convinced by anything short of assiduous and long-continued labours, issuing in absolute failure, that he is not meant to do much for the honour of God and the good of mankind." Such absolute failure there will never be, so long as we rely upon ourselves, and are alive to our duties and our obligations.

A story from "real life" is always the most effectual illus-

tration that can be adduced of a great truth. The following narrative of the early struggles towards independence of a wealthy Western florist and horticulturist is told almost in his own words. It seems to us replete with genuine interest :—

On the west corner of Nassau and Liberty Streets, New York, lived a venerable old gentleman, one Isaac Van Hook, for a period of fifty years. In course of time, a firm of cabinet-makers, carrying on a respectable business, and having in their employment ten or twelve journeymen and apprentices, took a mad resolution, gave up business, sold their stock, hired the corner house over the head of poor Mr. Van Hook, turned him and his tobacco pipes out of doors, and entered upon the grocery business. "Theirs being a corner, I lost (says Mr. Thorburn) most of my customers, insomuch that I was obliged to look round for some other mode of supporting my family. This, you may be sure, I considered a great misfortune; but, in the sequel, it prepared the way for introducing me into a more agreeable and profitable business.

"About this time the ladies in New York were beginning to show a taste for flowers, and it was customary to see flower-pots in the grocery stores; these articles also formed part of my stock.

"In the fall of the year, when the plants wanted shifting, preparatory to their being placed in the parlour, I was often asked for pots of a handsomer quality or better make. As already stated, I was looking round for some other means to support my family. All at once it came into my mind to take and paint some of my common flower-pots with green varnish paint, thinking it would better suit the taste of the ladies than the common brickbat-coloured ones. I painted two pair, and exposed them in front of my window; they soon drew attention, and were sold. I painted six pair; they soon went the same way. Being thus encouraged, I continued painting and selling to good advantage. This was in the fall of 1802. One day, in the month of April following, I observed a man, for the first time, selling flower plants in the Fly Market, which then stood at the foot of Maiden Lane. As I carelessly passed along, I took a leaf, and rubbing it between my finger and thumb, asked him what was the name of it. He answered, a geranium. This, as far as I can recollect, was the first time I ever heard that the flower in question was a geranium, as,

before this, I had no taste for, nor paid any attention to plants. I looked a few minutes at the plant, thought it had a pleasant smell, and that it would look well if removed into one of my green flower-pots to stand on my counter and thus draw attention.

"Observe, I did not purchase this plant with the intention of selling it again, but merely to draw attention to my green pots, and let the people see how well the pots looked when the plant was in them. Next day some one fancied and purchased both plant and pot. The day following I went when the market was nearly over, judging the man would sell cheaper rather than have the trouble of carrying them over the river, as he lived at Brooklyn—and in those days there were neither steam nor horse-boats. Accordingly, I purchased two plants, and having sold them, I began to think that something might be done in this way; and so I continued to go at the close of the market, and always bargained for the unsold plants. The man, finding me a useful customer, would assist me to carry them home, and show me how to shift the plants out of his pots and put them into the green-pots, if any customers wished it. I soon found, by his tongue, that he was a Scotchman, and being countrymen, we wrought into one another's hands [*more Scotico*], and thus, from having one plant, in a short time I had fifty. The thing being a novelty, began to draw attention; people carrying their country friends to see the curiosities of the city would step in to see my plants. In some of these visits the strangers would express a wish to have some of these plants, but, having so far to go, could not carry them. Then they would ask if I had no seed of such plants; then, again, others would ask for cabbage, turnip, or radish seed, &c. These frequent inquiries at length set me thinking that, if I could get seeds, I would be able to sell them; but here lay the difficulty. As no one sold seed in New York, none of the farmers or gardeners sowed more than what they wanted for their own use, there being no market for an overplus. In this dilemma I told my situation to the person from whom I had always bought the plants in the Fly Market. He said he was now raising seeds, with the intention of selling them next spring along with his plants in the market; but added, that if I would take his seeds, he would quit the market, and stay at home and raise plants and seeds for me to

sell. A bargain was immediately struck; I purchased his stock of seeds, amounting to fifteen dollars, and thus commenced a business, on the 17th of September, 1805, that became the most extensive establishment of the kind in the Western world."

The self-reliance, the rare mental qualities here displayed might, in a wider sphere, have raised this man to eminence.

A narrative of a higher kind is presented to us in the story of the life of Thomas Brassey.

Thomas Brassey, born in November, 1805, was the son of a gentleman farmer at Buerton, in Cheshire. At twelve years of age he was sent to school at Chester, and at sixteen was apprenticed to a land-surveyor and agent named Lawton. In this capacity he was first employed in surveying the line of the Shrewsbury and Holyhead road; and his quickness and industry were so conspicuous, that at the conclusion of his apprenticeship Mr. Lawton received him as his partner, and placed him at the head of a branch business which he had established at Birkenhead. Much of the young partner's attention was here devoted to the manufacture of bricks; and he invented a kind of crate to facilitate, and thereby cheapen, the labour of loading and unloading. In 1832 he married; and soon afterwards, on the death of Mr. Lawton, became sole agent for Mr. Pine, the owner of the Birkenhead estate. Having made the acquaintance of the celebrated George Stephenson, he so impressed the latter with a conviction of his admirable business qualities that he persuaded him to tender for the work on the Grand Junction Railway. This he did; but his estimate being too high, he lost the contract. Nothing discouraged, he tendered again, and for the Penkridge Viaduct between Stafford and Wolverhampton was successful. He carried through this undertaking with great spirit and much thoroughness, giving indications of those powers of organisation which he afterwards displayed in so remarkable a degree. His wife urged him at once to give himself up wholly to railway work, her sound judgment convincing her that, if he left Birkenhead, he would be able to find a much more important sphere for the exercise of his special abilities by enlisting in the small band of men who had at that time taken in hand the construction of the British railways. Acting upon her prudent advice, he thereupon became a contractor for public works on the

most colossal scale. His enterprise spurned the insular limits of Great Britain. With ready boldness and self-reliance he undertook a number of most important engagements abroad; in France, Italy, Denmark, Austria, in Australia, Canada, and even in India. A large industrial army executed his bidding, and won peaceful triumphs in almost every land.

Between his operatives and himself the most cordial feelings of goodwill existed; and his conduct was so liberal, just, and considerate, that he fully merited the affection and esteem with which he was regarded. A certain share of the profits was always allotted to his agents, while he did all he could to further the extension of the "butty gang" system, by means of which a certain piece of work was let out to ten or fifteen men, the profits being equally divided, with a small extra profit to the head man in charge. His sub-contractors he treated with the greatest generosity and confidence, and they were always content to accept engagements on the terms he offered. They knew they could trust to him, of his own volition, to correct a mistake or remedy an injustice. If the original contract proved too hard a bargain for the sub-contractor, Mr. Brassey would always increase the price or make up the deficiency in some other way. Again, if a dispute arose between his agents and the engineers of the company for whom he was working as to the best mode of proceeding with the work, he had an admirable way of settling it. He would appear, perhaps unexpectedly, amongst the contending parties; would not back up his own agents, or enter into vexatious contention with the engineers of the company, but would, in the presence of them all, take the "gangers" into council, and ask them what was their opinion on the matter. It was generally found that the gangers had a very clear opinion, and a very judicious one, of the way in which the work should proceed, and, at any rate, the disputing parties felt that the opinion of these men, with whom the manual execution of the work rested, was an opinion which it was very desirable to defer to and to conciliate. This mode of reference and unrefined arbitration was eminently characteristic of this great employer of labour.

One gains a vivid idea of Mr. Brassey's admirable business qualities, of his vigour, administrative capacity, and confidence in himself, from a consideration of the numerous great undertakings he successfully carried out. Here is a partial list of

them:—The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, including the Victoria tubular bridge over the broad St. Lawrence; the Caledonian Railway; the Nantes and Caen, Maremma and Leghorn, Jutland, Warsaw and Terrespol, Kronprinz, Rudolfstadt, and Suezama and Jassy railways. The Central Argentine, the Delhi, and the Indian Chord Line, are among the railways laid down under his superintendence. Then there were considerable contracts on the Scottish Central, Great Northern, Lancashire and Carlisle, North Staffordshire, Buckinghamshire, North Devon, East Suffolk, Leicester and Hitchin, South Tilbury and Southend, Bury St. Edmunds and Cambridge, and Severn Valley. His energy was almost boundless. Mr. Harrison says of him:—"I have known him come direct from France to Rugby. Having left Havre the night before, he would have been engaged in the office in London the whole day; he would then come down to Rugby by the mail train at twelve o'clock, and it was his common practice to be on the works by six o'clock the next morning. He would frequently walk from Rugby to Nuneaton, a distance of sixteen miles. Having arrived at Nuneaton in the afternoon, he would proceed the same night by road to Tamworth, and the next morning he would be out on the road so soon that he had the reputation among his staff of being the first man on the works. He used to proceed over the works from Tamworth to Stafford, walking the greater part of the distance; and he would frequently proceed that same evening to Lancaster, in order to inspect the works in progress under the contract which he had for the execution of the railway from Lancaster to Carlisle." It was said of him by one who rightly estimated the strength of his determination and his profound self-reliance:—"If he had been a parson, he would have been a bishop; a prize-fighter, he would have won the champion's belt." And Sir Arthur Helps thus commemorates the singleness of purpose, the concentration of aim which marked his career:—"The ruling passion of his life was to execute great works which he believed to be of the highest utility to mankind; to become a celebrated man in so doing—celebrated for faithfulness, punctuality, and completeness in the execution of his work; also—for this was a great point with him—to continue to give employment to all those persons who had already embarked with him in his great enterprises, not by any means

forgetting the humbler class of labourers whom he engaged in his service."

It was characteristic of Mr. Brassey that he always found time for everything. He was never in a hurry and never behindhand. He wasted not a moment; he never left a letter unanswered. When he visited Scotland in the shooting season, a bag containing writing appliances and a pile of letters that required acknowledgment always accompanied the luncheon-basket. He would enjoy a brisk short walk on the moor, and then, in the shelter of a shepherd's hut or screened by a stone dyke, would sit down and write his letters with his usual clearness and intelligence. Idleness was a thing utterly beyond his comprehension. In his own words: —"It requires a special education to be idle, or to employ the twenty-four hours in a rational way without any particular calling or occupation. To live the life of a gentleman," he would add, "one must have been brought up to it. It is impossible for a man who has been engaged in business pursuits the greater part of his life to retire; if he does so, he soon discovers that he has made a mistake. I shall not retire; but if for some good reason I should be obliged to do so, it would be to a farm. There I should bring up stock, which I should cause to be weighed every day, ascertaining, at the same time, their daily cost as against the increasing weight. I should then know when to sell, and start again with a fresh lot."

Mr. Brassey died, worn out with work, in 1870. He was only sixty-five years of age, but, counted by deeds, his life had really been a long one, as it had unquestionably been both useful and honourable.

Crossing the Atlantic, we meet with a representative man, who in some respects may be compared to Thomas Brassey, and was a no less striking example of what may be achieved by industry when supported by self-reliance. We allude to Mr. Grigg of Philadelphia, the founder of a well-known American publishing firm. Beginning the world as an orphan boy, he died in possession of a fortune, though he had abundantly shown that he knew how to spend money wisely as well as how to acquire it prudently. It is put forward as one strong explanation of his success, that he enjoyed a singular power of inspiring (what always proved to be a legitimate) conviction of his sincerity, honour, and ability. He himself

was accustomed to say of the thorough business man, in words originally applied to a statesman, that "he should have in an eminent degree the self-sustaining power of intellect. He must possess energy and enterprise, with perseverance and great mental determination. To inspire confidence, which after all is the highest of earthly qualities, is a mystical something, which is felt but cannot be described."

The special qualifications necessary to success in trade, commerce, and, we may add, professional life, are indicated in the advice which Mr. Grigg gave to young men. They were to be industrious and economical. They were warned against wasting time or money in small but useless pleasures and indulgences. And here we may note that it is just these small bits of self-indulgence which wreck young lives. As to the unprofitable expenditure of money, Mr. Grigg sagely remarks, that if the young could be induced to begin saving as soon as they entered on the paths of life, the way would ever become easier for them, and, without debarring themselves from the usual necessaries or comforts, they would not fail to attain a competency. "Our people," says an American writer, "are certainly among the most improvident and extravagant on the face of the earth." Mr. Gladstone has recently pronounced the same verdict on the people of England. "It is enough to make the merchant of the old school, who looks back and thinks what economy, prudence, and discretion he had to bring to bear on his own business (they are, in fact, the basis of all successful enterprise), start back in astonishment to look at the reckless waste and extravagance of the age and people. The highest test of respectability is honest industry. Well-directed industry makes man happy [in a certain degree]. The really noble class, the class that was noble when 'Adam delved and Eve span,' and have preserved to this day their patent untarnished, is the laborious and industrious. Until men have learned industry, economy, and self-control, they cannot be safely intrusted with wealth."

Certainly this is an age of unthrift. A profuse expenditure seems to be the curse of every class alike. The artisan is as recklessly lavish as the capitalist, and the collier indulges in luxuries which would formerly have been considered proper only for the most affluent. Whether there is a strain of ex-

travagance in the English character we will not undertake to argue; but it is noticeable that the sympathies of the people always go out towards the free-handed, towards the prodigality of George IV. rather than the soberness of George III., towards the spendthrift Sheridan rather than the economical Wordsworth. Marlborough's thriftiness has robbed him of much of his popularity, and Macaulay even exaggerates it into avarice, and bitterly censures it as a mean and despicable vice. No doubt in England the virtue of economy is but lightly esteemed.

To industry and economy, said Mr. Grigg, add self-reliance. Do not take too much advice. The man of business should keep at the helm and steer his own bark. In early life every man should be taught to think and act for himself, to rely on his own capacity, and, like Hal o' the Wynd in Scott's novel, to fight for his own hand. Unless a man is accustomed to trust to his own resources, his talents will never be fully developed; he will never gain that quickness of perception, that promptitude of decision, that readiness of action, which are essential to the successful conduct of affairs. Had not Nelson been accustomed to confide in himself, the victory off Cape St. Vincent would have been shorn of half its glory.

We have already enlarged upon the importance of punctuality. Mr. Grigg called it "the mother of confidence." He did not think it enough for a merchant to fulfil his engagements, but what he undertook to do he must do at the exact *time* as well as in the *way* prescribed. The interdependence of merchants—and, indeed, of all men engaged in business—is so great, that their engagements, like a chain, which, according to the law of mechanics, is never stronger than in its weakest link, are more frequently broken through the weakness of others than their own. But a persistent fulfilment of obligations is not only of the greatest importance, because it enables others to meet *their* engagements promptly; it is also the most satisfactory evidence that our affairs are well ordered, our means all easily available, our force in battle array, and everything "ready for action." A man's business should be in as excellent "trim" as a Queen's ship.

It was very good advice of Mr. Grigg that men should attend to the minutiæ of business, to small things as well as great, to details as well as outlines. An indifference to what

are considered trivialities is often considered a mark of genius. We are asked to admire pictures in which the lights and shades are "dashed in" with "a bold hand," and the laws of proportion and perspective plainly disregarded because not understood. We are told that this is an evidence of wealth of imagination and boldness of execution. We reply, that in no such way did Titian or Raffaelle work. Then, again, we are invited to praise the wild exuberance of poems like Walt Whitman's—poems without grace of form, exactness of expression, or harmony of diction. The free independent genius of the modern singer despises, we are told, the rules and conventionalities that fettered a Milton or a Wordsworth. But for our part, we prefer Milton and Wordsworth, with their sum of artistic completeness and their happy attention to details. So in business, we like to see everything in its place, and we recommend the master to make sure that there is a place for everything. A young man should look upon capital, if he start with it, or as he may acquire it, simply as the tool with which he is to work, not as a substitute for industry. It is frequently the case that diligence in minor employments is the most successful introduction to great enterprises. Napoleon was a studious sub-lieutenant of artillery before he burst on the world as the victor of the Bridge of Lodi.

Again, beware of selfishness. Not only is it in itself the meanest of vices, but it is the parent of so many, and its offspring are all so hateful! It interferes both with the means and the end of acquisition; makes money more difficult to acquire, and not worth having when it is acquired. It dulls the affections of the heart; it cripples the powers of the intellect. The egotist is a torment to himself, a nuisance to others. On the other hand, he who has thought for others is sure to make his own happiness. As Jeremy Bentham says, "The effort of beneficence may not benefit those for whom it was intended, but when wisely directed it *must* benefit the person from whom it emanates. Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy and ungrateful return, but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver, and we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindliness around us at so little expense. Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others, and all of them

will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring. Once blest are all the virtues always, twice blest sometimes."

Mr. Grigg's next head of counsel was, "Accustom yourself to think vigorously." Mental capital, like pecuniary, must be well invested if a good return is desired—must be rightly adjusted and rightly applied; and to this end accurate, painstaking, and continuous thought is absolutely necessary.

Again, we must take advantage of everything, however remote in appearance, that has, or can have, any bearing upon success. The man of business should be continually on the watch for information, as greedy for knowledge and as alert in gathering it as Macaulay; he should seize every idea that can possibly throw light upon his path; he should be an attentive reader of books of a practical character, as well as a careful student of all useful, inspiring, and elevating literature.

Lastly, never forget a favour, said Mr. Grigg, for ingratitude is the basest trait of man's heart. This may seem a copybook maxim, but its truth cannot be disputed, though too frequently it is forgotten. It may be more convincing to some people that ingratitude *does not pay*. Men soon grow chary of helping a person who receives every favour as a matter of right, and shows himself utterly insensible to the kindness of the individual conferring it. The world has a very just and a very natural antipathy to the ungrateful.

Such are the axioms of business morality which Mr. Grigg founded on a long experience. They may be commended to the reader for digestion and assimilation.

We now resume our subject. We have spoken at some length of various qualities and habits which seemed to us indispensable to all who desire to take a worthy part in the life-battle; but we have said nothing upon *tact*. Yet this is, perhaps, the one quality which is necessary to the successful action of all other good qualities. We have seen many fine opportunities wasted by men of estimable character and more than ordinary talent for want of tact. We have seen possible friends offended, influential patrons lost, through want of tact. We have seen a career of energy and perseverance spoiled by want of tact. We have seen tact win its way to the foremost places while talent lagged in the rear. "Talent," says an anonymous essayist, "talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is

weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact makes him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money." Tact makes friends; talent makes enemies. Tact knows the seasons when—

> "To take
> Occasion by the hand;"

Talent too often misses them. We don't know that we can easily define tact, that we can say in a few words exactly what it *is*. It is something more than manner, yet manner enters largely into it. It is a combination of quickness, firmness, readiness, good temper, and facility. It is something which never offends, never excites jealousy, never provokes rivalry, never treads upon other people's toes. "Every fish has its fly," says a moralist; "but even the right fly is not enough; you must play it nicely at the right spot." And that is just what tact does. Tact is practical talent; it is force of character united to dexterity of action, and softened by ease of manner. Or perhaps we may call it insight guided by experience. It detects a want and at once supplies a remedy. It sees an opening and immediately profits by it. "For all the practical purposes of life," says the essayist already quoted, "tact carries it against talent ten to one. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it loses no time; it takes all times; and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is able to take advantage of every wind that blows." To paraphrase some lines of Emerson's—

> "Tact clinches the bargain;
> Tact wins in the fight,
> Gets the vote in the Senate
> Spite of Gladstone or Bright."

What genius could do we know from the career of Lord Brougham; what tact could accomplish, from the career of Lord Lyndhurst. We do not for one moment deny that genius is the higher and nobler gift; but tact must not be

despised, for it is often needed to render the work of genius available for mankind at large. The genius of the astronomer calculates the motions of the heavenly bodies; the tact of the pilot carries the richly laden argosy safely into harbour. Besides, genius is a rare endowment, while tact is, to some extent, the product of cultivation—that is, of observation, reflection, and self-control. We are not at all sure that in the ordinary business of life tact has not done more than genius for the well-being of humanity. What is the use of being able to harness the coursers of the sun if you cannot drive your cart home from market safely? Practical talent does so much to ease the working of the wheels of life, that only ungrateful ignorance will presume to depreciate it.

"The acme of all faculties," says a writer, "is common sense," and common sense is tact. We will not say, however, that it is the acme of all faculties. We prefer to say that it is the golden thread which should string them together. Whether wealth and honour are the sole objects a man should live for, we will not argue here; but we agree with the assertion that these are won more often by men of action than by men of thought. "The secret of all success lies in being alive to what is going on around one; in adjusting one's self to one's conditions; in being sympathetic and receptive; in knowing the wants of the time; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear or what they need to hear at the right moment; in being the sum, the concretion, the result of the influences of the present time. It is not enough to do the right thing *per se;* it must be done at the right time and place. Frederick the Great said of Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, that he always wanted to take the second step before he had taken the first. The world is full of such unpractical people, who fail because they refuse to recognise the thousand conditions which fence a man in, and are impatient to reach the goal without passing over the intermediate ground. It is not so often talent which the unsuccessful man lacks as tact."

Names of individuals who would have done so much better for themselves and for their fellows had their tact been equal to their ability crowd upon our memory. We think of Goldsmith and of William Cobbett, of Dean Swift and of Haydon, and cannot repress a sigh. Each of us, in his own little circle, knows one or two instances. On the other hand, history is

full of examples of what tact can accomplish; of a Walpole peacefully establishing a dynasty, of a Talleyrand winning diplomatic triumphs against great odds, of a Leopold of Belgium consolidating a kingdom—all through tact. The virtues of the late Prince Consort never earned a generous recognition from the public during his lifetime because he was deficient in tact; whereas it was the tact of Louis XIV. that threw a glamour of popularity over the vices of his life and the errors of his government. The social success of the agents of the Roman Church has been largely owing to that tact which our blunter and less refined Anglicanism shrinks from cultivating. Yet its value in ecclesiastical affairs, as in all the transactions of life, was proved by the career of the late Bishop Wilberforce.

Of tact may with justice be said, what a popular journalist has said of worldly wisdom (which, by the way, is something more selfish and much meaner than tact), that at one extreme it runs up into the art of governing, at the other descends to that of merely pleasing. "It is as indispensable to the Premier in Parliament as to the Foreign-Office clerk in the *salons*." And here we may note that Lord Palmerston, in his later years, showed himself a perfect master of it. "Between these poles—between aims the loftiest and most trivial—is the proper and legitimate sphere for the exercise of knowledge of the world. A man may be said to possess it when he exhibits practical wisdom in all the minor relations of social life. As a guest, as a host, as a national creditor, as an income-tax payer, as a railway passenger, as the vendor or purchaser of a horse, he has functions and duties to perform. The way in which these are discharged makes the difference between the social simpleton and the worldling. The former will be perpetually coming to grief in one or the other of them. If he is entertaining, he will abuse the grandmother of the most influential man at his table." It was surely just such an one who, at the opera, observed to Lord North, "What an exceedingly ugly woman is seated in yonder box!" "Yes," was the reply, "that is my wife!" "Oh," stammered the confused simpleton, "I mean the lady next to her." "Ay," rejoined the imperturbable peer, "that is my sister!" To continue: "If he dines out, he will ask for fish twice, in spite of the waning proportions of the cod and the indignant glances of the lady

of the house. As a contributor to the revenue, he will be always in arrears, and incurring the terrors of Somerset House. At a railway station, he will disturb the equanimity of the porters by a fussiness arising from a vague but awful regard of steam-power. In all dealings with horse-flesh he will be guided by the simple rule of buying in the dearest market and selling in the cheapest. As a letter-writer, he shows characteristic *naïvete.* There is a curious infelicity in his style. To a subordinate he will write with undue familiarity, or an air of ridiculous assumption; to an equal, with a smack of arrogance. The oddest rays of comfort will gleam across his letters of condolence, while his congratulations will partake of a somewhat funereal character. In addressing members of those world-wide families, he will not be particular as to the 'y' in Smyth, or the 'p' in Thompson."

And this is to be observed of tact, that it is as valuable in small things as in great, in private as in public spheres. In a large employer of labour, the head of a public department, the manager of a railway, the chief of a great mercantile concern, tact is essential; but it is scarcely less valuable, certainly not less useful, in the master of a school or the father of a family. In society its preciousness is always and everywhere felt. Tact and good-humour—and, of course, the two always go together—are the pillars which support the social fabric. For tact, to sum up our efforts at definition, is the art of *not putting one's foot in it;* and were there no professors of this art in our social circles, life would become a burden!

We have spoken of tact as if it were identical with practical talent; and yet there *is* a difference between the two. The former will never be found without the latter; but the latter may exist without the former. It was want of tact which led a person to say, when conversing with one of our Hanoverian kings—was it not George II.?—"Oh, how I long to see a coronation!" But it was want of practical talent which induced Beethoven to send three hundred florins as the purchase-money of a few shirts and half-a-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, and Goldsmith to attire himself in a pair of scarlet breeches when he called upon his bishop to state his intention of taking holy orders.

Let us pause to relate a story in illustration of practical talent.

Eugenie, the daughter of a Marseilles merchant, married a Catalan officer in the service of Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish crown. Her husband fell in battle; and after burying him in a grave dug with her own hands, the poor penniless widow, with her two children, fled to the solitude of the Spanish mountains, where she found shelter in a ruined convent. There, by performing various trivial offices for the shepherds and peasants, she obtained a scanty crust and milk for her infants. As she grew acquainted with the women who visited the mountains to carry food to their husbands, she invited them to bring with them their spinning-wheels, and work together in her place of abode, suggesting that such a plan was more convenient and less solitary than for each to labour by herself. Numbers of them accepted her invitation; and at the end of every week the grateful peasants presented her with a handful of spun wool from each. Out of these handfuls of spun wool her practical talent in due time made a large sum of money and gained a large estate.

Descending occasionally to the nearest town, she sold her wool-gatherings, and, through this means, in a few months accumulated sufficient money to purchase the raw material from the shepherds; and she then begged from her guests an hour's labour each in place of the handful of wool. When the summer season and its occupations were past, she collected, by tact and industry, sufficient funds to pay them for their work; and at the next sheep-shearing became the purchaser of more than half the wool.

Encouraged by the great success of her dexterous management, she proceeded in the following spring, escorted by some friendly shepherds, to the frontier. There she contracted with one of the greatest wool-buyers in the country for the produce of her next winter's spinning. In the space of three years the old convent was converted into a spinning-factory, became renowned throughout all Northern Spain for the superior quality of its produce, and proved both a source of social comfort and pecuniary prosperity to the poor peasants who had once, out of their little store, exercised a disinterested charity towards its then desolate and necessitous inmate.

The widow lady's web of good fortune grew wider every year, and in time she became an exceedingly wealthy capitalist, with literally a bank of money, and credit unlimited.

She possessed four factories in Spain and seven in France, besides cotton and flax mills in Belgium. And all this great fortune was built by practical talent and tact upon the foundation of a few handfuls of wool!

The world has often wondered at the curious want of practical talent, tact, common sense (call it what you will), exhibited by men of fine intellectual gifts. How many wise moralities have been expended upon the apparent anomaly of the genius which scales the heights of human knowledge, and renders them practicable to meaner minds, being utterly unable to manage the simplest business transactions with correctness! Strange is it, they exclaim, that a Dryden, who could write vigorous poetry and eloquent prose, should be unable to keep out of debt; that Adam Smith, who discoursed profoundly on "The Wealth of Nations," should fail in the management of his household. But a little reflection dissipates the astonishment. There is no necessary connection between deep thinking and the practical talents that most readily discharge the duties of daily life. A philosopher, with eyes fixed on the stars, will often stumble in the pool at his feet, or wonder how "the calf went in at the auger-hole!"[1]

There is much truth in the observation that a man whose vision, if limited, is clear, is both more confident in himself, and more direct in dealing with circumstances and with others, than a man with a wider horizon of thought, whose many-sided capacity discerns several courses and recognises numerous objections. We are frequently meeting with cases like that of Coleridge or De Quincey, where subtle intellectual perceptions and rare imaginative powers are comparatively nullified by a

[1] We must explain this allusion in a note. The owner of a tanyard near a certain town in Virginia resolved to erect a stand or store in one of the main streets for the sale of leather, the purchase of raw hides, and similar operations. After his building was completed, he began to consider what manner of sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of drawing the public attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks the subject puzzled him mightily. Several devices were, one after the other, adopted, and on further consideration rejected. At last he hit upon a happy idea. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end projecting. After a while a grave-browed individual with spectacles on nose might be seen standing near the door gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, absorbed, contemplative, silent, gazing and gazing until the hide-dealer's

want of energy, self-command, practical talent. Coleridge's life, for instance, was like his own "Kubla-Khan"—beautiful, but incomplete and dreamy. Genius conceives the idea, but it is practical talent that realises it. Strength of will often accomplishes what genius is forced to leave undone. Thoughtful brains puzzle themselves to loosen the Gordian knot; Alexander draws his sword and cuts it. "Men of genius," says Malthus, "waste time in meditating and comparing, when they should act instantaneously and with power." They put microscopes to their eyes, and cannot drink for fear of the animalcules. In short, they theorise too much. A loaf baked is better than a harvest contemplated. An acre in Kent or Surrey is better than a principality in Utopia. Genius, to be practically useful, says the author of "Lacon," must be endowed not only with wings whereby to fly, but with legs whereon to stand. Both practical and speculative ability are, no doubt, modifications of mental power; but one on that account by no means implies the other, any more than dexterity in performing a juggler's feats involves the art of reefing a sail, though they are both instances of physical skill.

Practical talent, is, of course, in business the special desideratum. Such men as the Browns, the Cunards, the Armitages, the Bairds, the Burnses, the Barings, the Gurneys, have owed everything to their possession of this rare quality. Tact with them has been the secret of success. A thorough

curiosity was greatly excited in turn. Stepping out, he addressed the individual.

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning!" said the other, still intently regarding the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" inquired the storekeeper.

"No."

"Do you want to sell hides?"

"No."

"Perhaps you are a farmer?"

"No."

"A merchant, maybe?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger-hole!"

Many are the philosophers in this world who waste their time and energies in speculations of equal vanity, and are as easily deluded!

acquaintance with details, a vigilant eye for difficulties, a ready skill for dealing with them, these characteristics may be traced in all our famous "merchant adventurers," the men who have made and maintained the commerce of England. It was said of A. T. Stewart, the American millionaire, that so exact was his comprehension of all the departments of his immense business, that his employés sometimes imagined he must have an invisible telegraph girdling the entire establishment. Like a spider in his web, he was keenly alive to the minutest incident that occurred within its precincts. He was seldom seen, yet his presence was everywhere felt, and his practical talent ensured the regular working of all that vast organisation. So, too, practical talent was the peculiar endowment of Wellington. It was visible in all his movements in the Peninsula; and it proved to be the foundation on which was securely raised the fabric of his renown.

From any summary of business qualities and habits, however rapid, it is impossible to omit decision. It follows, of course, from self-reliance as light from the presence of the sun. The man with just confidence in himself and a lofty independence of external influences, who sees clearly and thinks clearly, will necessarily decide promptly. And of all wretched characters the man "who can never make up his mind" is the most wretched. A torment to himself, he is the reproach and laughter of others, who frequently suffer in no small degree from his hesitation, decay, and fickleness. There can scarcely be any more fatal censure passed upon a man than that implied in the Patriarch's apostrophe to his son: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." The very promise of well-doing must be denied to the waverer. History has recorded the evils inflicted on two nations by the instability of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland; and many of us have read with appreciation the anecdote of the criticism so aptly passed upon him by his chaplain, who, when ordered to preach before the king, read as his text, with emphatic significance, "*James* i. *and 6th*—'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed,'" provoking from the self-conscious monarch the exclamation, "Saul o' my body, he is at me already!" That "dauntless temper of the mind" of which Shakespeare speaks is, however, as precious in the lowliest individual as in kings. Wordsworth recog-

nises it as part and parcel of the character of his Happy Warrior—

> "Who, with a natural instinct to discern
> What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
> Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
> But makes his moral being his prime care. . . .
> Who, if he be called upon to face
> Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
> And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
> Or if an unexpected call succeed,
> Come when it will, is equal to the need."

It is, indeed, a primary qualification for a successful warrior that he should be able to come to instant decision when great perils or great opportunities arise; and for all of us it is a good thing if we know how (in the world's homely language) to "keep our wits about us." Men with this habit of decisive action instantly come to the front in sudden emergencies. We have seen a crowd collected by an accident, and every one staring helplessly, chattering confusedly, unable to assist a sufferer or remedy a mishap, when suddenly a person of calm demeanour forces his way through the press, comprehends all the bearings of the situation at a glance, decides in a moment what can or should be done, and unhesitatingly proceeds to do it. What a relief is afforded by the appearance of such an one! How instantaneously everybody acknowledges and yields to the master-spirit! It is men of this stamp who, when a ship is wrecked, inspire the crew, comfort the passengers, prevent disorder, lower the boats, and carry them ashore. It is men of this stamp who, when the battle is lost, rally the fugitives and cover the retreat of the broken army. It is such men who, when a city is besieged, stimulate the spirits of their fellow-citizens, devise measures for the discomfiture of the enemy, and maintain the defence so long as there is hope of a prosperous issue. It was men of this stamp who, when surprised by the sudden outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, saved India for England, by calmly meeting danger wherever it arose, never flinching, never off their guard, never at a loss for expedients, never paralysed

by fear or hesitation. Such men, happily, England has always bred in great numbers, or her history would have been written in less glorious and enduring characters.

It may not be denied, perhaps, that decision is to some extent a physical quality; that, though a moral power in itself, it is closely connected with physical peculiarities of temperament. But so much might be said perhaps of all or of most of our virtues. The mind cannot release itself entirely from the influences of the body. A fit of indigestion may shake the firmest will, as it shook Napoleon's before the battle of Borodino, and prevented him from marshalling and moving his forces with his customary decisiveness. John Foster, in his well-known essay on "Decision of Character," goes so far as to say that, if we could trace the histories of all the persons remarkable for strength of will and force of purpose, we should find that the majority were gifted with great constitutional firmness. If such were the case, we should think it useless to insist upon the value of "decision of character" in these pages. But we believe that, though often inherited or innate, it is also a product of cultivation; and that a man, constitutionally subject to feebleness or lassitude, may, by diligently watching himself, by carefully guarding against every sign of hesitation or uncertainty, and devout submission to the will of God, prevail over the weakness of the flesh. It has been said that every man has "the germ of this quality," and we believe it to be as susceptible of cultivation as the germ of any other quality; that it is as easy to cultivate a habit of decision as a habit of industry, and as easy to keep a resolution as to break it. We are much too prone to shift the burden from our own shoulders to those of nature; to comfort ourselves with the consolatory idea that the irresolution which springs from indolence and want of thought is due to "physical peculiarities of temperament." Let no man lay that flattering but dangerous unction to his soul. To educate one's self up to a just decision of character is part of that moral and mental training which constitutes the chief work of life, by which alone one can attain to "the stature of the perfect man." We cannot expect to complete our education without many disappointments, many failures, but these must not discourage us. Because we sometimes fall away from a purpose, we must not lose heart; because we waver when we should stand firm, we must not

too hastily assume that we are the victims of a constitutional weakness of character. On the contrary, let us accept the warning, and profit by it to be on our guard against a repetition of the weakness.

> "Lose this day loitering,—'twill be the same story
> To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;
> The indecision brings its own delays,
> And days are lost lamenting over days.
> Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
> What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
> Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
> Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
> Begin, and then the work will be completed."

So important to us seems the habit of decision of character, that we are quite prepared to risk the chance of an occasional premature act or judgment. It can do no more harm for a man to decide wrongly than never to decide at all. He must be hopelessly crazed in intellect and awry in morals if his decisions be invariably erroneous. But as decision of character almost necessarily implies accuracy of perception and clearness of reasoning, there is little fear that it will ever lead to ill conclusions. It must not be confounded with obstinacy, which, indeed, is the vice of a feeble rather than of a strong character. The man of decision will know when to yield, and will yield promptly; the obstinate man adheres to his standpoint whether it be right or wrong. Obstinacy is the natural refuge of the timid. It is the legitimate offspring of doubt and indecision. True firmness will be as swift to concede as strong to persist in the interests of truth and justice.

In his quaintly humorous way, Sydney Smith formulated much sound advice when he said, "In order to do anything in this world that is worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man doubts, and waits, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he

is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no time left to follow their advice." A young man will often be saved from grave misfortunes by the power of thinking and acting decisively; of "putting his foot down," when a false step might be the prelude to the *facilis descensus Averni.* It is told of a certain king of Macedon that in the thick of the fight he retired to a neighbouring city on the excuse of sacrificing to Hercules. His adversary, Emilius, likewise implored the help of the gods, but at the same time plunged into the fray, sword in hand, and won the laurels of victory. When, at Arcola, Napoleon saw the tide of battle ebbing, he decided on a dashing stroke; summoned five-and-twenty troopers to his side, gave each a trumpet, and executed a sudden onset that scattered the enemy like chaff.

The career of Napoleon, by the way, furnishes numerous remarkable illustrations of what may be achieved by decision of character. In his famous campaign in Italy he had despatched a force of 10,000 men to capture Mantua and complete the conquest of Lombardy; but a clever strategic movement of the Austrian army, 60,000 strong, placed him in a position of great danger. The Austrians advanced along both shores of the Lago di Garda, with the view of cutting off his retreat to Milan. Napoleon at once decided on posting himself at the end of the lake, so as to interpose between the two divisions when they should seek to effect a junction. By a rapid concentration, he hoped to overwhelm the division (20,000 strong) which had turned the lake, and then turn rapidly and fall upon the 40,000 who had defiled between the lake and the Adige. But to occupy the extremity of the lake, it was necessary to call in all his troops from the Lower Adige and the Lower Mincio, to withdraw Augureau, one of his lieutenants, from Legagno, and Serrurier, another, from Mantua, as so extensive a line was no longer tenable. This involved a considerable sacrifice, for Mantua had been besieged during two months; a considerable battering-train had been transported before it, the fortress was on the point of surrendering, and by allowing it to be re-victualled, he would lose the fruits of his vigorous efforts, an almost assured prey. Napoleon, however, was not given to hesitate. Of two important objects he had the sagacity to detect and seize the more im-

portant, and sacrifice the other to it—a resolution simple in itself, but exhibiting the great captain and the great man. Not in war merely, but in politics and all the affairs of life, if men encounter two objects, and seek to compass both, they will fail in each. Bonaparte possessed that rare and decisive vigour which prompts at once the choice and the sacrifice. Had he persisted in guarding the whole course of the Mincio, from the extremity of the Lago di Garda to Mantua, his line would have been pierced; while if he had concentrated upon Mantua to cover it, he would have been required to cope with 70,000 men at once—with 60,000 in the front, and 10,000 in the rear. Abandoning Mantua, he accumulated his forces at the point of the Lago di Garda, and with all the success he had anticipated. Striking first at the corps of 20,000 under Quasdanovitch, he drove back its vanguard; whereupon the Austrian general, surprised to find in his front the formidable columns of the French, was induced to halt until he could gain information of the other Austrian corps under his commander, Marshal Wurmser. Detecting what was passing in Quasdanovitch's mind, Napoleon contented himself with having checked his advance, and turned to meet Wurmser. But Wurmser with half his corps had marched on to relieve Mantua, leaving 20,000 behind under Bayulitsch. The latter, with an extended line, pushed forward to surround the French. Napoleon, however, perceiving the weakness of its centre, aimed at it a crushing blow, and compelled it to retreat. A rapid pursuit completed its discomfiture; and in a week from the beginning of hostilities, the Austrian commanders, dispirited and baffled, were falling back in confusion to the Tyrol, having lost 10,000 men, and abandoned the Lombard kingdom to the brilliant arms of the young French general. In this remarkable campaign, Napoleon's decision of character was not less evident than his military genius. As Wellington afterwards said of him, there was no general in whose presence it was so dangerous to make a mistake. He saw it immediately, and immediately profited by it.

True decision of character will not hesitate to abandon an object which it clearly sees to be unattainable, but will persevere until it arrives at this point of view. And there is this to be remembered, that it is a kind of talisman which nearly always *commands* success. "Whatever you wish," says an

eloquent writer, "that you are; for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, sincerely and with a true intention, that we become." Certainly, without this firm determination of purpose we are but rudderless ships buffeted about on the wild sea of passion, or shuttlecocks which circumstance tosses to and fro at its pleasure. It is the characteristic, as Horace has noted, of the wise statesman *justum ac tenacem propositi*, to be just and tenacious of purpose. Here, in the tersest phraseology, the essential marks of a reasonable decision of character are indicated; it is not only firm, but just; and its force of will is always brought to bear upon a noble end. Look at the decision of a Wyclif, a Savonarola, and a Luther, and consider how much religion gained by it. Contrast it with the unhappy vacillations of a Cranmer. Look at the decision of a Hampden, an Eliot, and a Pym, and consider how much it has profited the cause of English freedom. Contrast it with the temporising policy of a Falkland. It is sufficiently obvious that indecision in certain circumstances may swell to the proportions of a fatal vice; but under whatever conditions it is manifested, it cannot be otherwise than evil. "In matters of great concern, and which must be done," observes Tillotson, "there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution—to be undetermined when the case is so plain and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it. This is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day to another, until he is starved and destroyed."

Dr. Chalmers used to say that, in the dynamics of human affairs, two qualities were essential to greatness; power and promptitude. One man might possess both, another power without promptitude, a third promptitude without power. In alluding to this utterance, Dr. John Brown remarks that we must all feel its common sense, and can readily see how it applies to a general in the field, to a pilot in a storm, to a sportsman, to a fencer, to a debater. It is the same, he adds, with an operating surgeon at all times, and may be at any time with the practitioner of the art of healing. He must be ready for every emergency; he must have power and promptitude.

"It is a curious condition," says Dr. Brown, "that this requires: it is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow,

and it on full cock—a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. This is what we mean by presence of mind; by a man having such a subject at his finger-ends; that part of the mind lying nearest the outer world, and having to act on it through the bodily organs, through the will—the outposts must be always awake. It is of course, so to speak, only a portion of the mind that is thus needed and made available. If the whole mind were for ever at the advanced post, it would soon lose itself in this endeavour to keep it. . . . Your men of promptitude without genius or power, including knowledge and will, present the wedge the wrong way. Thus your extremely prompt people are often doing the wrong thing, which is almost always worse than nothing. . . . We must have just enough of the right knowledge and no more; we must have the habit of using this; we must have self-reliance, and the consentaneousness of the entire mind; and whatsoever our hand finds to do, we must do it with our might."

Dr. Brown supplies two or three striking instances of that presence of mind which is a necessary part of or a corollary to decision of character. Dr. Reid of Peebles, celebrated about the beginning of the present century as the Doctor of Tweeddale, was a man with a strong mental and moral fibre, and, we may add, a warm lover of horses. One fair-day he met with a fine black horse, thoroughbred, for which the groom asked a low price, but would answer no questions about it. Amid the jests and taunts of his friends, the Doctor decided to buy him. Next morning he rode him up Tweedside, and came home after a long round well satisfied; he had never been better carried. This went on for some weeks; the fine creature seemed absolutely without a fault. One Sunday morning the Doctor was posting up by Neidpath at a great pace, the country people trooping into the town to church. Opposite the fine old castle, on which Scott has set the seal of his genius, the thoroughbred stood stock-still; and so suddenly, that it needed all the Doctor's horsemanship to counteract the law of projectiles. He kept his seat, however, and not only gave no sign of urging the horse, but rather intimated it to be his particular desire that he should remain "at ease." He sat there a full hour, his friends making an excellent joke of it, and he declining, of course,

all interference. At the end of the hour, the Black Duke, as he was called, turned one ear forward, then another, looked aside, shook himself, and moved on, his master intimating that this was exactly what he wished; and from that day till his death, some fifteen years after, never did these two friends allude to this little circumstance, and it was never repeated; though it turned out that the horse had killed two men previously. The Doctor when he purchased him must have said to himself, "If he be not stolen, there is a reason for his paltry price;" and he would go over all the possibilities. So that when the horse stood still, the Doctor would say, "Ah, this is it;" but then he came to the conclusion at once, and lost no time, and did nothing. Had he touched the horse with spur or whip, or impatiently jerked his bit, the case would have failed.

A lady was seated on her lawn, her children around her, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by peasants. What did she do? Reader, what would *you* have done? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received his head in her thick stuff gown between her knees, and, muffling it up, held it there stoutly until assistance came. No one was hurt. Of course, when all were saved, the heroic woman fainted.

"I once saw a great surgeon," says Dr. Brown, "after settling a particular procedure as to a life-and-death operation, as a general settles his order of battle. He began his work, and at the second cut altered the entire conduct of the operation. No one not in the secret could have told this—not a moment's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt. This is the same master-power in arms which makes the difference between Sir John Moore and Sir John Cope."

Yet another instance:—

"Mrs. Major Robertson, a woman of slight make, great beauty, and remarkable energy, courage, and sense, on going up to her bedroom at night—there being no one in the house but a servant girl in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, 'I've forgotten that key again, I declare;' and leaving the candle burning and the door open, she went

downstairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather have borne, all this?"

When Sir Colin Campbell was asked how long it would take him to prepare for his voyage to India, on his appointment to command the British army engaged in the suppression of the Indian mutiny, he answered, "Twenty-four hours." So, too, Ledyard, the African traveller, to the inquiry when he would be ready to start for Africa, replied, "To-morrow morning." This is the promptitude of true decision. Livingstone, in one of his African excursions, was suddenly confronted by a lion. Without a moment's hesitation he threw up his arms, and gave a loud shout; the startled animal turned tail and took to flight. Glancing at a less romantic sphere of incident, we meet with an example of decision in the career of George Moore, the London merchant-prince. In early life he "travelled" for the firm of Fisher & Co., lace-dealers, and by his bonhomiè and readiness soon formed a large connection. So signal was his success in pushing his employers' business, that in the "commercial rooms" of the inns which he frequented he was regarded as a kind of hero. A young "traveller," who had just entered the Northern circuit, arrived at the Star Hotel, Manchester, while about a dozen "travellers" were assisting George Moore to pack up his goods. "Who is that young fellow they are making such a fuss about?" "Oh, it's George!" "And who's George?" "What! Don't you know the Napoleon of Watling Street? Let me introduce you!" He deserved this flattering appellation. On one occasion he visited Manchester, and, after unpacking his goods, called upon his first customer. From him he learned that the agent of a rival house had reached the town on the previous day, and intended to remain for a day or two more. "Then," said Moore, "it's of no use wasting my time here with my competitor before me." Returning to his hotel, he called some of his friends to help him in repacking his stock, drove off to Liverpool, began business next day, and secured the greater part of the orders before his opponent's arrival.

His employers next sent him to Ireland, to revive their business there. In Dublin he set to work "in right good earnest." "He had now," to use his own words, "a great confidence in himself," and he resolved to make Fisher's name carry all

before it. He toiled and moiled from morn till night. He was up in the morning early, called upon his customers during the day, packed up his goods in the evening, and set off by the night-coach for the next town upon his route. For successive weeks the only sleep he secured was on the outside of a coach, but at least it was sound sleep.

Samuel Budgett, whose life has been written as that of "The Successful Merchant," was largely gifted with the faculty of decision indispensable to success in business operations. Not long before his death, hearing a person express a wish for "more money," he exclaimed, "Do you? Then I do not; I have got quite enough. But if I *did* wish for more, I should *get* it." And such was his force of character, that he would unquestionably have justified his words had he re-entered active life. He was wont to say, with proud self-confidence, that in whatever position he might be placed, he would work his way onward; ay, that if he were left without a shilling, still he would rise. His faith in the power of a firm resolution was unbounded. In speaking to some of the poorer young men in his neighbourhood, and urging them to self-improvement, he declared there was no reason why they *might* not—though the reason was clear why they *would* not—each one of them be worth ten thousand pounds.

In the political world we find a remarkable example of decision of character in the great Earl of Chatham. He formed his plans with promptitude; he executed them with energy. Such was his vigour and such his intellectual stress, that he communicated something of his own nature to his subordinates. Colonel Barré said of him that no one ever spent five minutes with him in his closet without leaving it braver than he entered it. With him, to design was to accomplish. A striking contrast is presented by Sir James Mackintosh, whom the late Lord Dalling, in his brilliant "Historical Characters," has appropriately designated "The Man of Promise." A man of great abilities and lofty aspirations, he accomplished little. His life is a sad record of unfulfilled projects. He was always meditating action and never beginning. He could not make up his mind to bend the bow even when he had fixed his arrow. No man knew better how to hit the right nail on the head, but he could never persuade himself to lift the hammer, or, if he did so, he

wavered in the very act of striking, and hence the blow failed of its effect, became nothing better than a *coup manqué*. At college he alternated between politics and philosophy. When studying medicine at Edinburgh, he gave up two-thirds of his time to poetry at home and elocution at a debating club. At last, having passed his examinations, when necessity compelled him, he made an effort to establish himself, first at Salisbury and next at Weymouth; but failing to secure a large practice, he withdrew in disgust to Brussels. Politics then attracted his attention, and he won a sudden reputation by his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," written in reply to Edmund Burke's denunciation of the French Revolution. Leaving the legal profession, he excited quite a furore by his lectures on Public Law at Lincoln's Inn, and his defence of M. Peltier, accused of plotting against the life of Napoleon. For a while he held the office of the Recordership of Bombay. Then, returning to England, and coming to the conclusion that "it was time to do something decided," he entered Parliament, where he made several successful speeches. This career did not satisfy him, and he accepted at the same time a professorship at Haileybury College, "alike unable to commit himself to the great stream of public life, or to avoid lingering on its shores." He projected a grand historical work and a system of "Morals," neither of which ever became more than an outline; and, finally, when the shadows of old age were already darkening over his wandering path, he set to work with some degree of industry, and actually produced two or three minor compositions, which, if not unworthy of a place in English literature, are by no means such as might have been expected from his unquestionable powers. Thus genius and scholarship were neutralised by want of decision. The stream was copious, but wasted itself in wide shallows because not confined to any definite channel. "No man," says Lord Dalling, "doing so little, ever went through a long life continually creating the belief that he would ultimately do so much." His career was one long commentary on John Foster's emphatic words:—"A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he dared to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful you would have supposed as a spider, may make a seizure of the unhappy boaster the very next moment, and contemptuously exhibit the futility

of the determinations by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and will. He belongs to whatever can make captive of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on; as twigs and chips floating near the edge of a river are intercepted by every weed, and whirled in every little eddy. Having concluded on a design, he may pledge himself to accomplish it, if the hundred diversities of feeling which may come within the work will let him. His character precluding all foresight of his conduct, he may sit and wonder what form and direction his views and actions are destined to take to-morrow; as a farmer has often to acknowledge that next day's proceedings are at the disposal of its winds and clouds."

We agree with an essayist already quoted, that it is the want of this promptness and decision of character, of this capacity of sticking like a burr to a particular object, of this readiness to grapple with an emergency as it arises, which causes so many pitiable failures in life. Wise men there are as well as fools who never succeed, because they cannot decide upon anything. They see so many courses that they cannot pitch upon one; or their timid vision conjures up so many obstacles, or their vagrant fancy makes excursions in so many different directions, that they can never get a step in advance. Either their intellect is so *fluid* and plastic as to run to waste in a thousand moulds and grooves, or their understanding is of that dilatory, uncertain kind which affords a man just light enough to see the dangers before him, but not the way out of them. "Force of character" is to them an enigma; "decision," a word the meaning of which they utterly miss. Of such men it has been pithily said that they have no backbone, nothing more than a sham vertebral column, made of india-rubber, and absolutely incapable of rigidity. Voltaire said of La Harpe that he was an oven which was always heating up, but never cooked anything. Those feeble, irresolute creatures who let "I dare not" wait upon "I would," are like inexpert oarsmen who beat about and splash the water, but never move their boat ahead. They are always balancing probabilities. These are the men who sacrifice themselves on the shrine of proverbial philosophy, and seek an excuse for their vacillations in such bugbear maxims as "A bird in the hand is worth two

in the bush," which is not true if the "two in the bush" can be easily transferred to the hand. We recommend to them the poet's beautiful apologue, in which he speaks of the two chief moments in the diver's life, and symbolises the occasions that befall every brave, adventurous soul :—

> "One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge ;
> One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl."

Unless we make the plunge with swift decisive stroke, the pearl will never be ours.

> "Thou wert a daily lesson
> Of courage, hope, and faith ;
> We wondered at thee living,
> We envy thee thy death.
>
> "Thou wert so meek and reverent,
> So resolute of will,
> So bold to bear the uttermost,
> And yet so calm and still."

These lines were written by George Wilson, of Edinburgh, in memory of his friend, Dr. Reid ; but it has been well said that they apply with peculiar force to his own career ; a career which we proceed to sketch very briefly, because it seems to us a remarkable illustration of what may be done by a man who is in earnest, who knows his own mind, and acts upon it.

George Wilson was born in Edinburgh in 1818. Educated at the High School, he left it when fifteen years old, and applied himself with all the energy of his nature to the study of medicine, and more particularly of chemistry. Weakness of constitution had already showed itself, but had no effect upon his intellectual ardour. "I don't think I shall live long," he said in his seventeenth year ; "my mind will, must work itself out, and the body will soon follow it." If his life were to be a short one, he was determined to cram into it work enough, and he read and wrote and thought "while it was yet day."

After some practice in the laboratory of Dr. Graham, he took the degree of M.D., and became a lecturer on chemistry, the freshness of his style and the originality of his method speedily drawing round him a large circle of pupils. In one of his vacations he went on a long twenty-four mile walk in the Perthshire Highlands, but meeting with an injury to

his foot, returned to Edinburgh seriously ill. An abscess formed, and the result was a disease in the ankle joint, requiring partial amputation of the foot. Physical pain, however, could not stay his energetic course. With wonderful courage he continued his public lectures—dictating them when he could not write—and his private studies. He was next afflicted with rheumatism and inflammation of the eye, which were treated by the administration of colchicum, cupping, and blistering. Tortured and pained both day and night, he could obtain snatches of sleep only through the influence of morphia. His condition was rendered more serious by symptoms of pulmonary disease, but he still continued to give his weekly lectures. Returning home from these, he would exclaim, "Well, there's another nail put into my coffin;" but he had pledged himself to the public, and nothing could induce him to shrink from what he conceived to be a duty.

Work—work—work! His body victimised by setons and blisters, he persevered in his daily labours. He knew that he was approaching the end, and to a dear friend he wrote, "Don't be surprised if any morning at breakfast you hear I am gone." This was said in no mood of morbid sentimentalism, for never was there a blither, happier spirit, nor one more confident and hopeful. He did not groan or complain, even when the weakness caused by loss of blood from the lungs compelled a brief interval of rest; but, after a few weeks' change of air, returned to his work, blithely and bravely exclaiming, "The water is rising in the well again." Though suffering from an extensive disease of the lungs and a harassing cough, he went on with his lectures as usual. "How nobly, how sweetly, how cheerily," says Dr. John Brown, "he bore all those long baffling years; how his bright, active, ardent, unsparing soul lorded it over his frail but willing body, making it do more than seemed possible, and, as it were, by sheer force of will ordering it to live longer than was in it to do, those who lived with him and witnessed this triumph of spirit over matter will not soon forget. It was a lesson to every one of what true goodness of nature, elevated and cheered by the highest and happiest of all motives, can make a man endure, achieve, and enjoy."

One day, after delivering his usual lecture, he had returned home, and lain down to enjoy a brief repose, when he was

aroused by a fit of coughing and the rupture of a blood-vessel, causing the loss of a considerable quantity of blood. Though aware of the significance of this fatal symptom, he yielded not for a moment to despondency or languor; made his appearance regularly at the family meals; and, on the very next day, lectured twice in public, though the exertion induced a second attack of hæmorrhage. A severe illness followed. Once more he rallied; and on his convalescence being assured, was appointed (in 1855) to the Professorship of Technology and the Curatorship of the Industrial Museum. The first was a new creation, and its duties were undefined, almost undefinable; but Wilson threw himself into the work with intense ardour, collected specimens and models, elaborated details, and lectured "without ceasing." His force of character maintained a constant struggle with disease, and maintained it until another attack of hæmorrhage, this time from the stomach as well as the lungs, forced him to relax a little. "For a month, or some forty days," he wrote, "a dreadful Lent, the wind has blown geographically from 'Araby the Blest,' but thermometrically from Iceland the accursed. I have been made prisoner of war, but by an icicle in the lungs, and have shivered and burned alternately for a large portion of the last month, and spat blood till I grew pale with coughing. Now I am better, and to-morrow I give my concluding lecture (on Technology), thankful that I have contrived, notwithstanding all my troubles, to carry on without missing a lecture to the last day of the Faculty of Arts."

But his physical strength was rapidly declining. To write a letter became an effort. A constant weariness beset him. He contrived, nevertheless, so far to prevail over the body as to write his very valuable book, "The Five Gateways of Knowledge," which has been justly characterised as "a prose poem or hymn of the finest utterance and fancy—the white light of science diffracted through the crystalline prism of his mind into the coloured glories of the spectrum; truth dressed in the iridescent hues of the rainbow, and not the less but all the more true." Days rendered gloomy by pain, and nights rendered weary by want of sleep, could not subdue this unconquerable spirit, with its firm, decisive, intrepid *will*. He resumed his lectures, and began with much zest his "Life of Professor Edward Forbes." His vital powers were giving

way to repeated attacks of bleeding from the lungs, but he could not be persuaded to lay aside his armour. "The word *duty*," he wrote, "seems to me the biggest word in the world, and is uppermost in all my serious doings."

At last, one day (the 18th of November 1859), he returned from his lecture-room with a sharp pain in his side, so that he could scarcely crawl upstairs to his bedroom. The physicians, on examining him, declared that it proceeded from an attack of pleuro-pneumonia. He was too shattered to resist so terrible a disease, and, after an illness of five days, passed away peacefully into his eternal rest.

We have cited him here as a shining example of the high and noble success that crowns the life of the man of decision, the man whose intellectual power is happily supplemented by moral firmness. But it will be well for the reader to recollect that he affords an example of an even more important truth.

"To George Wilson," says Dr. John Brown, "to all such men—and this is the great lesson of his life—the heavens are for ever telling His glory, the firmament is for ever showing forth His handiwork; day unto day, every day, is for ever uttering speech, and night unto night is showing knowledge concerning Him. When he considered these heavens as he lay awake, weary and in pain, they were to him the work of His fingers. The moon, walking in brightness, and lying in white glory on his bed—the stars—were of Him ordained. He was a singularly happy and happy-making man. No one since his boyhood could have suffered more from pain and languor, and the misery of an unable body. Yet he was not only cheerful, he was gay, full of all sorts of fun—genuine fun—and his jokes and queer turns of thought and word were often worthy of Cowper or Charles Lamb. Being, from his state of health and his knowledge of medicine, necessarily 'mindful of death,' having the possibility of his dying any day or any hour always before him, and that 'undiscovered country' lying full in his view, he must, taking as he did the right notion of the nature of things, have had a peculiar intensity of pleasure in the everyday beauties of the world—

> 'The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him were opening Paradise.'"

We have spoken hitherto of business qualities; we have

now to speak of business habits. And this section of our book we might easily open, were we so inclined, with prudent maxims and sage commonplaces bearing upon the power of habit. As, for instance, from St. Augustine: "My will the enemy held, and thence had made a chain for me, and bound me. For of a froward will was a lust made, and a lust served became custom, and custom not resisted became necessity. By which truths, as it were, joined together (whence I called it a chain), a hard bondage held me enthralled." Or from Montaigne: "Habit is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the feet of her authority; but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the aid of time, fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannical countenance, against which we have no more the courage nor the power so much as to lift up our eyes." But we shall be content with a forcible illustration suggested by a modern writer. Some of our readers may have seen a machine intended to operate upon cold iron. With all the tranquil ease of a common printing-press, it exerts a force equal to a thousand tons; while each pressure of the "ram" expels large cubes out of the solid bar with as much facility as one can break earthenware or mould clay. It will drive its hard steel finger through iron two inches thick without the slightest jar or failure in the regularity of its action. What is the secret of this "prodigious and constant power"? It lies in the accumulated force of the balance-wheel, which, performing one hundred and thirty revolutions in a minute, bears with crushing momentum upon the steel punch, and must either break the whole machine into fragments or drive through every obstacle. Such is the power of habit. It accumulates in time a moral force as resistless as the pressure of the balance-wheel. And by no means all for evil. Frequently it supplies a much-needed support on which the mind can fall back safely when oppressed by any sudden affliction. "There are times of pressure in every man's life, when he would utterly fail but for the help thus afforded; but, fortunately, at the crisis, by the force of principles that have gathered energy by long and persevering habit, he is carried over the dead-point, and then is able to rally his strength for new trials." How all-important is it, therefore, that we should vigilantly attend to the formation of *good* habits—habits which,

in the hour of trial, may become, as we have said, a buttress and not a snare! Such, for instance, as a habit of punctuality, a habit of temperance, a habit of attention to detail, a habit of weighing our words, and, before all and above all, a habit of prayer! These are habits which will largely help us along the pathway of life, bridging over many a deep gulf, and staying our feet on many a dangerous precipice. To the man of business, for instance, how valuable must be the habit of close and careful observation, the habit of order and method, the habit of remembering engagements! This is not suggesting that we should become the *slaves* of habit; on the contrary, we are desirous that habit shall become *our* slave.

To convert life into a thing of routine is as serious an error as to treat it as if it were a child's toy. But to keep the mind steady, to prevent the imagination from straying idly in this or that direction, it is necessary to insist upon regular *habits*. They are sworn foes to dawdling, negligence, disorder, apathy. An oar does little to propel a boat unless there is a rowlock in which to guide it; and our habits, if wisely cultivated, serve to supply the needful grooves for our intellectual powers. Mr. Calhoun, the American statesman, was wont to say that "he had early subjected his mind to a rigid course of discipline, and had persisted without faltering until he had early acquired a perfect control over it; that he could now confine it to any subject as long as he pleased, without wandering even for a moment; that it was his *uniform habit*, when he set out alone to walk or ride, to select a subject for reflection, and that he never suffered his attention to wander from it until he was satisfied with its examination." In like manner, it is the habit of discipline that converts an armed mob into a compact battalion.

The biography of great men is a record of greatness achieved by the cultivation of good habits. The habit of exact and patient thought made Newton the discoverer of the principle of gravitation. The habit of close attention to the physical features of a country enabled Wellington to win at Waterloo. The habit of methodical labour resulted in Laplace's vast contributions to astronomical science. And so the tale runs on. Dr. Kane writes that, during his winter residence in the frozen lands of the grim Polar world, he kept up the spirits of his men, roused their energies, and preserved even their physical health,

by rigidly enforcing the old habits. "Nothing," he remarks, "depresses and demoralises so much as a surrender of the approved and habitual forms of life. I resolved that everything should go on as it had done. The arrangement of hours, the distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, the labours of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the sky—nothing should be intermitted that had contributed to make up the day."

To the lawyer, the man of science, the man of business, it must be admitted that the habit of accuracy proves invaluable. Consider what serious mistakes it prevents; what loss of time, labour, temper, energy. To do one thing accurately is more profitable in the long-run than to do ten things imperfectly. "I do not know," says Sir Arthur Helps, "that there is anything, except it be humility, which is so valuable as an incident of education as accuracy. And accuracy can be taught. Direct lies told to the world are as dust in the balance when weighed against the falsehoods of inaccuracy. These are the fatal things, and they are all pervading. I scarcely care what is taught to the young, if it will but implant in them the habit of accuracy. How rare a thing it is! How seldom do we repeat exactly even the terms of a message that has been intrusted to us! If we describe some occurrence we have witnessed or acted in, how unconsciously do we exaggerate or modify the details! Even to ourselves we fail in accuracy. We endeavour to deceive our own consciences. We will have it that black was not wholly black, or white entirely white. Accuracy in recollection is almost as scarce as accuracy in relation; and every lawyer, every physician, knows how scarce a commodity is the latter."

We are not accustomed to think of George Washington as a business man, and yet he was not less successful in that capacity than eminent as an administrator. Even at the early age of thirteen he studied the forms and observances of business with great ardour. He copied out bills of exchange, notes of hand, bills of sale, receipts, and similar documents; all being remarkable for the accuracy and elegance with which they were executed. His manuscripts then, as in later life, were of the utmost neatness and uniformity; the diagrams always beautiful, the columns and tables of figures exact; all un-

blotted, unstained, and in admirable order. His business papers, ledgers, and day-books, in which no one wrote but himself, would have delighted the heart of Tim Linkinwater. Every fact had its place, and was recorded in a clear and legible handwriting; neither interlineation, blot, nor blemish was visible. One of his rules, at this early age, was—"Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive." From 1759 to 1764 Washington was in full mercantile activity, regularly exporting to London the produce of his large estate on the Potomac. The shipments were made in his own name, and to his correspondents in Bristol and Liverpool, to which places his tobacco was consigned. In return for the articles exported he was accustomed to import from London twice a year the goods which he required for his own use; and it is recorded, as an example of the exactness with which he conducted his commercial transactions as an importer, that he insisted upon his attendant sending him, in addition to a general bill of the whole, the original vouchers of the shopkeepers or mechanics from whom purchases had been made. In these matters his habit of punctiliousness was such, that he recorded, with his own hand, in books prepared for the purpose, all the long lists of orders, and copies of the multifarious receipts from the different parties who had supplied the goods. In this way he maintained a complete supervision of the business, ascertained the prices, detected the slightest attempt at imposition, and the most trivial instance of carelessness or neglect. Readers of Mr. Jared Sparks's life of the American patriot will be aware that he afterwards carried these business habits into his management of public affairs, and that they frequently proved of much advantage to his country.

The habit of minding one's own business has been strongly impressed on the attention of "beginners" by the veterans of the commercial world. The late Philadelphia millionaire, Stephen Girard, to whom reference has already been made, used to say, "During my long commercial experience, I have noticed that no advantage results from telling one's business to others, except to create jealousy or competition when we are fortunate, and to gratify our enemies when otherwise." From this safe habit he was never known to deviate.

In an American work we read that the Honourable Peter C. Brooks of Boston, who left one of the largest fortunes ever

amassed in the United States, on being asked what rule he would recommend to a young man as best adapted to ensure success, replied, "Let him mind his own business." To a similar inquiry, it is said, Mr. Robert Lenox of New York, reputed to have been one of the most distinguished merchants ever known in the Great Western City, replied, "Let him be beforehand with his business." The one answer, it has been remarked, seems to include the other, as no man can be beforehand with his own business if he involve himself in that of others. Business is a jealous goddess, and frowns upon those votaries who do not devote themselves almost exclusively to her shrine.

A few anecdotes loosely strung together will enlighten the reader as to certain business habits better than pages of comment. We take one from quaint old Montaigne relating to Thales the philosopher:—Thales once inveighing in discourse against the pains and anxieties men inflict upon themselves in order to become rich, was answered by one in the company that he resembled the fox which found fault with what it could not obtain. Thereupon Thales, for the jest's sake, had a mind to show the contrary; and having upon this occasion made a muster of all his wits, wholly to employ them in the service of profit, he set a traffic on foot which in one year brought him so great riches that the most experienced in that trade could hardly in their whole lives, with all their industry, have raked so much together. Now-a-days fortunes are not made with such wonderful rapidity; but it is to be observed that they are made in the same way, namely, by "mustering all one's wits" and applying them to the object in hand.

Let not the reader marvel that a philosopher like Thales engaged in business. There is no wall of partition between business and literature, or business and art, or business and science. The qualities which secure success in trade or commerce are those which secure success in other departments of human industry. A vulgar prejudice exists against business, unworthy of a nation which to this source traces so much of its prosperity; but in truth it is not necessarily demoralising or mean or degrading. It is not deficient even in the elements of the romantic and picturesque; and the exciting episodes in the careers of many great merchants and successful traders immeasurably surpass in interest those which embellish the

pages of popular fiction. Undoubtedly, if a man devote himself wholly and exclusively to money-making he will become a sorry creature; but nothing in the abstract character of business requires him to forfeit the refined and elevating influences of the higher culture. As a matter of fact, letters and art and the sciences, as well as politics, have been advantageously cultivated by men of business. Samuel Rogers, the poet, was a banker; so was Ricardo, the political economist; Grote, the author of our standard History of Greece; Roscoe, the biographer of Leo X. and Lorenzo de Medici; and Bailey, the author of some admirable "Essays on the Formation of Opinion." Sir John Lubbock, so well known for his research as an antiquary, is the head of an eminent banking firm.

Bryan Waller Proctor, who, as poet and dramatist, employed the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall," was a lawyer, and held a Commissionership in Lunacy. Horace and James Smith, the witty authors of "The Rejected Addresses," and many other humorous compositions, were solicitors. So was Sharon Turner the historian, and so was Mr. Broderip the naturalist.

Sir Henry Taylor, the most thoughtful of our modern poet-dramatists; Sir John Kaye, the Indian historian; Anthony Trollope, the novelist, to whose facile and lively pen the public owe so many hours of healthy enjoyment; Matthew Arnold, poet, essayist, critic; Sir Arthur Helps, the author of "Friends in Council," and other wise and genial books,—all these have been, and some of them still are, engaged in the public service. John Stuart Mill was at one time principal examiner in the East India House, where, as everybody knows, Charles Lamb, the immortal "Elia," was a clerk. So was Thomas Peacock, the most thoroughly original of humoristic novelists.

John Bright is a Rochdale manufacturer, and the first Sir Robert Peel was a cotton-spinner. The present First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. W. H. Smith, was at one time the head of a great newspaper agency. Samuel Richardson, over the woes of whose "Clarissa" so many generations have shed sympathetic tears, was a bookseller; and so was Benjamin Franklin. De Foe was a brick and tile maker, and Izaak Walton a linen-draper. Sir John Herschel held with credit the office of Master of the Mint.

"If facts were required," says Coleridge, "to prove the pos-

sibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon among the ancients, of Sir Thomas More, Bacon, Baxter, or (to refer at once to later and contemporary instances) Darwin and Roscoe, are at once decisive of the question." Foreign names of the highest celebrity may also be quoted. What was Galileo? A physician. What was Dante? A chemist, and afterwards a diplomatist. Villani, the Florentine historian, was a merchant. Medicine claims Goldoni, the Italian novelist, Rabelais, the creator of "Pantagruel," and Schiller, the German poet.

But we have digressed from our main theme, and now return to our anecdotical illustrations of business habits and qualities.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." Franklin puts into Old Richard's mouth a similar maxim—"Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." John Jacob Astor used to say that a man who wishes to be rich, and has saved two thousand dollars, has won half the battle, and is on the highway to fortune. Not that Astor regarded "two thousand" as a very considerable sum. But he knew that in making and saving so much, a man acquired habits of thoughtful thrift which would keep him constantly advancing in wealth. Those customary small expenses, that outlay for "petty cash," usually designated "only a trifle," amount, in the aggregate, like the sands of the seashore, to a formidable figure. Pip's expedient, in Dickens's "Great Expectations," of "leaving a margin," by no means meets the exigencies of the case. "Ten cents a day even," says an American writer, "is thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest on a capital of six hundred dollars, so that the man who saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than him who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a property worth six hundred dollars."

The industrious and persevering habits of Gideon Lee were truly remarkable; he usually devoted to work sixteen out of the twenty-four hours. An anecdote, told by himself, may be quoted in illustration of two prominent features of his character, which should also be those of every man of business—his diligent application and his steady purpose. He had "made

a bargain with himself," to use his own language, that he would every day labour a certain number of hours, and that nothing but sickness or inability should induce him to violate his compact. "It was known," he continued, "to my young friends in the neighbourhood, and on some convivial occasion they came to my shop and compelled me to leave my work and go with them. I lost my night's rest in consequence, for the morning sun found me at work, redeeming the lost time."

That all business, all care, all worldly thought should be suspended for one day out of the seven, and *that* the day which the Christian world keeps in commemoration of its Saviour's resurrection, has been the lifelong conviction of many noble-minded men of business, such, for instance, as Zachary Macaulay, Brassey, Stephenson, George Moore. A distinguished capitalist and financier, loaded with an immense burden of pecuniary responsibilities during the severe financial crisis of 1836, was heard to say, "I should have been a dead man had it not been for the Sabbath. Obliged to work from morning to night, to a degree that no hired day-labourer would submit to, through the whole week, I felt on Saturday, especially on Saturday afternoon, as if I *must* have *rest*. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all from my mind, and kept the Sabbath in the 'good old way.' On Monday it was all bright sunshine. I could see through, and I got through. But had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in the grave."

The following narrative bears upon this question of Sabbath observance :—

"I was in command of a vessel," writes a certain captain in the mercantile service, "engaged in trading between N—— and a port in Brazil.

"The custom of the Brazilian port was to load vessels on the Sabbath. This labour was performed by gangs of negroes under the direction of stevedores. These stevedores were few in number; and, in times of great hurry of business, in order to an equitable division of their services, the vessels were accustomed to take their turns in the order in which they were reported as ready to receive cargo. If, when the time came round for a particular vessel to load, she was not ready,

her name was transferred to the bottom of the list. It was my lot to experience some of the effects of this custom.

"My turn came to load. The work commenced and continued till Saturday night, when I ordered the hatches to be closed, and forbade any work being done on board till Monday morning. The stevedore and his gang, muttering curses, left the vessel, threatening to do no more work on board.

"Monday came. I made application to the commission merchant, and I was informed that I had lost my turn in loading, and must wait until it came round again, and that the stevedore and his gang had gone on board another vessel.

"To aggravate my disappointment, I found that a hostile feeling had sprung up against me, and was participated in by all around. The merchant was studiously polite and respectful as before, but no longer familiar. Masters of vessels avoided my society. Evil-disposed persons busied themselves in secretly doing me injuries, such as cutting my rigging in the night-time, and the like. And thus things went on until our turn came round again, when, there being no other vessel ready to load, we were left to do our own work in our own way. The loss of time occasioned by the refusal to load on the Sabbath amounted to several weeks. Whether it was actually a loss or not the result will show.

"It was now Saturday night again, the loading of the ship was completed, and we were ready for sea. With the Sabbath came a fresh and fair wind; but instead of sailing, the Bethel flag was hoisted, as an invitation for all the shipmates to come on board, and observe the day in the good old way.

"Monday morning early we were under sail for the lower harbour, several miles distant. On our way we passed two brigs aground, with lighters alongside discharging their cargo, in order to lighten them and get them off. They left the harbour on the Sabbath, and here they were. On reaching the lower harbour, we found, to our surprise, lying at anchor, upwards of forty sail of shipping waiting for a wind. Among them were all the vessels that had cleared for the last month or more, including every vessel that had obtained an advantage over us in respect to loading.

"We had now to obtain a pilot and get to sea when the wind came fair, and before it had spent itself. These were by no means matters easy to be accomplished. Pilots were

few and vessels many; and here, too, the principle of rotation was rigidly enforced. The winds meanwhile, when fair, were shortlived and feeble, and the bar at the entrance of the harbour was too dangerous to pass without a pilot. A pilot, who had been on a long visit to the interior, returned to the seaboard and resumed his duties on the very day when we reached the outer harbour, and presenting himself on board, offered to pilot us to sea.

"Tuesday morning found us with a fair wind, a pilot on board, and under way at daylight. We were the second vessel over the bar, and among the first to arrive in the United States. The getting out of cargo, its exposure, and sale, were matters of no little interest. Our own cargo, owing to the delay in getting it on board, received unusual attention at our hands, and was in perfect shipping order when stowed away, and came out in the same good condition. The cargoes of the other vessels came out very differently, with a loss in some cases of twenty, thirty, and even fifty per cent. This was occasioned in part by hurrying the hides on board in the first instance without their being thoroughly dried, in order to greater despatch, and in part to the unusual detention of the vessels at the port of loading. From these two causes combined, and the activity of the vermin that took possession of the hides, and riddled them through and through, several of these voyages turned out disastrous failures."

To sum up all, what is business itself but habit, for the soul of it is regularity? This, like the fly-wheel upon a steam-engine, is the principle (as Professor Mathews remarks) which preserves the uninterrupted motion of life, and distributes the force equally over all the work to be performed. Only let the reader remember that business habits, that all good habits, are not to be formed in a day, nor by a few vague resolutions. Not by accident, not by fits and starts, not by sudden alternations from paroxysms of activity to sleepy intervals of apathy, are they to be attained, but by continuous and vigorous effort. And specially is it needful that they should be formed in youth, for then they make the least demand upon us. Like letters cut in the bark of a tree, they expand with age. Once attained, they constitute a security against the ills of circumstance. Their possessor is enabled to bear easily the burden

of life, is prepared for every accident, every mutation of fortune. On the other hand, evil habits, once acquired, become the thralls and bonds which fatally shackle the limbs of their victim, and render ineffectual his tardy exertions to rescue himself from the waters which he feels to be closing over him.

Among those habits, the cultivation of which seems as indispensable to the happiness of life as to success, is that of gentle breeding. Courtesy is not too highly rated if we class it among the virtues, for it involves a feeling of consideration for our fellows, if not of love; a desire not to shock their susceptibilities, if not to engage their affections. We think it may be defined as the negative side of charity. It is a passive benevolence, a kindliness of spirit and demeanour not proceeding to the active exercise of benevolence. Do not let us speak lightly of it, for it subdues the friction of the wheels of life; it renders our social intercourse brighter, sweeter, and more refined; and it promotes the growth of a spirit of mutual sympathy and intelligence. Not only are we not the worse, but we are much the better, for carrying the habit of courtesy even into our domestic relations; of cultivating good manners on the part of husband towards wife, of brother towards sister, or of parents towards children; not, of course, as a substitute for love, but as a pleasant accompaniment to it. When, in "The Caxtons," the attractive foreign Prince flatters with profuse attention the young wife of the Marquis of Castleton, the latter baffles his design, and turns the tables upon him, by the superior grace of his manners and the more exquisite polish of his breeding. The highest genius, like the highest rank, is always attentively courteous; it is only the conceit of immature talent or the pretension of vulgar affluence that descends to a disregard of social forms and conventionalities. *Cæteris paribus*, the man of politeness is altogether a more agreeable neighbour and a more desirable acquaintance than the man of talent, or even the man of feeling. Everybody cannot appreciate intellect "in the rough," or excessive sensibility, but everybody acknowledges the charm of fine manners. For our part, if any request of ours must be met with a negative, we should prefer to have it uttered in a bland and suave tone, and accompanied by a word or two of

graceful apology. We would rather be bowed out than kicked out. That mental candour on which some arrogant egotists pride themselves is almost as offensive as a vice. We should respect the feelings of others as we desire that our own may be respected. There was some exaggeration, but there was also much truth, in Hawthorne's remark, that God might forgive sins, but that awkwardness had no forgiveness in heaven or earth. Fine manners and a gentle, tender courtesy are so precious and so fruitful of good, that in speaking of them anybody may be forgiven if he should chance to employ the language of unstinted eulogium. In truth, courtesy or chivalry—which is courtesy reduced to practice—has been known only since the foundation of Christianity. The Romans were not courteous, nor the Greeks chivalrous. For the connection between manners and morals is as close as the Latin word *mos* indicates, and Christian morality has brought with it Christian chivalry.

The essence of courtesy is embodied in Wordsworth's lines—

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow to the meanest thing that feels."

Not physical sorrow only, but mental irritability; such irritability as is often caused by a sharp jest, an unkind reproach, or a contemptuous expression. Employers of labour too often err in this respect; sorely to their own cost, for willing labour, such as courtesy procures, is infinitely more profitable than that which is given grudgingly in closely calculated return for the fixed wage. "Sir," exclaimed Dr. Johnson, "a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." The axiom is not the less valuable because it was so often neglected by him who enunciated it. And it may be clinched by an anecdote for which Mr. Ward Beecher stands sponsor. In the early days of the Abolition movement in the United States two men went out preaching; one, a sage old Quaker, brave and calm; the other, a very fervid young man. When the Quaker lectured, the audience were all attention, and his arguments met with very general concurrence. But when it came to the young man's turn, a tumult invariably ensued, and he

was pelted off the platform. Surprised by their different receptions, the young man "interviewed" the Quaker to ascertain the reason. "Friend," he said, "you and I are on the same mission, we preach the same things; how is it that while *you* are received so cordially, *I* get nothing but abuse?" "I will tell thee," replied the Quaker; "thee says, 'If you do so and so, you shall be punished,' and I say, 'My friends, if you will *not* do so and so, you shall not be punished.'" It is not *what* we say, but *how* we say it; not the opinion, but the manner in which it is conveyed. It was said of the great Duke of Marlborough that to be denied a favour by him was more pleasing than to receive one from any other person; and not a few of his diplomatic triumphs were won entirely by the fascination of his address. This was a talent which Talleyrand could also bring effectively into use. It redeemed in the eyes of the world many of the grave faults of George IV. Charles II. possessed it to perfection. According to the well-known story, his exquisite courtesy did not desert him on his deathbed, when he apologised to his courtiers for being "so unconscionably long a time in dying." This reminds us of the Earl of Chesterfield, who, in his last hours, when a friend was announced to see him, rebuked a careless servant with the words, "Give Mr. Dayrolles a chair."

No doubt all this courtesy, this grace of manner, this refinement of breeding, may be purely superficial. No doubt it frequently conceals, or attempts to conceal, the vices of a bad heart and a corrupt nature. But it by no means follows that roughness or bluntness is an index of fine manly qualities. As often as not your supposed "rough diamonds" turn out very poor stones indeed. The coarse candour or rudeness which you take for a delightful symptom of unsophisticated honesty is not seldom assumed for purposes of deception. Now, though a well-mannered man may be a villain, it is difficult to conceive of a Christian as other than a gentleman. His religion will surely teach him those graces of speech and temper which constitute the truest courtesy. Take an example in the great physicist Faraday. His nature was impetuous and fervid, but the self-discipline imposed upon him by his religious convictions "converted his fire into a central glow and motive power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion." What lessons of the highest politeness are taught in

the epistles of St. Paul! Who could be other than a gentleman if he acted upon them?

But a difference may be traced between courtesy and manner, the former being less of an external accomplishment than the latter. The latter, however, even if it stand by itself, is not to be despised. A story is told to the effect that some years ago an English curate of limited means but unbounded kindness of disposition perceived two elderly spinsters, attired in quaint old-fashioned costume, assailed with jeers and rude jests by a mob of men and boys who loitered round the churchyard while the bell was ringing for service. He made his way through the crowd, offered his escort to the ladies, led them into the church, and regardless of the smiles of the supercilious vulgar, placed them in convenient seats. A few years afterwards, the curate was the recipient of an unexpected legacy from the two old ladies, who remembered and thus pleasantly acknowledged his opportune politeness.

That "manners make the man" in business is proved by the successful career of the late Herbert Ingram, the founder of the "Illustrated London News." He began life as a newspaper vendor at Nottingham, and soon secured a large connection by his readiness to oblige. On one occasion, having among his customers a gentleman who wanted his paper very early, his anxiety to prevent him from being disappointed was so great that he walked ten miles to supply him with his wonted budget of daily news. On another occasion, he rose at two in the morning, and travelled all the way to London to procure some copies of a newspaper which could not reach him in time by post, in order to supply his customers. Mr. Winans of Philadelphia, the inventor of the cigar-shaped submarine vessel which attracted attention some years ago, owed his introduction to the Russian Government as an engineer to his civility to a couple of strangers. The gentlemen had been allowed to wander unattended and uninstructed through the largest establishments of Philadelphia, but on their visiting Mr. Winans', a third or fourth-rate factory, they were received with the readiest attention, and with the most evident desire to render their visit agreeable and instructive. The result was, within a twelvemonth, an invitation to establish himself in Russia. He accepted it, and in a few years accumulated a large fortune.

Many more besides Ingram and Winans have found civility the road to fortune. A physician once said sagely to his students, "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made; a large one to hold the insults, and a small one to hold the fees." A dry-goods salesman in a London house had gained such a reputation for patience and politeness as to draw an infinity of patronage. It was said to be impossible to provoke him into any symptom of annoyance or incivility of expression A lady of rank, hearing of this marvel of good manners, determined to subject him to a severe test; but failing to disturb him by a long series of petty vexations, was so delighted with his equanimity that she provided him with the capital necessary to start in business for himself. It is said of the late Mr. Baker of Providence, Rhode Island, that he was so obliging as to re-open his "store" one night solely to supply a little girl with the skein of thread she wanted. The incident was noised abroad, and brought him a large influx of customers. He died a millionaire, and left a striking illustration to posterity of the fact that politeness makes pounds!

The orator cannot afford to dispense with the charm of manner. It was the explanation of much of the effect of Chatham's eloquence. Lord Mansfield, the "silver-tongued Murray" of Pope, owed as much to the grace of his delivery as to the force of his logic. Chesterfield informs us that the Duke of Argyll, though an inconsequent reasoner, was a singularly impressive speaker. He influenced his audience, not by his matter, but by his manner of delivering it. "I was captivated, like others," says Chesterfield, "but when I went home, and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments with which he had dressed it, I often found the manner flimsy, the argument weak, and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances which it is ignorance of mankind to call trifling." Chesterfield himself was well versed in the art of politeness, and thoroughly understood the effect of manner. Describing his introduction into the House of Lords of a bill to secure the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar in England, he says: "I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both of which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew

something of the matter, and also make them believe that *they* knew something of it themselves, which they did not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. . . . I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed because I pleased them; and many of them said that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in framing the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance were not nearly so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me." Charles James Fox's urbanity, springing from a kindly heart and generous disposition, made all his followers his friends and devoted adherents. His rival, William Pitt, could command votes, but nothing more. The frigidity of his demeanour repelled; and though so powerful as a Minister, he had scarcely a friend.

"A beautiful behaviour," says Emerson, "is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the finest arts." We are all of us sensible of its influence. In a Mirabeau it induces us to forget his ugliness; in a Topham Beauclerk it soothes the rough moralist Dr. Johnson into the gentlest condonation of his errors of conduct; in a Fenelon it adds an additional attraction to his genius and virtue. We find in the social circle that it puts everybody at ease, and promotes a general cordiality, a desire to be of use to one another. It is the everyday application of the Divine commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Like the subtle influence of light, it lends a brightness and freshness to the most commonplace things. Like the fragrance of flowers, it is felt even when not seen. "It pushes its way silently and persistently, like the tiniest daffodil in spring, which raises the clod and thrusts it aside by the simple persistence of growing."

Courtesy will assist us to prevent our just appreciation of ourselves from assuming the proportions of an offensive egotism. Nothing is so despicable as conceit; nothing so injudicious as self-depreciation. Dean Swift has told us that although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. But it is equally desirable and necessary that we should form a due estimate of what we are and what we can do, and that estimate we may rightly expect to be accepted by others. For man to be his own trumpeter seems to us as bad in policy as it is objectionable in principle; but assuredly he is not required to be his own calumniator. We do not believe that in professional life or in business anything is gained by charlatanism or loudness of self-assertion. On the other hand, too conspicuous a humility is apt to be understood by the world as originating in a consciousness of inferiority. "The pious and just knowing of ourselves," says Milton, "may be thought the radical moisture and fountain-head from whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth." We know, or we ought to know, when we do our work well; and though a modest mind will shrink from proclaiming it to all the world, a truthful mind will not allow it to be spoken of as ill done. It may be very true that

> "On their own merit modest men are dumb;"

but it is not less true that the world in that case will fail to see the merit! We do not recommend an unscrupulous, noisy putting forward of one's pretensions, but one is bound to take care that one's claims are at least examined. The stereotyped truth about lowly and neglected merit is, as Washington Irving says, too often a cant by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. "Modest merit, however, is too apt," he adds, "to be inactive or negligent or uninstructed merit. Well-matured and well-disciplined talent is always sure of a market, provided it exerts itself; but it must not remain at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant, too, about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it usually happens that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity without which worth is a mere inoperative

property. A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion."

We are very much inclined to say with a sensible moralist, that pretty as lowliness and unobtrusive worth are in theory, and pleasant to read about in moral essays, they are hardly work-a-day qualities. "He who relies upon them, who is always crouching in a corner, and cannot ask for his due, or who goes about, as Robert Hall said, 'with an air of perpetual apology for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world;' who never puts himself forward, or, if he does, does so with the forlorn hope with which Snug the joiner begs the audience to take him for a lion; who cannot *say* that he wants anything, or cannot say it with sufficient loudness and pertinacity; who cannot make himself prominent at the right time, though he knows it *to be* the right time—may be a beautiful object of creation, very lovable, and very much to be admired, but must expect to be not only outstripped, but knocked, crushed, and trampled under foot, in the rush and roar of this nineteenth century."

Lastly, in connection with this all-important subject of business habits and business qualities, we may say a few words on the avoidance of imitation. Some people think and speak as if to be original in aim or method were the peculiar faculty of genius, and are content to jolt along in the rut which has been worn deep and wide by thousands of stumbling feet. But every man who makes himself master of a subject will treat and apply it with a certain degree of novelty. No man, who has anything at all in him, will say exactly what other men have said. If he take up an old theme, he will enforce it by some new illustration; if he carve the statue of a Venus, he will endow it with a certain freshness of expression; if he paint a picture of the sunrise, he will put into it something which no eyes but his own have noticed. Imitation is the resource of idleness; the honest, industrious worker will never fail to lay down a path for himself. It may not lead as far or ascend as high as the paths of men of greater powers, but it will be his own track.

"What is genius?" says Dr. John Brown, "and what is sense?" He proceeds to answer his own questions. "Genius is a peculiar native aptitude or tendency to any one calling or

pursuit over all others. A man may have a genius for governing, for killing, or for using the greatest number of men and in the best possible manner; a man may have a genius for the fiddle, or his mission may be for the tight-rope or the Jew's harp; or it may be a natural turn for seeking, and finding, and teaching truth, and for doing the greatest possible good to mankind; or it may be a turn, equally natural, for seeking, and finding, and teaching a lie, and doing the *maximum* of mischief. It was as natural, as inevitable, for Wilkie to develop himself into a painter, and such a painter as we know him to have been, as it is for an acorn when planted to grow up into an oak, a specific *Quercus robur*. But *genius*, and nothing else, is not enough, even for a painter: he must likewise have *sense;* and what is sense? *Sense* drives, or ought to drive, the coach; sense regulates, combines, restrains, commands all the rest—even the genius; and sense implies exactness and soundness, power and promptitude of mind."

This great faculty of *sense* involves the capability of perceiving the best way in which to apply one's talents, so as to ensure a certain originality of aim and method. It brings a clear and ready intelligence to bear upon the commonest details. It avoids red tape in politics, and denounces dulness in professional life. It thinks, speaks, acts, and judges for itself. It devised in literature the cheap periodical, the cheap newspaper, the "penny magazine," and the "shilling volume." It raises one writer to affluence, while another, who plods along the dusty road of uniform mediocrity, can scarcely make both ends meet. Originality, within a certain obvious limit, is possible to every man of intelligence. In truth, it is nothing more than the application of one's knowledge and one's experience to the object one has at heart. And what honourable man will not prefer to depend on himself rather than trade upon another's wits? Imitativeness is the vice of modern society. A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit. In the literary world this trick of imitation is objectionably rife.

It has been justly observed that "flashes of mind" in a writer are struck out by the rapid pen, and that one flash of a man's own mind is more profitable to himself, and will procure him a more favourable reception from the public, than any amount of reprint of second-hand coruscations. Of course, the flash may be elicited by contact with another mind. Thorwaldsen's Mercury was suggested by the sight of a lad sitting in a graceful attitude of repose. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" might never have been written but for Milton's "Lycidas." Hazlitt records that when Edmund Kean was praised for his action as Richard III., in his final unavailing struggle with victorious Richmond, when, after his sword has been wrested from him, he stood with his hand stretched out, "as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power," he acknowledged that he had conceived the idea upon seeing the last effort of Painter, the pugilist, in his fight with Oliver. This is not imitation, not the impudent plagiarism of the servile copyist. In adopting and acting upon a suggestion, or in catching up an illustration, an original mind is often seen at its best. No doubt, as has been remarked, the most original writer, like the bee, will derive his capital stock of ideas, his funded store, from a variety of sources; but as the bee, though it plunders all the flowers of the field of their "nectared sweets," is careful that its honey shall not tell of any special blossom, so will the man of independent mind ensure that his work shall not speak too directly of any particular master. He will collect his material from every nook and corner of the wide domain of literature, but it will all be filtered through the alembic of his own brain, and its elements recombined before being presented to the public in an enduring form. The old coin may be gold of the purest kind, but it will be melted and cast with a new stamp before it is again put in circulation. A writer who would seize and retain the ear of the public must have something of his own to say, while at times repeating and transmitting through a new medium the thoughts of others. He may adapt and borrow, but what he adapts and borrows he must invest with a certain degree of novelty. His style must be peculiar and proper to himself. To assume another man's style, to write Johnsonese, Carlylese, or Ruskinese, is as foolish and unprofitable as to strut about in another man's

clothes. Ideas become the property of everybody. The thoughts of Plato and Cicero are part of the heritage of well cultivated minds; but *style* is, or should be, a man's self.

"Let the writer, then, who pants for notoriety or covets true fame, follow Pat's advice to a bad orator,—come out from behind his nose and speak in his own natural voice. The heaven of popular approbation is to be taken only by storm. Emerson has startled the world by his Emersonisms, and not by echoes of Carlyle, as many imagine, for he is like Carlyle only in being original. Edgar A. Poe, with all his personal faults, eternised his name on the scroll of American authors simply by being Edgar A. Poe; but who reads the legion parodies of 'The Raven'?* Cooper has won a great name as a novelist, though his writings are stuck as full of faults as the firmament with stars, while thousands of romances of equal ability have gone to the 'tomb of the Capulets,' because they have tried to be unlike themselves. Who can forget how, when Sir Walter Scott first kindled the torch of his genius at the fires of feudal poesy, working out new scenes of interest from the warblings of scalds and troubadours and minnesingers, his thrilling cadences were imitated by a whole forest of mocking-birds, who made the heavens vocal with the glories of mosstrooper and marauder, baron bold and gay ladye, hound in leash and hawk in hand, bastion huge and gray chapele, henchmen and servitors, slashed sleeves and Spanish boots, 'guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder'? No sooner had the Wizard of the North gracefully resigned his wand to a mightier Prospero, whose star of popularity had shot with a burst to the south, than, *presto!* down went Rhoderick Dhu and Wat of Buccleuch before Hassan and Selim; the pæans to Rosabelle were exchanged for the praises of Medora, the plaid and the bonnet for the white turban and the baggy trousers; and over the whole realm of song arose the Oriental dynasty under the prime viziership of Byron. Ten thousand puny rhymesters called the moon 'Phingair,' daggers 'attaghans,' drummers 'Tam-

* We may note here, that open and avowed parodies do not come under the head of dishonest imitations or servile copies. They may be, and often are, original in the truest sense; as, for instance, "The Rejected Addresses" by James and Horace Smith, and the very felicitous efforts of Mr. C. S. Calverley.

bourgis,' and women 'Houris;' became lovers of gin and haters of pork; discarded their neckcloths and put on sackcloth; strove perseveringly in turn-down collars to look Conrad-like and misanthropic; swore by the beard of the Prophet, and raved in Spenserian stanzas about their 'burning brows' or mourned over their 'dark imaginings;' dreamed by night of gazelle-eyed beauties, by day of Giaours, jereedmen, and janizaries; and, whether baker's, butcher's, or barber's apprentices, became the oracles of impassioned wretchedness, and—when they could raise money enough—adventured on hacks hired by the hour imitations of Mazeppa at a hand-gallop along the highway. Where are they all now? Alas! the whole swarm of romances in six cantos with historical notes, alike with the ten thousand echoes of Byron, have long since gone to the land of forgetfulness; or, if they live in an accommodated sense of the term, owe it to the tender mercies of the pastrycook and the trunkmaker."

CHAPTER VI.

BUSINESS MEN AND BUSINESS NOTES.

"Let your first efforts be, not for wealth, but independence. Whatever be your talents, whatever your prospects, never be tempted to speculate away, on the chance of a palace, that which you need as a provision against the workhouse."—*Lord Lytton.*

"Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men to the extent of that sixpence; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him, to the extent of that sixpence."—*Carlyle.*

"That man is but of the lower part of the world that is not brought up to business and affairs."—*Owen Feltham.*

"It is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.—*Dr. Johnson.*

"You will be invincible if you engage in no strife where you are not sure that it is in your power to conquer."—*Epictetus,* "*Encheiridion.*"

"Still let the mind be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how, the business may be done."
—*George Herbert.*

CHAPTER VI.

IN the preceding chapter we have indicated the qualities and habits which would seem to be indispensable to the success of the man of business. We have shown that he must be diligent exceedingly, gifted with an indomitable perseverance, patient, self-reliant, punctual, courteous, and original in aim and method. According to the old adage, however, "Example is better than precept," and it may be for the advantage and interest of the reader, if, to those instances and illustrations already given, we add a variety of biographical reminiscences or anecdotes, occasionally pausing to draw from them an appropriate moral.

Daniel Defoe, when discoursing upon mercantile morality in the England of Queen Anne's reign, notices, among other trade stratagems, the false light which some retail dealers introduced into their shops for the purpose of giving a delusive appearance to their wares. He comments severely upon the "shop rhetoric" and "the flow of falsehoods" which tradesmen were wont to pour out upon their customers, and quotes their defence of the bad habit as based on the "we must live" principle; they could not keep up their trade without lying. Add to which, he says, the fact that there was scarce a shopkeeper who had not a bag of spurious or debased coins which he imposed upon unwary customers whenever he had the opportunity. The latter practice has been rendered almost impossible by stringent legislation and an improved coinage; but "shop rhetoric" is still too common, though we cannot but wonder on whom it now imposes. A superficial view of things would lead one to conclude that the great army of business men, dealers wholesale and retail, merchants, traders, shopkeepers—call them what you will—were engaged in a

noble rivalry to supply the public with the finest commodities at the lowest possible prices. The tea and coffee offered for the breakfast table are invariably "of the best quality;" the ales or wines which, in spite of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Good Templars, you consume at dinner, are of "a celebrated brewage" or the "finest vintage." Your fruit and vegetables are fresh from the garden or orchard, and "unequalled in flavour." The beef is of "prime quality," the mutton incredibly "tender," the bread made of "the finest wheat flour." If you go to your tailor, he recommends a cloth of which the like was never before in the market, and never will be again, and promises you "a perfect fit." The newspaper you read has "the largest circulation in the world;" the book you order is "the best that has been produced this season." If you think of purchasing a horse, you find that all the animals offered for sale are announced as "first-rate," "invaluable," "the handsomest in town," "perfectly quiet to drive or ride," "famed for their action," and "sold for no fault." The properties for which purchasers are desired puzzle you greatly, inasmuch as all are "exceedingly valuable," "most eligible," "delightfully situated," "admirably adapted," "fitted up with every convenience." In truth, the wonder is how their owners or occupants could ever be induced to dispose of them! It cannot be on account of any illness rendering a "change of air necessary," for a glance at the advertisement columns of a daily or weekly paper convinces you that for every disease under the sun science has discovered a cure. If people consent to die, it must be because they are weary of life, or in ignorance of the "infallible remedies" placed at their disposal.

This "business rhetoric" is admirably ridiculed in a burlesque fiction entitled, "The History of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" some years ago. We suspect that it is beginning to lose its influence upon the public, and certainly it is discarded by reputable men of business. On the ground of morality, serious objection may be taken to announcements of "great reduction," "selling off," "tremendous sacrifices," "at less than prime cost," and other baits intended to deceive the simple and inexperienced. On the score of taste, objection may be taken to the ambitious nomenclature which everywhere greets the eye as we pass through the commercial quarter of town or city. We

believe that sobriety of taste and the highest morality will be found as profitable in trade as in any other calling; and we fail to understand why "business" should be supposed to justify a relaxation or forgetfulness of the laws of religion. The merchant-princes of England, the men who have built up and who maintain the stately edifice of her commercial prosperity, have never resorted to such paltry devices, nor forgotten that for them, as for the soldier, the artist, or the man of letters, the path of glory is the path of honour and duty.

It is painful to be told that this high standard has of late years found fewer and fewer admirers, and that British commercial morality has become almost a legend of the past. Society is startled ever and anon by revelations which seem to show that the trader laughs at honesty and exercises all his ingenuity to evade the law. A popular satirist has drawn a bitterly humorous comparison between the roguery of British and Chinese traders, which the acts of our Legislature have proved to be no exaggeration.

"According to a well-known writer, 'a grocer is a man who buys and sells sugar, and plums, and spices for gain.'

"Happy," says the satirist, "is the English grocer who can lay his hand upon his commercial heart, and, making answer to the text, say, 'I am the man!' For of the men who set over their shop-doors the designation of 'Grocer,' how many are there who buy and sell sugar, and sugar only; who turn the penny upon spices in their purity; vend nought but the true ware—the undoctored clove!

"Great is the villainy of the Chinese; but it is written in certain books of the prying chemist that the roguery of the Briton—bent, it may be, upon the means of social respectability—doth outblush the pale face of the Mongolian tricksters.

"The Chinaman glazes his tea with Prussian blue; he paints his Congo, and adds a perfume to his Twankey; but he, the pig-tailed heathen, does not recognise in a Britisher a man and a brother, and, in his limited sympathies, fails to acknowledge in any British maiden, of any fabulous age soever, a woman and a sister. The China teaman is a benighted barbarian; the British grocer is an effulgent Christian. The Chinaman's religion is the gust of revenge; the Briton's creed is the creed of common love.

"It is possible, if the effort be made, to drop a tear over the ignorance of the Chinaman who dusts his faded tea-leaves with chromate of lead; but shall not one's eyes flash fire at the enlightened British tea-dealer who to the withered leaf imparts the mortal glow of plumbago? Nevertheless, there are grocers, in the commercial form of men, who treat the stomachs of their customers as their customers treat their stoves —namely, they bestow upon their internals the questionable polish of blacklead, innocently swallowed in cups of liquid worse and blacker than the Lacedemonian black broth. How many an innocent tea-loving spinster, proud of the jetty loveliness of her fireplace, would vent a spasm of horror did she know that the polish of her own stove and the bloom of her own black tea, fragrant and smoking at her lips, were of one and the same blacklead—of lead that, in due sufficiency, is akin to coffin lead! And the English grocer, intent upon deceit, outvies, say the chemists, the teamen of the Flowery Kingdom. There is not a toss-up between the two; and if there be, though China beats by a tail, England fails not to win by a head.

"Of coffee (a word still found in some of the dictionaries) it is hardly necessary to speak; the acres of chicory, wherein the pious grocer as well as his customers may 'walk forth to muse at eventide,' have a language and a lesson of their own. It may be added, however, that perhaps there is not a more touching, a more instructive, and withal a more pathetic picture than either man or woman complacently employed in drinking what the drinker, in more than primitive innocence, believes to be coffee—grocer's coffee, at one shilling per pound!"

Thus wrote Douglas Jerrold some years ago. Recent legislative measures against adulteration assure us that the practices which he condemned have by no means been abandoned. But legislation cannot enforce the true principles of commercial morality, either in the shop, or the banker's counting-house, or "on 'Change," or in our shipowners' parlours, though it may prevent their more open and glaring violations. What we have to do is to inspire our young men, when entering upon a business life, with a profound sense of duty—to train them to habits of well-doing and right-thinking—to convince them that the ethics of Christianity ought to govern them in all their

dealings—and to cultivate in their hearts that spirit of piety, benevolence, purity, and rectitude which distinguishes the true gentleman.

It is told of Lafitte, the celebrated Paris banker, that though his honesty was of the most scrupulous kind, and though the generosity of his nature frequently exposed him to the artifices of the crafty, yet he rose from the position of a penniless clerk to become the head of a great banking-house, and an influential public character. We believe in honesty. We are convinced that, in more senses than one, "godliness is great gain;" and that it is possible to "make the best of both worlds." Goldsmith, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," puts into the mouth of the rogue Jenkinson a confession which most rogues, if candid, would be forced to make: "Flamborough," says he,—the generous simple farmer whom he had yearly cheated,—"Flamborough has been regularly growing in riches, while I have come to poverty and a jail." What is called "partial justice" is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the world's justice: the cheat and the dishonest speculator and the unscrupulous adventurer lose the prize for which they have plotted and sinned. Society cannot afford to do other than reward honesty. Mr. Fowler, the Prestonpans brewer, who died in affluent circumstances, is generally supposed to have owed his wealth to the liberality and integrity of disposition which he carried into the operations of his trade. He would go to his vats, and having tasted the infusion, would say, "Still rather poor, my lads; give it another cast of the malt." By adhering to this practice he produced beer of such excellent quality, that it speedily acquired a wide reputation, and was largely ordered in all parts of Great Britain, India, and the Colonies.

The acquisition of money as a *means* is no disgrace to a man of business; but if he make it his *end*, the object of his thoughts, hopes, and wishes, he wastes his life—he wastes the faculties of an immortal soul—and will give but a sorry account of his use of the "talents" intrusted to him. The man of business must be on his guard against the growth of an avaricious spirit. Ostervalde, the wealthy French financier, is an example of miserable penuriousness. So strong was this habit in its hold upon him, that, even within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to purchase the

materials for a little nourishing soup. "'Tis true," he remarked, "I should not dislike the soup, but for the meat itself I have no appetite; what then will become of that if I cannot eat it?" At the time that he refused this nourishment for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, he wore around his neck a silken bag containing assignats to the value of eight hundred thousand livres. In his earlier life he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper every night, at a house much frequented by thirsty souls, and regularly he carried home all the corks he could collect. In this way he accumulated, in eight years, a stock which he sold for twelve louis-d'ors; a sum that laid the foundation of his fortune, and on which he raised an immense superstructure by successful stockjobbing. At his death he was worth £125,000; but what had his life been worth? His sole pleasure had been in making money, the sight of which and the touch of which had apparently been to him as great a luxury as they were to George Eliot's "Silas Marner." The higher faculties of his mind, the purer and better sympathies of his nature, had never been developed; and of the happiness to be derived from their development he was wholly ignorant. Let the man of business take care that his business never absorbs him wholly.

It is possible, of course, that economy in small things may be accompanied by a splendid generosity in large things. A story—we believe, a true one—is told to the following effect:—When one of the large hospitals that are the glory of London was first projected, many actively benevolent individuals undertook to raise contributions by calling upon persons living in the district which was to be benefited by it. Two or three gentlemen, in the course of this charitable work, came to a small house in a mean district; for the pence of the poor were as welcome as the bank-notes of the rich. The door was partially open, and, as they reached the threshold, they overheard an old man railing at a female servant for having thrown away a match of which only one end had been used...Although the offence was so trivial, the master seemed greatly annoyed by it, and the collectors stood some time at the door waiting for the tempest to subside. Then they entered, and to this professor of the art of economy hesitatingly, and by no means hopefully, explained the purpose of their mission.

The millionaire miser, for such he was reputed to be by the popular voice, no sooner understood it, than he opened a closet, brought forth a well-filled bag, counted out five hundred sovereigns, and presented them to the wondering but gratified "deputation." In the flush of their delighted surprise they could not refrain from disclosing to the old gentleman that they had overheard his dispute with his domestic, and that, in consequence, they had little anticipated such an exhibition of liberality.

"Gentlemen," was the reply, "your are astonished that I should care for a thing apparently so insignificant; but I keep my house and save my money in my own way. My parsimony enables me to bestow more freely on charitable objects. With respect to benevolent donations, you may always expect most from prudent people who keep their own accounts and pay attention to trifles."

The history of business is bright with examples of the keenest commercial energy and enterprise, combined with the sincerest and most unaffected piety. Trade has not necessarily the demoralising or hardening effect attributed to it by supercilious novelists, who seldom introduce into their works any representations of "business men" undisfigured by foolish prejudice. A man cannot serve both God and Mammon, but he can do his best as a tradesman or a merchant without neglecting his duty as a follower of the Divine Master. Take the example of Joshua Watson, the rich wine merchant of Mark Lane, who was distinguished no less for his ardent Churchmanship than his assiduous attention to business. But if he accumulated perseveringly with one hand, he gave freely with the other. He was the great benefactor of the Clergy Orphan School; and, indeed, no scheme of charity connected with the Church of England ever failed to receive his support. "He was the most remarkable instance I have ever personally known," said Bishop Blomfield, "of a Christian man devoting all the faculties with which God had endowed him, and a very large portion of the means, which are more valuable in the world's estimate, though not in *his*, to the promotion of God's glory in His Church."

Take, also, William Cotton, the engineer, one of the principal partners of the firm of Huddart & Co., and one of the

earliest promoters of the application of steam to navigation. He rose so rapidly in public estimation, that in 1821 he was elected a director of the Bank of England, a post which he held for forty-five years, and gave up only a few months before his death in 1866. Many reforms and modifications in that famous establishment sprang from his strong sagacity, his knowledge of the true principles of finance, and his accurate insight into the character and capacity of those who worked under or with him. From 1843 to 1845 he acted as governor of the Bank, at the time when the Bank charter was being framed by the late Sir Robert Peel. The latter found in William Cotton a clear and honest adviser, deliberate but firm in judgment, with no personal interest to serve, and unsparing in his labour. In order that this great measure might be carried to a successful issue, the governor of the Bank was constantly in attendance under the gallery of the House of Commons (not being himself a member of the House), in order that Sir Robert Peel might be able to consult him on any doubtful point. Often, too, in the middle of the night, a messenger would come to Walwood asking for further information. . . . His fellow-directors of the Bank conferred on Mr. Cotton the unprecedented honour of a third election as governor, in order that he might carry to its conclusion the work which had been begun under his auspices. It was at this period also that the mechanical bent of his mind showed itself in full power. The necessity of weighing all the gold coinage of the kingdom, much of which had become light through use, led him to consider the possibility of doing this by an automatic weighing-machine. The result was the present self-acting weighing-machine, far exceeding, not only in rapidity, but in accuracy, the steadiest and most practised hand, and it is still at work at the Bank, at the Mint, and in many local establishments, just as it was at first designed by the governor of the Bank. "It was exhibited at the Exhibition of 1851, and of it one of the profoundest reasoners of our day declared that it seemed to him the perfection of mechanical ingenuity,—that the machine itself seemed almost to think during the pause which ensued between the reception of the sovereign into the scale and its delivery into its appropriate place, either as a light or full weight coin. The machine has been appropriately named 'The Governor.'"

This was one and a notable aspect of his life. But far brighter was that other aspect in which he was seen as the Christian philanthropist untiring in all good works. Hospitals, and churches, and schools,—all were indebted to his splendid and well-directed liberality. To the great charitable societies he gave of his time, his talents, and his substance. From the outset of his career he devoted a tenth of his profits to pious and benevolent objects; and as his gains increased he rejoiced to think that his "commission fund" also increased.

Such men as these throw a pure and beautiful light upon the ways of commerce, and testify to the fact that in treading them it is possible to preserve an upright bearing, and to keep our eyes fixed upon the crown of life. A noble type of the English merchant may be put forward in the late Sir William Brown, of Liverpool, who began business in the great Lancashire seaport in 1810, at the age of twenty-six. His activity and shrewdness, his patience and perseverance, and his readiness of resource, soon raised him to an influential position; and having erected his fortunes on a solid basis, he felt himself free to take part in civic affairs. For his labours in reforming the administration of the docks he received the thanks of his fellow-citizens in 1833. He had previously been elected a director of the Bank of Liverpool, and he assisted in establishing a celebrated line of steam-packets to ply between Liverpool and the United States. In 1836 he purchased the Brandon estate, near Coventry, for £80,000, and it was estimated that, in the same year, business to the amount of £10,000,000 passed through his hands. His extensive connection with American traders, to whom he frequently made large advances, involved him in the anxieties connected with the great failure of the American banks in 1837, and it was feared that his house, wealthy as it was, could never withstand the shock. "Had he and his partners possessed less than the strength of giants," it is said, "they could not have extricated themselves. The British Government saw, and looked with apprehension as it saw, the struggle of this gigantic establishment. From Inverness to Penzance there was not a single town but would have felt its fall. In Sheffield, and Birmingham, and the towns surrounding them, in Manchester, Leeds, and all the great factory communities, a large number of merchants and employers, and, as a matter of course, every man and woman employed, were

more or less involved in the fate of this establishment. Caring little for himself, but very much for the public, William Brown took the bold step of visiting London, where he had an interview with the chairman of the Bank of England, and after stating his position and his resources, obtained the promise of a loan of no less an amount than £2,000,000. In the end he found it necessary to draw only half this sum, which with interest he repaid within six months, receiving a complimentary letter from the authorities to the effect that they had never had a more satisfactory transaction with any house."

After energetically espousing movements in favour of a penny postage, early closing, temperance, and healthful recreation for the working classes, he became an active supporter of free trade, and a member of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Meantime his prosperity as a merchant and a banker continued on the increase. "If any of you know," said Richard Cobden, "what a bale of cotton is, you are only one remove from a near acquaintance with Mr. Brown, who has in his hands one-sixth part of the trade between this country and the United States. There is hardly a wind that blows or a tide that flows in the Mersey that does not bring a ship freighted with cotton or some other costly commodity for Mr. Brown's house; and not a lorry in the streets but what is destined to carry cloth or other commodities, consigned to the care of Mr. Brown, to be shipped to America, China, or other parts of the world."

In 1846, at the age of sixty-two, Mr. Brown was elected M.P. for South Lancashire, and he sat in Parliament for thirteen years. Though by no means an effective debater, his speeches commanded attention by the amount of information which they conveyed. On the occasion of Lord Palmerston's quarrel with the United States Government, who had somewhat hastily dismissed the British Minister at Washington, Mr. Brown acted as a mediator; and his commercial influence and upright character crowned his efforts with success. It was a noble work to prevent two great nations, akin in race and language, from drawing the sword upon each other for a diplomatic punctilio. It was a work worthy of a British merchant and a Christian philanthropist. And surely we should not despise the calling which places a man in a position to do such a work.

We cannot, nor is it necessary for the proof of our thesis that we should, dwell upon all the generous actions of William Brown. He may be said to have consummated them by his last—the foundation of the Free Library of Liverpool, at a cost of some £45,000. Three years later, public testimony was born to his "success in life" by his appointment as High Sheriff of Lancashire and his promotion to a baronetcy. He died on the 3d of March, 1864, at the age of seventy-nine.

The name of the Messrs Chambers has been rendered familiar to English-speaking people all over the world by the well-known "Journal" and the scarcely less well-known "Encyclopædia," not to speak of other publications which have ministered largely to the moral and intellectual cultivation of the masses. The high reputation of the firm is due, in no small degree, to the literary labours of Dr. Robert Chambers.

He was born at Peebles, on the banks of the Tweed, on the 10th of July, 1802, two years later than his brother William, with whom he was afterwards so closely associated in the publishing business. They were the sons of James Chambers, a muslin weaver, whose reverses of fortune compelled him to remove to Edinburgh while his sons were still in their early boyhood. They had already received, however, a certain modicum of education at the burgh school, and at the hands of their old nurse and one Tam Flack, a Peebles "character." At Edinburgh their education was continued and completed at the High School. It was neither very wide nor very deep, but it served young Robert Chambers well, when, at the age of sixteen, having saved up a sum of about forty shillings, he opened a bookshop or book-stall in Leith Street. Of the struggles of his early years he supplies an interesting sketch in a letter to Hugh Miller, the geologist.

"Notwithstanding your wonderful success as a writer," he says, "I think my literary tendency must have been a deeper and more absorbing peculiarity than yours, seeing that I took to Latin and to books both keenly and exclusively, while you broke down in your classical course, and had fully as great a passion for rough sport and enterprise as for reading, that being again a passion of which I never had one particle. This, however, has resulted in making you what I never was inclined to be, a close observer of external nature—an immense advan-

tage in your case. Still, I think I could present against your hardy field observations by firth and fell, and cave and cliff, some striking analogies in the finding out and devouring of books, making my way, for instance, through a whole chestful of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which I found in a lumber garret. I must also say that an unfortunate tenderness of feet, scarcely yet got over, had much to do in making me mainly a fireside student. As to domestic connections and conditions, mine being of the middle classes, were superior to yours for the first twelve years. After that, my father being unfortunate in business, we were reduced to poverty, and came down to even humbler things than you experienced. I passed through some years of the direst hardship, not the least evil being a state of feeling quite unnatural in youth—a stern and burning defiance of a social world in which we were harshly and coldly treated by former friends, differing only in external respects from ourselves. In your life there is one crisis where I think your experiences must have been somewhat like mine; it is the brief period at Inverness. Some of your expressions there bring all my own early feelings again to life. A disparity between the internal consciousness of power and accomplishments and the external ostensible aspect led in me to the very same wrong methods of setting myself forward as in you. There, of course, I meet you in warm sympathy. I have sometimes thought of describing my bitter, painful youth to the world as something in which it might read a lesson; but the retrospect is still too distressing. I screen it from the mortal eye. The one grand fact it has impressed is the very small amount of brotherly assistance there is for the unfortunate in this world. . . . Till I proved that I could help myself, no friend came to me. Uncles, cousins, &c., in good positions in life, not one offered, nor seemed inclined to give, the smallest assistance. The consequent defying, self-relying spirit in which at sixteen I set out as a bookseller, with only my own small collection of books as a stock—not worth more than two pounds, I believe—led to my being quickly independent of all aid; but it has not been all a gain, for I am now sensible that my spirit of self-reliance too often manifested itself in an unsocial, unamiable light, while my recollections of honest poverty may have made me too eager to attain and secure worldly prosperity."

Robert Chambers made his first venture in the literary world as editor of a small weekly journal, the "Kaleidoscope," which he himself published, and his brother William printed, the latter for this purpose having acquired without assistance the art of printing, and purchased an old fount of type and a clumsy wooden press. The fount was imperfect, and when large letters were wanted, William Chambers sat up at night and carved them with his penknife out of a piece of wood. As might have been expected, the "Kaleidoscope" had but a brief career. Nothing daunted, Robert again entered the field, making use of his knowledge of the Tweed country to compile a volume of "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley;" agreeably written sketches of the supposed originals from whom Sir Walter Scott had drawn his more famous characters. The book attracted considerable attention, and Scott mentions the author in his diary as "a clever young fellow, who spoils himself by too much haste."

In 1823, when he was still only twenty years of age, he wrote and published his "Traditions of Edinburgh." Its literary merit met with immediate recognition, and its young author found that he had now securely planted his feet on the ladder of fortune. Prosperity did not abate his industry. His diligent pen, always lively and accurate, produced in rapid succession a number of works of an antiquarian and historical character, among which may be mentioned his "History of the Scottish Rebellion" and his "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen."

The great reputation of the two brothers as publishers dates from 1832, when (on the 6th of February) they issued the first number of their "Edinburgh Journal," which undoubtedly struck a hitherto unexplored vein of periodical literature. Its success was remarkable. It immediately obtained a circulation of five thousand copies a week, which increased in 1845, when the octavo form was adopted, to nine thousand copies. The two brothers, now on the highroad to competency, entered into formal partnership, and thenceforth enjoyed an equal measure of well-deserved prosperity; both of them trained by hard experience to habits of business and punctuality, both of them strictly prudent and conscientious in all their dealings, and both of them practised, according to their different aims and tendencies, in literary labour.

A writer has essayed to account for the colossal prosperity of the Rothschilds, and it must be admitted that, whether he is correct in his reference to that famous firm or not, he states a couple of considerations well worth the attention of business men. He who does not delay for casualties, and has the sagacity to perceive that in all great affairs success depends not only on the choice and use of the most favourable moment, but especially on the pursuit of an acknowledged fundamental maxim, has seized upon the two principles never neglected, it is said, by the Rothschilds; the two principles to which, combined with a wary conduct of business, and a quick perception of advantageous opportunities, they owe, in the main, their present wealth and renown.

It was the first of these principles that led the five brothers to carry on their affairs in a perpetual and uninterrupted communication. This was the golden rule enunciated by their father's dying lips. After his death, every proposition, be it what it might, was the object of their common deliberations. Every important undertaking was the result of combined effort, and all shared equally in the profit as in the loss. Though for several years their customary residences, being in the great capitals of Europe, were very remote, the harmony of this singular family council was never interrupted, while they derived from this circumstance a peculiar advantage in being always well acquainted with the condition of affairs in every metropolis. Each of them was thus enabled on his part to assist in initiating and mapping out the operations to be undertaken by the firm.

The second principle of which the Rothschilds have never lost sight is, not to seek in any transaction an excessive profit; to assign certain limits—though, of course, in proportion to the magnitude of their means—to every enterprise; and, so far as lies within the power of human prudence, to place themselves above the reach of accidents.

The most eminent of the five brothers was, undoubtedly, Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who possessed in perfection the qualities indispensable to a prosperous man of business, but lacked some of those which are not less indispensable to the worthy employment of God's precious gift of life. Money with him was an end rather than a means, and his delight in acquisition completely absorbed him. He had no time or

thought to spare for the cultivation of "the humanities" or the exercise of a wise charity. All his energies were directed to the successful conduct of operations for adding to his ever-increasing store. "I hope," said Fowell Buxton to him on one occasion, "I hope that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that." "I am sure I *should* wish that," answered Rothschild. "I wish them to give mind and soul, and heart and body—everything, to business. That is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it." Accordingly, to *make* and keep a fortune were, in Rothschild's eyes, the only objects for which a man should live. Yet the sword of Damocles hung suspended over his head by a hair. A constant shadow overspread his path. "You must be a very happy man," said a thoughtless guest to the great financier, at one of his magnificent banquets. "Happy! me happy!" he exclaimed. "What! happy! when, just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hands saying, 'If you do not send me £500 I will blow your brains out!' Me happy!"

On one occasion, when he was sitting in his private room, a couple of strangers were announced; foreigners, with thick moustaches and dark long beards, less common forty years ago than now. From the moment of their entrance the timorous banker was in a state of panic. He misinterpreted the excited movements with which they searched their pockets; and, before the expected pistols could be produced, had flung a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and summoned a posse of clerks by his shouts of "Murder!" The strangers were immediately pinioned; but, explanations following, they proved to be wealthy bankers from the Continent, who, in their nervousness at finding themselves in the presence of the great Napoleon of finance, had experienced some difficulty in finding their letters of introduction.

A good story of a different kind is told of this eccentric personage. A German prince on a visit to London had letters of credit which he called to deliver. He was shown into the inner room of the celebrated counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane, where Rothschild sat with a pile of papers before him.

The name being announced, Rothschild nodded, offered him a chair, and then proceeded with his work. For such indifference the prince, who expected that the banker would be overawed by his rank and dignity, was not prepared. He remained standing, and, after a minute or two's pause, exclaimed, "Did you not hear, sir, who I am? I am the Prince of ——," and he repeated all his titles. "Very well," answered Rothschild, "take two chairs."

He gave a striking proof of his energy, keenness, and unscrupulousness, in the way he availed himself of his knowledge of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. During the great battle of the 18th June, he was posted near the château of Hougoumont, watching the progress of the fight as closely as did Wellington himself. All day long he followed it with straining eyes as it eddied to and fro, involving in its issues the fate of kingdoms. At sunset he saw that the victory was with Wellington and the Allies. Without a moment's delay he mounted a horse that had been kept in readiness for him, and hurried homeward. At regular stages on his road relays of horses and carriages were in waiting to help him onward. Riding or driving through all the summer night, he reached Ostend at daybreak, to find the sea so stormy that the boatmen refused to venture forth. At last he prevailed upon a fisherman by a bribe of £80 to put to sea, and reached Dover in safety. At Dover, and at the intermediate stages on the road to London, relays were posted, and he was in London before midnight.

Next morning, the 20th of June, he was one of the first to enter the Stock Exchange. In gloomy whispers he told those who, as usual, pressed round him to hear the news, that Blucher and his Prussians had been routed by Napoleon before Wellington had had time to come up, that by himself he could not possibly succeed, and that, therefore, the cause of England and her Allies was lost. As he had intended, the funds fell rapidly. Everybody was anxious to sell; and Rothschild and his accredited agents laughed at all who offered them scrip for purchase. But scores of unknown agents were secretly at work all that day and the next. Before the Stock Exchange closed on the afternoon of the 21st, when Nathan Rothschild's strong boxes were full of paper, he announced, an hour or two earlier than the arrival of the news through other channels, the real issue of the battle. Rapidly the funds rose to a level

they had not reached for months; and it is estimated that Rothschild cleared a million pounds by his combined energy and unscrupulousness.

In several respects we should point to Rothschild's conduct as an example of *what to avoid*. The story of his mercury transactions is another illustration of his character. The mercury used in Europe comes almost entirely from Idria in Illyria or Almaden in Spain. The Almaden mines, after a profitable career of many centuries, had fallen for some years into disuse before 1831, when Rothschild, having contracted for a Spanish loan, proposed that he should be allowed to hold them for a certain time at a nominal rental. To this proposition a cheerful assent was given, and the mines soon gave evidence of renewed activity. In a similar manner the financier obtained possession of the mines of Idria, and having thus acquired a monopoly of the supply of mercury, doubled its price.

Almost Rothschild's rival in wealth and fortune, John Jacob Astor, the American merchant, was scarcely his inferior in financial daring and commercial talent. He was the youngest of the four sons of a peasant, and passed his boyhood in the healthy occupations and simple pleasures of a rural life. From a child he was accustomed to rise early, and to devote a portion of his morning hours to reading the Bible and Prayer Book; a practice which he observed throughout his long career. His brothers seem to have shared his bold and energetic disposition, for two of them preceded him across the limits of the Rhine and the Black Forest, one establishing himself as a musical instrument maker in London, and the other settling in the United States.

At the age of sixteen, John Jacob accepted an invitation from his brother in London to join him in his business; and saying farewell to his parents, he trudged on foot to a Dutch seaport, and thence sailed in a Dutch smack to England. In his new position he displayed all the sterling qualities of his manly character; but it did not open a field of enterprise wide enough to satisfy his exuberant activity. At the age of twenty he sailed for Baltimore, carrying with him a few hundred dollars' worth of musical instruments to dispose of on commission. This was in 1783, a few

months after Great Britain had recognised American independence. The vessel on reaching Chesapeake Bay was caught in a terrible storm. To the surprise of his fellow-passengers, Astor appeared upon deck, attired in his best suit. To the inquiries addressed to him, he replied, "If I save my life, it shall be in my best clothes; if I perish, it matters not what becomes of them."

During the voyage he had made the acquaintance of a shrewd and communicative furrier, and acting upon his suggestions, he exchanged his musical instruments in New York for furs, with which he immediately returned to London. Having disposed of them at a considerable profit, he prepared to recross the Atlantic, and apply himself entirely to the fur trade. In London he studied the Continental fur markets, and made himself familiar with every variety of the article. On returning to the United States, he set up his residence at New York, which thenceforth became the headquarters of his operations. It is possible that consignments from his brother assisted him during his first wrestlings with fortune, but his energy was chiefly devoted to the fur trade. In pursuing his business he occasionally visited London, and, more frequently, Montreal and the distant trading ports in Canada. When the treaty negotiated by Mr. Jay in 1794 removed the obstructions that had previously restricted the export of furs, he was prepared to take advantage of the new order of things through his extensive acquaintance with the trappers and traders of the West and North; and was soon able to reap a double profit by sending his furs to Europe and the East in his own ships, and bringing back cargoes of foreign produce for sale in New York. His business extended until it embraced markets in every quarter of the globe; yet so exact was his knowledge of these markets, and so wide the grasp of his strong clear intellect, that he was able to direct and control the action of his supercargoes and captains by the most minute instructions. At this time, when his ships covered the seas, he rose as early as in his years of effort, and attended to his business until two P.M. He was fond of showing his workmen that in sorting and beating furs he was equal to the best of them. This thorough knowledge of one's work, even to the smallest details, is of the highest value to the man of business.

At the beginning of the present century, Astor was worth

250,000 dollars as the result of only sixteen years of business life. He then began to meditate colossal schemes, not only of trade, but of colonisation, designing not only to supply with furs all the markets of the world, but also to open up the Western wilderness to the influences of civilisation. He was possessed with the true enthusiasm of business, and brought to his work as much earnestness as an explorer to the discovery of new regions. He did not confine, he could not confine, his activity to the fur trade. For instance, he began at an early date to make investments in real estate in New York, and in the swift progress of the city some portions of his property, it was said, centrupled on his hands. Many public and private buildings of a superior character were erected by Astor. His fortune, the largest ever accumulated in the United States at the time of his death, was estimated at 20,000,000 dollars (£4,000,000), an amount which surely should satisfy the aspirations of the most passionate votaries of the goddess Pecunia! It has been said of him that, during the half century of his laborious career, he hardly made a mistake or a false step through any failure of his own judgment. "Until his fifty-fifth year, he was at his office before seven o'clock. He was a great horseman, and in the constant habit of riding out for pleasure and exercise. In the strength of his general grasp of a great subject, he did not allow himself to be too much disturbed by the consideration of details. His mind worked so actively, that he soon got through the business of a day, and he would leave his office earlier than many business men who did less. Troubled and annoyed by petty trials, he was calm and self-possessed under great ones. 'Keep cool—keep civil,' was the constant and familiar admonition from his lips. When the great trials came, his spirit rose with the emergency, and he was equal to the hour." This splendidly successful merchant died in March, 1848, at the age of eighty-four. By his will he bequeathed a sum of £80,000 to found a free public library in the city of New York.

"When I was running about the streets of Lichfield a very poor fellow," said Dr. Johnson, "I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince

you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune." We suppose that the world is pretty much of Johnson's opinion. Poverty *is* an evil, and an evil that affects not only the individual, but his circle; not only his circle, but the whole of society. England's "rock ahead" is her colossal pauperism. It is, therefore, a public as well as a private virtue to rise above the dreary level of necessitousness. He who adds to his own resources swells to some extent the resources of the state. At all events, the greater the proportion of well-to-do citizens, the greater the happiness and security of the commonwealth. On the other hand, the accumulation of wealth in a few hands is to be deprecated as a social and political danger; and the statesman, as well as the moralist, prefers the contentment of the many to the aggrandisement of the few. Still, in the present condition of society, the presence of a few great capitalists may be regarded as an essential, for they alone can organise labour on a large scale, and bring the necessary amount of concentrated support to an expensive enterprise. And though the desire to do good is a nobler inspiration of life than the desire to win fame, and the desire to win fame is nobler than the desire to make money, yet this last, this "*auri fames*," is deserving of gentler treatment than it has generally received at the hands of social satirists. In its way, and with obvious limitations, it may have a beneficial effect, and, no doubt, like the desire of fame, it rouses into activity many high qualities of brain and heart which might otherwise lie dormant and unknown.

We see no reason to doubt the truth of the essayist's assertion that some men are born with a *genius* for money-making, with the instinct of accumulation. Like Midas, they turn to gold everything which they touch; and everything so converted they hasten to put away in their own treasury. The faculty of converting shillings into sovereigns, and sovereigns into bank-notes, by means of shrewd bargains and felicitous investments, would seem to be as strongly marked in some men as the love of and capacity for music in others, or the genius of poetry in our Miltons and Shakespeares. The faculty "buds" at school, where the boy has always a stock of petty acquisitions quite dazzling to the eyes of his less enterprising comrades. It can no more be crushed out than the musical sympathies of a Beethoven or the scientific fertility

of a Faraday. Like them, an Astor, a Baring, a Rothschild, has each his sphere in the world, his "talent" to cultivate, his work to do. Money-getting is not, we grant, the highest aim in life; still it is an aim, and, as we have said, by no means an unworthy one, since it helps to develop much of the best of a man's nature. "If we take account," says Sir Henry Taylor, "of all the virtues with which money is mixed up,—honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice,—and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity, and a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing would almost argue a perfect man." The difficulty is to preserve a due control over our acquisitive faculty, to prevent it from absorbing us. But then as much may be said of the lust of power or the love of fame. And if wealth have its temptations, its snares for the soul, its baits for the passions, so also has poverty. There is neither credit nor virtue in being poor if we can honestly secure a competence; for not only is the poor man exposed to the fiercest trials, moral and spiritual as well as physical, but he is deprived of many opportunities of doing good. In the battle of life he is like a man with his arms bound behind him. He loses the inducement to excel and the stimulus to aspire. He lives in a cold bleak atmosphere which chills his affections, in a dreary mist which confuses and bewilders his vision. He is troubled by hard thoughts of those of his fellow-men whom he sees in positions of greater ease and freedom. He is constantly assailed by harsh and cruel voices which invite him to rebel against nature and against God. The tenderest virtues, no doubt, are sometimes found to blossom in the soil of poverty; but it is only when they have been specially nourished by the dews of heaven, for the soil itself is frigid and barren as the Polar rock.

On the other hand, no more pitiable, nay, no more contemptible wretch does the world produce than the man who has sold himself to Mammon, has offered up his soul and body on the false deity's shrine, in whom the *auri sacra fames* has starved every tender affection, every generous sympathy. No more painful spectacle can there be found than that of a man dragging his manhood, as Achilles dragged the heroic Hector, at the heels of his one great passion, sacrificing life and all that brightens

life for the means of living, stooping from his intellectual height to rake up the dross of the earth. "The poorest of all human beings is the man who is rich in gold but intellectually and spiritually bankrupt,—*magnus nitor opes inops.* As Cowley says, 'The poor rich man's emphatically poor.' Grant the utmost that can be said of the necessity and the value of money, it will still remain for ever true that life is more than the means by which it is sustained, more than dwellings, lands, merchandise, stocks, bonds, and dividends, more even than food and raiment. All things are for the mind, the soul, the divine part within us; and if this, our true self, is dwarfed and starved, the most regal worldly possessions only serve to set forth by contrast its deep poverty and servitude."

The men of money who know how to make a right use of it are scarcely less the world's benefactors than its statesmen and philanthropists. A celebrated American millionaire made it a practice to give away considerable sums both for public and private purposes, exercising always a wise discrimination and carefully avoiding parade. It appeared from his books that in this way he annually expended a very large amount, known at the time only to "Him who seeth in secret." Not long before his death he observed to one of his sons, that "of all the ways of disposing of money, giving it away was the most satisfactory."

We have read of a Boston merchant who, in like manner, recognised that he was intended by Providence to act as its almoner, and whose wealth was known by the splendour of his munificence. Yet it was not always from what is strictly designated "affluence" that his benevolence proceeded, inasmuch as he had voluntarily pledged himself never to become exceptionally rich. After his death the following document was found in his handwriting:—"By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one half of my net profits; and if I am ever worth thirty thousand, I will give three-fourths; and the whole after fifty thousand. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside." To this covenant he adhered with the most scrupulous fidelity.

At one time, finding that his property had increased beyond fifty thousand dollars, he at once devoted the surplus, seven thousand five hundred, to found a professorship in a theological college, to which he also gave, on various occasions during his brief life, twice that amount. He likewise befriended with a liberal hand numerous young men, assisting them to start in business, and relieving many who were unfortunate.

The biographer of Samuel Gurney of London represents him as one who understood to the fullest the right use of money. "Many," says Mr. Gildart, "are the solid remembrances of the more prominent features of his charities; but besides those deeds never generally known to the public, there were many lesser streams of silent benevolence still flowing from the fountain of love to God and man which spread refreshment around. To many members of his large family his kindly aid was given; and it might be said that not only there, but elsewhere, he was wonderfully gifted both with the will and with the power to help. Besides his efficiency in action, his very presence seemed to impart strength, courage, and calm in any emergency, whilst his practical wisdom, his clear and decisive mind, and noble spirit of charity, led many to bring cases of difficulty before him, knowing from experience how sure and effective was his aid. It may be truly said of Samuel Gurney that he loved to do good service, whether by advice or money, by his sound judgment, or well-apportioned aid. He really took trouble to serve his fellow-creatures, and a narration of his mere almsgiving, extensive as it was, would give a very limited idea of the good he effected during the journey of life." At one time he spent £1000 to £1600 a year in charities. Many agreeable anecdotes are related in illustration of the kindliness of his disposition. "One afternoon," says one of his clerks, "as Mr. Gurney was leaving Lombard Street, I saw him taking up a large hamper of game to carry to his carriage. I immediately came forward and took it from him. He looked pleased, and, in his powerful and hearty voice, exclaimed, 'Dost thou know H——'s in Leadenhall Market?' I replied in the affirmative. 'Then go there and order thyself a right down good turkey, and put it down to my account.'"

Visiting Ireland during the famine of 1849, he surprised the people by the munificence with which he opened his purse to

relieve them in their sufferings. The town of Ballina was so full of paupers that nobody was able to pay poor-rates, and consequently the workhouse was bankrupt. "I found an execution put into it," wrote Gurney, "and all the stock furniture is to be sold off this week, when the poor will have to lie on straw, and the guardians must feed them as well as they can." The whole of the furniture he purchased for £200 to save it from the creditors, and afterwards returned it to the workhouse authorities.

Of Gladstone, the Liverpool merchant, father of the eminent statesman, it is said that he was "every inch a merchant-prince; keen, energetic, industrious, and persevering; cautious and prudent, yet withal liberal and generous, without being lavish or needlessly profuse." The race for wealth was not suffered by him to absorb all his faculties or engage his whole time. He estimated justly the real value of money. He did not make it his only aim and object, though he did not pretend to feel for it a philosophic contempt.

Pleasure must necessarily occupy a very small place in the life of a man of business. He may find time for charity and for the performance of his religious duties, and, let us hope, for the cultivation of the domestic affections; but otherwise, he is the slave of labour, and bound, Ixion-like, to a wheel which seems to be for ever revolving. Among the many cares which wealth brings with it is that of guarding against its dissipation. It is easy to lose a fortune; and such is now-a-days the rush of competition, so furious is the struggle, so desperate the race, that it is only by constant thought and vigilance a great merchant can maintain the position originally won by assiduous diligence and steady application. He is like a man rowing against a strong current; so long as he plies his oars lustily he may advance, but if he pause only for a moment he is carried backward. The toil undergone by the head of a large commercial establishment, or a great employer of labour, is so severe that no one should undertake it who does not feel himself to be capable of the most absolute self-sacrifice and the most continuous effort. And it is as purely mental toil, hard brain-work, as that of the mathematician poring over his abstruse problems and intricate calculations. Nor is it always selfish toil. The merchant knows that he gives employment to a considerable number of hands, and that any sudden sus-

pension or contraction of his operations would involve them and their families in the sufferings of poverty. He knows that capital has its responsibilities, and, as a rule, he is conscientiously anxious to discharge them fully.

We have been much impressed by the perusal of a sketch of the life-work of the New York merchant-prince, William Astor, and reproduce it here as affording a vivid picture of the unremitting labour of a man of business.

The locality of his financial operations is, or was, Princes Street, New York, a street described as "of but a third-rate character," with houses of "a common stamp." Near the Broadway may be seen a small brick office, neatly built, of one story, with gable to the street, and doors and windows closed, its whole appearance being that of "security." Close to the door a little *affiche* reads as follows: "Entrance next door. Office hours from 9 to 3." This "next door" proves to be a plain three-story dwelling of red brick, which, from its unpretentious but substantial character, might be mistaken for the residence of some respectable old-fashioned family. On inquiry, however, we learn that it is the headquarters of the prince of American capitalists.

Entering at the street door, we find ourselves in a small vestibule, the floor of which is covered with "checkered oilcloth," and opening a door on the left, we pass into a well-lighted front room, without any other furniture than a counting-house desk and a few chairs. At this desk stands an accountant working at a set of books, and enjoying apparently "an easy berth." He will answer all ordinary inquiries, will refuse all begging applications, and attend to all matters within the usual scope of business; but if you have any special errand, he points to a door opening into an office in the rear.

This apartment proves to be of moderate size and simply furnished. A few books lie upon the table, and opening one of them, which appears to be frequently consulted, we find that it contains maps of plots of city property, carefully executed, and indicating the boundaries of a vast estate. Seated at the table may generally be seen "a stout-built man with large and unattractive features, and upon the whole an ordinary face. He is plainly dressed, and has a somewhat careworn look, and appears to be fifty or sixty years of age." We

feel—that is, if we ourselves belong to the rank and file of society—a certain amount of awe in addressing a capitalist, and especially a capitalist who represents some 25,000,000 dollars (£5,000,000), and whose daily income has been estimated at 6000 dollars.

The care of Mr. Astor's estate, the largest in America, is, says our authority (and we can well believe it), "a vast burden." The houses belonging to him number several hundreds, and range from the comparatively modest tenement at £60 per annum to magnificent warehouses rented at £600. "To relieve himself from the more vexatious features of his business, he has committed his real estate collections to an agent, who, with his clerks, collects rents and makes returns of a rent-roll the very recital of which would be wearisome. As a matter of course, such a man must employ a small army of painters, carpenters, and other mechanics, in order to keep up suitable repairs; and as Mr. Astor pays no insurance, the work of rebuilding after fires is in itself a large item. A large part of Mr. Astor's property consists of vacant lots, which are in continual demand, and which he generally prefers to hold rather than sell; hence he is much employed with architects and master-builders, and always has several blocks in course of erection. This is a very heavy burden, and were it not for the help derived from his family would doubtless crush him." Who will say that the man of business treads a "primrose path" in life? Who will say that he is not, in the strictest sense of the term, a "working man"?

Mr. Smiles, in his "Life of George Stephenson," furnishes some details of the colossal labours which fall to the lot of a great engineer. While Stephenson was constructing the Midland Railway works, the York and Midland, the lines between Chester and Holyhead, Leeds and Bradford, Lancaster and Maryport, his house was at Alton Grange, near Leicester. But he was so much occupied, says his biographer, in travelling about from one committee of directors to another—one week in England, another in Scotland, and probably the next in Ireland—that he often did not see his house for weeks together. He had also to make frequent inspections of the various difficult and important works in progress under his direction. It is computed that during the three years ending in 1837 he travelled by postchaise alone upwards of 20,000

miles, and yet not fewer than six months out of the three years were spent in London.

His correspondence increased to such an extent that he was compelled to engage a private secretary, who accompanied him on his journeys. "The comparatively advanced age at which he learned the art of writing, and the nature of his duties while engaged at the Killingworth Colliery, precluded that facility in correspondence which only constant practice can give. He gradually, however, acquired great facility in dictation, and possessed the power of labouring continually at this work; the gentleman who acted as his secretary in 1835 having informed us, that during his busy season he one day dictated not fewer than thirty-seven letters, several of them embodying the results of much close thinking and calculation. On another occasion, he dictated reports and letters for twelve continuous hours, until his secretary was ready to drop off his chair from sheer exhaustion, and at length he pleaded for a suspension of the labour." The race for wealth, the struggle for worldly success, is, therefore, a career in which none should engage who are not prepared, like the aspirant for fame—

"To scorn delights and live laborious days."

In speaking of the charity which so often and so happily attends upon and sanctifies money-getting, we ought not to omit a reference to the benevolent Quaker merchant of Bristol, Richard Reynolds. He accumulated a splendid fortune, but always spoke of himself in connection with it and its right employment as merely a steward of the Almighty. After providing for the expenses of a household conducted on the most liberal scale, he devoted the remainder of his income to works of beneficence; and unless he had also devoted all his leisure time, he would have considered his duty only half discharged. Frequently would he deprive himself of the slumber which his years required to watch beside the sufferer's couch, and administer consolation to those in sorrow. On one occasion he wrote to a friend in London stating that he had not spent the whole of his year's income, and would be glad to be told of some worthy object of charity. In reply his friend informed him of several persons confined in prison for small debts. He paid the entire amount, and swept that miserable abode of its wretched tenants. Most of his donations were

enclosed in blank covers, with no other signature appended than that of "A Friend." A lady once applied to him on behalf of an orphan, saying, "When he is old enough I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Nay," replied the Quaker, "thou art wrong. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and to thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain. My talent is the meanest of all talents, a little sordid dust; but as the man in the parable was accountable for his talent, so am I accountable to the great Lord of all."

A strange mixture of business shrewdness and religious feeling was the late John M'Donogh, the New Orleans millionaire, who was born in 1779 and died in 1850. The following sketch of his life, from an American source, is not without interest:—

The only particulars known of his early life seem to be, that he was a clerk in a mercantile store in an inland town of Maryland, where he was noted for his eccentricities, and for an excess of imaginative fervour, which led many to suspect that he was not entirely of sound mind. He displayed, nevertheless, an energy and an intelligence which secured him the full confidence of his employers. About the year 1800 he was despatched to New Orleans by a Baltimore firm with a letter of credit and considerable resources. He there engaged largely in business transactions, speedily giving up his position as agent, and starting on his own account. Prosperity crowned his exertions, and in a few years he amassed a very considerable fortune. New Orleans recognised him as one of its magnates; and his mode of living and his expenditure were in entire conformity to his position and abundant means. His mansion was furnished and fitted up in the must luxurious style. He had his carriages and his horses, and his cellar of rare wines, and his staff of well-trained servants; and his entertainments were all on a scale of the greatest magnificence. Notwithstanding his unremitting attention to business, he found time to become a great social luminary and leader of fashion.

Owing to a disappointment in love, M'Donogh eventually became morose in his manners and secluded in his habits; but he prosecuted his acquisition of property with increased

vigour, his peculiar passion being that of accumulating countless acres of waste and suburban land. All his views branched out into the remote future. He cared not for the present value and productiveness of an estate. His imagination luxuriated in possibilities, and he loved to think of the opulence and civilisation that would cover his barren and swampy wilderness in the "good time coming." At last, this passion gained such an ascendancy over him, that he seemed to rejoice in desolation. He would buy cultivated places, and allow them to go to ruin.

"He could not be induced," says his biographer, "by any offer or consideration to alienate any of the property he had once acquired. Abstemious to a fault, and withholding himself from all the enjoyments and associations of the world, he devoted his time to the care of his large estate, to the suits in which such acquisitions constantly involved him, working for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, the greater part of which labour consisted in writing the necessary documents relating to his titles, and in corresponding with his lawyers and his overseers. For the fifty years of his residence in New Orleans he never left the State, and rarely, if ever, passed beyond the limits of the corporation. He was not a usurer, a money-lender, or a speculator. He acquired by legitimate purchases by entries on public lands. He dealt altogether in land. Stocks, merchandise, and other personal securities, were eschewed by him. The wonder is, how, with a comparatively small revenue, his property not being productive, and his favourite policy being to render his lands wild and unsuited for cultivation, he was able to go on every year expanding the area of his vast possessions."

M'Donogh appears to have been the victim of a veritable *earth-hunger*. One of his cherished designs was the purchase of the plantations along the Mississippi, in the belief that at some future period they would teem with a busy population. In like manner, he pounced eagerly upon all lands for sale in the neighbourhood of the towns and villages of the State. It may be mentioned, as one of his most remarkable achievements, the completion of what he called his "lines of circumvallation" around the city of New Orleans. This object he pursued for many years with all the persistence of an enthusiast. Beginning at the upper end of the city, he gradually made his

way through the swamps, purchasing large belts of land, until at last, a few years before his death, meeting one of his old friends, he clapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming in joyous tones, "Congratulate me, my friend; I have achieved the greatest victory of my life. I have drawn my lines around the city, and now entirely embrace it in my arms—all for the glory of God and the good of my race!"

Some personal glimpses of this extraordinary man we obtain through the medium of an article in the "Continental Magazine." Its writer says:—

"In the year 1850, and for nearly forty years previous, you might see almost every day in the streets of New Orleans a very peculiar-looking old gentleman. Tall and straight as a pillar, with stern, determined features, lit up by eyes of uncommon, almost unnatural brilliancy, with his hair combed back and gathered in a sort of queue, and dressed in the fashion of half a century ago—to wit, an old blue coat with high collar; well-brushed and patched, but somewhat seedy pantaloons of like date and texture, but somewhat more modern, but bearing unmistakable proofs of long service and exposure to sun and rain; old round-toed shoes, the top-leathers of which had survived more soles than the wearer had outlived souls of his early friends and companions; a scant white vest, ruffled shirt, and voluminous white cravat, completed the costume of this singular gentleman, who, with his ancient blue silk umbrella under his arm, and his fierce eye fixed on some imaginary goal ahead, made his way through the struggling crowds which passed along the streets of New Orleans."

His strange and spectral figure was last seen upon its accustomed rounds on the 26th of October, 1850. On that day occurred a remarkable incident which arrested the attention of every passer-by, and was fixed upon by the reporters of the daily papers as a sign "portending change to nations," namely, the venerable merchant varied for once from the routine of nearly half a century. He was seen to stop, to hesitate for a few moments, and then deliberately enter an omnibus bound for the lower part of the city. Is it to be wondered at that an occurrence so unusual produced a sensation in society? It was clear that only some novel emergency could have brought about this violation of long-established custom. The omnibus stopped at the courthouse; Mr. M'Donogh and his blue

umbrella emerged from the interior; and both disappeared quickly in the corridor leading to the "halls of justice."

This was the last time M'Donogh was seen in the streets of New Orleans. On the following morning "he departed this life."

The "mixed" character of the man may be inferred from the opinions he expressed in an interview with a New Orleans lawyer, which has been recorded for the benefit of posterity. The man of law said to the man of business:—"You are a very rich man, and I know that you intend to leave all your property to be expended on charitable objects. I have been thinking over your singular life, and I want you to give some explanation of the great success which has attended you; for I too would like to become very rich, and leave a fortune to my sons."

"Well," said he, "get up, sir." The lawyer rose from his arm-chair, which M'Donogh proceeded to occupy, and turning to the lawyer as if he had been his clerk, pointed to a common chair in which he had been sitting, and said, "Sit down, sir, and I will tell you how I became a rich man, and how, by following these rules, you can become as rich as myself."

"I first came to Louisiana," he continued, "when it was a Spanish colony, as the agent for a house in Baltimore and a house in Boston, to dispose of certain cargoes of goods. After I had settled up their accounts and finished their agency, I set up to do business for myself. I had become acquainted with the Spanish governor, who had taken a fancy to me, although I had never so much as flattered him, and through his influence I obtained a contract for the army, by which I cleared 10,000 dollars. After this I gave a splendid dinner to the principal officers of the army and the governor, and by this means obtained another contract, with a profit of 30,000 dollars.

"This is what the French and the Creoles do not understand—I mean the spending of money judiciously. They are afraid of spending money. A man who wishes to gain a fortune must first make a show of liberality, and spend money in order to acquire it. By the dinner which I gave to the Spanish authorities I obtained their good-will and esteem, and thus was enabled to make a large sum of money. To succeed

in life, then, you must obtain the favour and influence of the opulent, and of the authorities of the country in which you live. This is the first rule.

"The natural span of a man's life," continued M'Donogh, "is too short, if he is abandoned to his own resources, for him to accumulate great wealth, and therefore you must exercise your power and influence over those who, in point of riches, are inferior to yourself, and turn to your advantage by making use of them, their talents, knowledge, and information. This is the second rule."

Here he paused for awhile, as if absorbed in thought, and seeing him remain silent, the lawyer asked, "Is that all?" "No," he replied, "there is a third rule, and a last, which it is all-essential for you to observe, in order that success may attend your exertions."

"And what is that?"

"Why, sir," he exclaimed, "it is *prayer*. You must pray to the Almighty with fervour and zeal, and He will sustain you in all your desires. I never prayed sincerely to God in all my life without obtaining a satisfactory answer to my prayer."

He stopped, and the lawyer inquired, "Is that all?"

He answered, "Yes, sir; follow my advice and you will become a rich man."

Afterwards commenting on this curious conversation, the lawyer said, "I did *not* follow this advice, for certain reasons. And yet, I do not wish to be considered harsh if I draw necessary conclusions from it—namely, that when a man desires to become rich, he must corrupt the high, oppress the poor, and look to God—to support him."

The commentary is hardly too severe for the text. It is difficult to conceive of a more rotten system of business morality than that which is outlined in M'Donogh's three maxims. It is impossible to conceive of one more surely destined to fail in its practical application, at least in Great Britain. For example, our most influential mercantile houses have owed nothing to the favour of the opulent and the powerful. Their prosperity has been built up by courage, patience, vigour, and ability. As to the second maxim, it could never be accepted or acted upon by any man of common honesty. And then, as to the third, it could be adopted only by those who reject the first and second, if its full import be understood. It

is the prayer of the righteous man that availeth much, not the prayer of him who stoops to those above him and crushes those below him for purposes of gain—the prayer offered up in a spirit of humility, childlike innocence, simplicity, trustfulness, and fervour. The prayer offered up in such a spirit will hardly dwell upon material benefits. It will ask for support and guidance, for strength to resist temptation, and submissiveness to God's will; but not that a profit may be made upon the last speculation, or success attend the floating of the next bubble company. A religious man will make the best man of business; but a religious man will never presume to take heaven, as it were, into partnership in his transactions.

"If we were to consult the annals of commercial life," says a good authority, "we should find that, in most instances, the men who have been distinguished for success in business are of the same stamp as those who have been eminent in the walks of literature and science. They have been characterised by self-denying habits, by simple tastes, and by unpretending manners; while the bold, the vain, the presumptuous, and the reckless, have done immense mischief to themselves and others in the department of trade, dissevering the bonds of confidence and good feeling, and often creating havoc and ruin around them. The same principles and motives of action prevail in the good, the wise, and the prudent among all sorts of men. It is that wisdom which is unpretending and boasteth not, and that quiet sort of penetration and sagacity which is little deceived by self-flatteries and delusions, which are often more injurious and ruinous than all the worldly artifices and deceptions which are practised upon us."

The plain, practical, almost commonplace truth of these remarks is impressed upon us by every chapter in industrial biography and the history of commerce to which we direct our attention. The qualities which made Walter Scott and Faraday famous, or Ruskin and Turner, or Morse and Wheatstone, are the qualities which raised to honourable positions such men as Arkwright and Stephenson, or Brassey and George Moore. We are not, of course, referring to intellectual, but to moral power; and we say that in each case the moral power was the same.

Take the well-known, nay, the hackneyed, instance of Josiah

Wedgwood. His father was only a potter, as *his* father had been before him, and he died when Josiah was a mere boy, the youngest of a family of thirteen children. He began his industrial career as a thrower in a small potwork conducted by his elder brother; and at the potter's-wheel he might have toiled all his life but for an attack of virulent smallpox. Owing to gross neglect, this resulted in a disease in his right leg, which in a great degree unfitted him for his humble calling. When he returned to his work, the pain in his limb was so severe, that he was forced to rest it almost constantly upon a stool before him. As he grew older, the disease increased, and it was much intensified by a bruise or wound, which confined him to his bed for months, and reduced him to extreme debility. Eventually it was found necessary to resort to amputation. During the enforced leisure of his frequent illnesses, Wedgwood took to reading and thinking, and meditated much on the various ways of making a living by his trade, now that he could no longer labour at the potter's-wheel. He began by moulding potter's clay into various ornamental articles, endeavouring at the same time to acquire such a knowledge of practical chemistry as might enable him to improve the quality of his work in its colouring, glaze, and durability. Pursuing this object with the most untiring tenaciousness of purpose and the most rigorous self-denial, he advanced from stage to stage, until at last, as the consummation of thirty years' perseverance, he established on a firm basis a new branch of industry, and infused into it an artistic spirit. In all this he displayed the same qualities by which Newton mastered the theory of gravitation, by which Sir William Jones became the greatest Oriental scholar of his time.

Let us turn for a moment to the early career of Blaise Pascal. He was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, on the 19th of July, 1623. Almost from his cradle, says his sister, or as soon as he could speak, he gave evidence that he was endowed by nature with remarkable faculties, the questions he asked and the answers he gave being beyond his years; and his father, animated by the prospect of the splendid career which such a son might be destined to achieve, resolved to devote himself entirely to his education. For this purpose he established himself in Paris when Blaise was in his eighth year, and watched over his moral and intellectual training with extra-

WEDGWOOD AT WORK.

ordinary care. He guarded against his being prematurely forced, and made it a point that his lessons should never be of a nature to compel undue exertion. He did not allow him to begin Latin until he was twelve years old, but gradually instilled into his mind the principles of language, so that Blaise Pascal was well versed in the theory of grammar before he began to study any foreign tongue. The bias of his inclinations was early perceptible. Having remarked that glass when struck gives forth a long vibrating sound, but that when the hand touches the glass the sound ceases, he endeavoured to ascertain the reason, made numerous minute experiments, and embodied the results of his inquiries in a little treatise. The scientific researches of his father he also observed with keen delight, and it was remarked that he could not be satisfied until he knew the cause of every effect.

However, in accordance with the custom of the age, Blaise Pascal's father, disregarding this evident predisposition towards science, insisted on his applying himself to the study of Greek and Latin. The classics first, he said, and mathematics afterwards; an arrangement which greatly puzzled the boy, and led him to yearn after mathematics, as we all yearn after that which is forbidden. One day he put a question to his father respecting geometry. "Geometry," was the reply, "is that science which teaches the method of making exact figures, and of finding out the proportions they bear to each other." And to this definition he added a warning that Blaise was to think only of Homer and Virgil, and not to trouble himself about "exact figures." But Pascal could not stifle the aspirations of his genius; and in his leisure hours retired to an upper room, where, with a piece of charcoal, he endeavoured to describe triangles and circles, and to determine their relation to each other. He had been so rigorously debarred from scientific books, that he was ignorant of the proper names of the figures he drew. The circle he called "a round," and the straight line "a bar." Thus the boy's natural talent continued to assert itself, and he gradually arrived at a clear comprehension of those mathematical principles which most boys master only by the aid of books and professors, and after considerable vexation of spirit. One day, while he was thus engaged, his father entered his room, and surprised him in the midst of his work. To his questions Blaise replied

that he was endeavouring to make out such and such a thing; that is, unknown to himself, he was solving the 32nd problem in Euclid's first book. "And what made you think of that?" inquired his father. "Because I had found out this;" and he described what proved to be an earlier problem in Euclid. In this way, at his father's instigation, the boy went backward step by step, until he arrived at the axioms and definitions which form the foundation of geometrical science. The elder Pascal could no longer maintain a prohibition which was as evidently a war against nature as a dam across a river's current, and the boy was allowed to amuse himself with Euclid in his hours of recreation.

Thenceforward his progress was marvellously rapid. It is asserted that, at sixteen, he produced a treatise upon the Conic Sections which elicited the warm eulogium of no less eminent a philosopher than Descartes. At nineteen, he invented the arithmetical machine, at three-and-twenty he had won a world-wide reputation by his achievements in physical science. In determining the problem of the ascent of fluids in tubes by suction, or in ascertaining the weight of the atmosphere, his part was hardly that of a discoverer; but to him belongs the merit of correctly applying the data furnished by the ingenuity of Torricelli. With these abstruse topics, or with the extent of Pascal's achievements as a mathematician, it is not here our business to concern ourselves. Enough for us to show that they proceeded from the assiduity and intelligence of a mind engaged spontaneously on a subject to which it was naturally disposed.

We must glance for a moment at the religious aspect of Pascal's life and character. In his eighteenth year his constitution gave way beneath the pressure of his unremitting application, and to the day of his death he suffered from a complication of diseases, which were seriously aggravated by the rigorous asceticism he had adopted. Hence it came to pass that his physical sufferings, by suggesting to his resolute intellect a doctrine of voluntary martyrdom, exercised a reactionary influence on his spiritual consciousness. His rule of life increased in severity as that bodily pain increased in which it had originated. He was finally determined towards a life of religious devotion by a couple of accidental incidents. One day, when he was on a visit to his sister Jacqueline, the sermon bell began to ring,

His sister repaired to church, and he himself was induced to steal into it by another door. The preacher's discourse on this occasion related to the difficulties experienced on the threshold of the Christian life. It pointed out how persons of good intentions involve themselves in worldly cares, and thereby impede their progress towards eternal truth and miss the prize of their heavenly calling. Pascal applied to his own case the preacher's words, and understood them to embody a direct providential warning. A second and more emphatic warning was conveyed by his narrow escape from a terrible death. In a carriage drawn by four horses he was journeying to Neuilly, accompanied by several friends. It was a fête day, and a promenade was to take place upon the celebrated bridge, which was of great height, and at one place undefended by a parapet. Frightened by the crowd, the two leaders turned restive, broke from the control of the postilions, and, in their wild agitation, plunged over the unprotected bridge, and fell into the Seine. Happily, the traces snapped, and the carriage remained standing on the very edge. The frail constitution of Pascal was severely shaken by this adventure. He immediately fell into a swoon, and it was some time before he regained consciousness, while the impression made upon his mind was deep and enduring. He was frequently tortured by an idea of peril menacing him on the left side, and of an awful chasm yawning in that direction. It was on the left side of the bridge that the accident occurred. To this haunting apprehension Pascal seems to allude in the following passage :— "The greatest philosopher in the world, on a plank wider than the pathway which he chooses for his ordinary walk, will, should there be a precipice beneath, be entirely overcome by his imagination, even though his reason convince him of his security. Many could not endure even the thought of crossing such a plank without a wan face and a perturbed spirit."

From that date, October, 1654, Pascal almost entirely abandoned his secular studies. He strove, not unsuccessfully, to forget the charms of abstract and physical science; and devoted all his power of intellect, all his energy of character, and all his resoluteness of purpose, to the defence of Christianity and the service of God. Dean Church remarks that Pascal had felt, as keenly perhaps as man ever felt them, the triumphs of pure intellect in its clearness, its versatility, and its

strength. "He felt the immeasurable distance of mind and genius above all the greatness of outward and material things, above the pomp and glories of riches and power, above all physical perfection. Archimedes, he says, needed nothing of the grandeur of 'kings and captains and great men according to the flesh;' he won no victories, he won no crown, but he was great in his own great order of intellect: the mathematician's enthusiasm kindles at his name—'O how glorious was he to the intellectual eye!'—'*O qu'il a éclaté aux esprits!*'" But Pascal discovered that there was an order of greatness higher even than the intellectual. "The interval," he writes, "which is infinite, between body and mind, represents the infinitely more infinite distance between intellect and charity." To quote Dean Church again—"The strong and nimble mind which played with difficulties, and to whose force all resistance yielded, the soaring imagination, the ambition of the explorer on the traces of unthought-of knowledge, all that made and marked the matchless intellect of his time, the great generator, the great physicist, the great mechanist, master, too, of the keenest satire, and the most unapproachable felicity of language—he and all that he was bowed down before the unearthly greatness of charity, and confessed the sovereign and paramount excellence of moral perfection, the supreme claims of the moral law of goodness." The *man*, however, had not changed—only his *object*. The enthusiasm which he had formerly given to science he now consecrated to the service of spiritual truth.

Let us compare with Pascal a man of very different intellectual calibre and tastes, a thorough "man of business," and we shall see that in both the same moral qualities were conspicuous; the same devotion to a single aim, the same patient determination, the same profound consciousness of duty.

James Ewing was born in Glasgow on the 7th of December, 1775. In his early years he enjoyed the calm and happy influences of a religious home; and such was their power over him, that, while still a child, he would gladly undertake in his father's absence—not lightly, but with gravity and the solemnity due to the occasion—the conduct of family worship, exciting surprise by the propriety and richness of his devotional expression and style of address. He was no dull precisian, however, no precocious pharisee. He joined eagerly

BLAISE PASCAL.
THE ENTHUSIAST.

in the amusements of his comrades, and was as vivacious as he was happy. In his studies he was guided and assisted by one of his great-uncles, who is said to have been the original of Smollett's "good-natured usher" in "Roderick Random." Educated first at the High School and afterwards at Glasgow University, his clear intellect and steady determination enabled him to win the highest distinctions at both; and when he went out into the battle of life, he carried with him the same determination and capacity for work. For a couple of years he was employed in his father's office, mastering the complexities of bookkeeping. He was intended for an advocate, and had begun his legal studies, when, at the advice of some members of his family, he changed his designs and embraced a mercantile career.

At the early age of eighteen or nineteen James Ewing started in business as a wholesale sugar-dealer, and it was not long before Glasgow recognised in him one of the most active and resolute of her merchants. "Readiness, firmness, decision," says his biographer, "soundness of discretion, and the most conciliatory bearing, were in all his business movements, with a perspicuity of judgment that could see far through risks and dangers, and could with steadfastness guide him to avoid them, just as his own firmness of principle made him sure to shun whatever might tempt to any questionable course of action. It became the surprise of many among his fellow-citizens that one individual should be able to maintain full and perfect punctuality and the highest order in all the details of a business now grown into such extent and amount; and to his nearer friends, acquaintances, and more select associates, it was matter of still greater surprise that, when released from the toil and worryings of the day, he showed a buoyancy and hilarity of manner, and a relish for social and cheerful enjoyment, as if nothing had ever disturbed or burdened his mind, or had given colouring to his habit of thought, or broken in upon his constitutional equanimity."

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the events which marked a most prosperous career. He was one of the founders of the Glasgow, afterwards the Union, Bank; as well as of a Provident or Savings Bank, the first of its kind opened in Scotland. In all measures for the improvement of Glasgow he gave his heartiest assistance; and Glasgow, in return, bestowed upon him such honours as were within its means. He represented

his native city in the first reformed Parliament, but retired in 1834, as a preliminary to his absolute retirement from public life. He died in 1853, at the ripe age of seventy-eight.

For an illustration of the qualities which it has been our desire to recommend, we may refer the reader to the life of Dr. Goodsir, the anatomist, conspicuous as that of a man of almost unrivalled enthusiasm and energy. In his devotion to the work which he made his life-work he equalled Pascal. Even in the days of his prosperity he gave himself up with anxious singleness of purpose to his arduous studies. To avoid visitors he went to bed at half-past eight in the evening, and rose before five in the morning; in this way he accomplished five hours' work before Edinburgh had breakfasted. He lived in the most rigorously simple style, doing nearly everything for himself; the sofa of the day became his bed by night, so that he slept amidst his papers and special preparations, and could dress or turn to his studies without any risk of intruding domestics.

"He was in the habit," says Dr. Lonsdale, "of receiving letters from every man of note in anatomy and the natural sciences in Europe. He was viewed in an amiable light by all of them, and not a few showed him cordial friendship, if not the most confidential intimacy. Considering his reluctance to the epistolary form of writing—for he was a much worse example than Talleyrand in the way of putting off his replies from day to day and month to month—his correspondence is strikingly curious, as coming from all sorts and conditions of men; for example, Canongate artisans, county surgeons, English and Irish naturalists, and Scotch noblemen."

One who knew him writes: "His public teachings proved the worth of his religious principles; notwithstanding my previous knowledge of him, it needed the involuntary utterances of a deathbed to show me all the simplicity of mind and godliness of heart with which these principles had been fostered. As he had been an interpreter of God's works, he had been also a diligent student of His revealed Word, and a truly humble Christian.

"When the pleasure of meeting his class was denied him, he often spoke of his pupils; and, as he had conscientiously laboured to advance their studies, persuaded himself that some

of them would live to interpret his oral teachings and extend the knowledge of his philosophical views to another generation. The anticipation that his finished labours would stand the test of time, and that his outlined work would be filled up and coloured by those he had taught and indoctrinated so well, were like pleasant breathings, if not anæsthetic repose, to the Goodsir couch, and could not fail to lend a halo to the hopes of a reputation beyond the grave.

"As evidences of his philosophic, religious, and speculative leanings to the very last, he had placed on a table beside his bed a large folio copy of Sir Isaac Newton's works in five volumes, the Bible, and a work on Crystallography, with a tray of models to illustrate the intended publication of his views of organic form on a triangular basis."

Another writer says:

"There was no moderation in Goodsir's working, and not even the relaxation which change of pursuit favours to a certain extent. It was daily, dogged, downright labour; he used his body as if it were a machine, and his brains as if nervous matter could be supplied as readily as English coal to a furnace. He exhibited in his own person what is aptly designated the wear and tear of life, with every nerve in full tension as if for concert pitch. Scores of friends advised him, personally and by letter, to spare his energies; but Goodsir preferred to shun delights and live laborious days, took no heed of the morrow of life, and onward and for ever reflected his belief. He seemed buoyed up with a passionate fervour that would brook no delay, and no temporising with its aim and purpose."

Turning from these biographical sketches, and the lessons they have been intended to enforce, with the conviction that, if the reader do not profit by them, the fault will be in his failing to apply them, we proceed to collect a few notes and anecdotes in illustration of the various aspects of business.

That it has its romantic and attractive side is not always acknowledged; and yet it is true. In the life of every great merchant episodes occur which are as full of exciting interest or entertainment as any recorded in fiction. We may cite in confirmation of our remark the circumstances which attended the establishment of the once-celebrated financial house of the Barclays of London.

In 1761, George the Third, accompanied by his family, repaired to the house of David Barclay, a famous draper in Cheapside, to witness the civic glories of the Lord Mayor's show. In preparing for this visit, the Quaker spared no expense. The house was redecorated, new furniture was ordered, every apartment was splendidly fitted up, and the balcony, which commanded a good view of the procession, was hung with crimson silk and damask. Friend Barclay, however, would not allow his children to be attired otherwise than as became the grandsons and grand-daughters of Robert Barclay of Ury, the author of the "Apology;" and accordingly the sons appeared in the plainest cloth, and the ladies in the plainest silks, with "dressed black bonnets." When all things were in order, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, with their sons David and Jack, were appointed to receive the Royal Family below stairs, and to wait on them to the apartment specially designed for their accommodation. On the King's arrival they were introduced to him by the lords-in-waiting, and kindly received; the Quaker and all his sons, by an unusual stretch of the royal condescension, being allowed to kiss the King's hand without kneeling. After this, the sovereign saluted Mrs. Barclay and the girls, and the same honour was conferred on them by the Queen and others of the royal visitors. On the King's departure, he thanked Mr. Barclay for his entertainment, and politely apologised for the trouble that had been inflicted upon him. "This great condescension (I am told) so affected the old gentleman, that he not only made a suitable return to the compliment, but (like the good patriarchs of old) prayed that God would please to bless him and all his family, which was received by the King with great goodness." The King's farewell words are reported to have been, "David, let me see thee at St. James's next Wednesday, and bring thy son Robert with thee."

Accordingly (so runs the story), plain David Barclay and his son Robert, then a young man of twenty, attended the court levée; and on their approaching the royal presence, George the Third, with his usual indifference to conventionalities, descended from the throne, and giving the Friend a cordial grasp of the hands, welcomed him to St. James's. Many were the kind words he said both to father and son. In the course of the conversation he asked the Quaker what he intended to do with Robert; and, without pausing for a reply, continued—

"Let him come here, and I will find for him a profitable and honourable employment."

The cautious Quaker had no desire, however, to expose his son to seductive influences. With suitable apologies, and in a tone of great deference, he replied that he feared the air of the court would not agree with his son. The King was not used to so curt a rejection of the royal favour, but good-humouredly answered, "Well, David, well, well, you know best, you know best; but you must not forget to let me see you occasionally at St. James's."

Soon afterwards Robert was established as a banker in Lombard Street, and his rapid progress was purely owing to the constancy and solidity of the royal patronage. In 1781 he joined his friend Perkins in purchasing for £135,000 the great brewery of Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and thus was founded the world-known firm of Barclay & Perkins. Henry Thrale's father had originally been a clerk in the counting-house of a Southwark brewery, but through his admirable character and rare business qualities he had risen to be the head of the establishment. When the partners wished to retire, they sold to him the business and premises for £30,000, taking a lien on the property as security for the repayment. This sum was discharged within a short period, and in the course of years the elder Thrale amassed an enormous fortune. The younger Thrale, with the assistance of Mr. Perkins, greatly extended the business; and though at one time he jeopardised it by his unsuccessful speculations, at the time of his sudden death it was a property of immense value. By his will it was to have been carried on by Mrs. Thrale, conjointly with her executors, of whom Dr. Johnson was one; but various considerations led to its being disposed of by auction. On the day of sale, the author of "Rasselas" was present, with an ink-horn suspended to his button-hole. To a purchaser, who, mistaking him for the auctioneer, had asked his opinion of the value of the "plant" and appliances of the brewery, he is said to have replied, "Sir, we are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Mr. Barclay, with his friend Perkins, made an offer for the concern as it stood, and Mrs. Thrale closed with it delightedly. "Heaven," she said, "sent this good Quaker to buy it of us."

In the life of another rich London banker, Thomas Coutts, we meet with two or three incidents lying beyond the regions of commonplace. John Coutts, a merchant and bill-broker, and at one time Lord Provost of Edinburgh, had four sons, of whom the two youngest, James and Thomas, were brought up in their father's office. At the age of twenty-five James migrated to London, and settled in St. Mary Axe as a merchant, subsequently starting as a banker on the same spot, and, it is believed, in the same house, where the business of "Coutts' Bank" is still conducted. Some few years later (1760), he took his brother Thomas into partnership, and soon afterwards gave up to him the actual management of the establishment. He was seized with insanity in 1777, and died in the following year.

There was no insanity in Thomas Coutts, but there was certainly much of that eccentricity which goes so perilously near the partition line. Almost as soon as he assumed the reins in the great house in the Strand, he took to himself a wife, and that wife was a certain Elizabeth Starkey, one of his brother's servants, in whom, with a handsome face and a good temper, were united many "rustic virtues," unfortunately not too common among domestic servants of the present day. That she had an aspiring disposition is tolerably evident. It is said that shortly before her marriage, on a wet and dirty day, she was engaged in her household duties, when one of the bank clerks ran into the house, and was about to proceed upstairs to change his clothes. Betsy, stopping him, insisted that he should remove his shoes in order not to sully the newly-washed stair. The young man, annoyed at what he considered an impertinence, coolly stamped and scraped on each step as he ascended, so as to do his best to soil them. "Before long," shouted Betsy, "I'll make you pull off your shoes and stockings too, whenever I choose it." After the marriage, the clerk expected instant dismissal; but Mrs. Coutts was too good-natured to remember his offence. She proved herself by no means unworthy of the station to which she had been raised. Though her manners were unrefined, her natural parts were considerable, and she quickly profited by the education which her husband wisely provided for her. In a few short years she became in demeanour, as in intelligence, as much a gentlewoman as many of those ladies "who had been bred and

brought up in the lap of luxury and splendour." She bore three daughters to Mr. Coutts, and trained them with so much skill and care, that they were in every way fit ornaments of the aristocratic circles into which they were in due time admitted as the wives of Sir Francis Burdett, the Earl of Guildford, and the Marquis of Bute respectively.

Meanwhile the banking business, under the energetic direction of Thomas Coutts, prospered exceedingly. He did much to increase his connection by his system of giving regular dinner-parties to the commercial magnates of the metropolis. On one of these occasions a "City man," in the course of conversation, happened to state that a certain nobleman had that day applied to his house for a loan of £30,000, but had been refused. Mr. Coutts appeared at the time to take little notice of the fact; but no sooner had his guests departed than he hurried to the house of his Lordship, and inquiring for the steward, charged him to inform his master that if he would call on him in the morning he would have what he required. On the following morning the nobleman repaired to the bank. Mr. Coutts received him with great courtesy, and taking a roll of thirty thousand-pound notes from a drawer, placed it in his hands. "But what security am I to give you?" said his Lordship in great surprise. "I shall be satisfied with your Lordship's note of hand," was the reply. This was immediately given, and the nobleman continued, "I find I shall only require for the present £10,000 of the money. I therefore return you £20,000, with which you will be pleased to open an account in my name."

This prudently liberal act of Mr. Coutts met with the recompense he had doubtless anticipated. Before long the loan was repaid, and a deposit made of £200,000, the proceeds of a sale of some family estates which the loan had rendered possible. Moreover, the peer whom Coutts had so opportunely obliged recommended him warmly to several of the nobility; and having related the circumstance to George the Third, induced him to place considerable sums in Mr. Coutts's bank. It was thus that the house obtained that wide connection among the "upper classes" which it has ever since preserved; its business, if rumour may be trusted, being always conducted in a generous and honourable spirit.

In the management of his little kingdom Mr. Coutts paid the

most scrupulous attention to details. A careful balance was struck every evening of the day's transactions; and once, when a deficit of two shillings and tenpence was detected on the books being closed up, and compared with the state of the till, the clerks were detained all night until they discovered the error. Next morning, Mr. Antrobus, a junior partner, being informed of the discrepancy, explained that he had taken two shillings and tenpence out of the till to pay the postage of a foreign letter, and had omitted to enter the item.

The following is a true though romantic story :—

It appears to be the duty of the junior clerks in most houses to do the outdoor or collecting business; but when the day's transactions are heavy, it is undertaken by some of the upper clerks. On the day to which this anecdote refers, the amount to be collected on the Western circuit exceeded £17,000, and a Mr. L. was ordered to take that circuit. At the usual hour for the clerks to return, Mr. L. did not appear. Evening came, but no Mr. L. with it. Messengers were sent to his private lodgings and to all the settling-houses, but no information could be obtained. Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, and next morning London was placarded with a full description of the missing person and property, and a large reward offered for securing the defaulter. He made no appearance, however; but on the following morning one of the partners in the Southampton Bank arrived, bringing with him the note-case and bag containing every doit of the missing property. The tale he had to tell was sufficiently remarkable. The landlord of the inn, he said, at which the London mail put up, had called upon him about three o'clock on the previous day, and begged him to accompany him to his house, where a gentleman had made his appearance early in the morning, had gone to bed seemingly very ill, was, as he thought, in a dying state, and desired to make some communication relative to a large sum of money then in his possession. The partner repaired to the inn and had an interview with the supposed invalid, who said that he was a clerk in Mr. Coutts's house, that he had been out collecting, and that as he returned through Piccadilly he was seized with a stupor; a malady to which he had for the last four months been subject, owing, he supposed, to a contusion on the head received by a fall in some public gardens at Hackney. He added that

he could not explain how he had got to Southampton, except that immediately he found the stupor coming on, he had leapt into a coach standing close at hand with the door open, thinking it to be a hackney carriage, whereas it had proved to be the Southampton mail. He had continued insensible during the whole journey, and did not know where he was until the landlord told him. He now implored him, for God's sake, to send off an express, and inform the house of what had occurred. The firm gave directions that all their placards should be pasted over with bills acknowledging the recovery of the property, and stating that the delay had been occasioned only by sudden illness. There was a suspicion that the clerk had purposely gone down to Southampton, intending thence to make his way to the Continent, but finding the Guernsey boat gone, had devised a plan whereby to save himself from criminal proceedings. There was nothing, however, that could be proved against him; but as a person subject to such inopportune fits could not be safely intrusted with the responsible business of a banking-house, he was dismissed with a gift of a sum of money sufficient to secure him a comfortable annuity.

Mr. Coutts was liberal-handed, and no tale of distress was ever told to him in vain. He was also exceedingly hospitable, and took great pleasure in literary and theatrical society. His fondness for the stage led to his making the acquaintance of the celebrated actress, Harriet Mellon. In light comic characters she was very popular, though Leigh Hunt speaks of her as having no genius. She had, however, a fine person, intelligent eyes, and a good-humoured mouth, which did not belie her natural disposition. She made her first appearance on the stage as Lydia Languish in "The Rivals" in 1795, and her last as Audrey in "As You Like it" in 1815. In the latter year died Mrs. Coutts, who, since about 1787, had fallen into a state of imbecility, and had consequently been secluded from society. Within three months, the banker, who was then seventy-four years old, married Miss Mellon, his intimacy with her having been notorious for a considerable period. It is to be presumed that he found in her many qualities worthy of his respect and esteem; for during life he treated her with the fullest confidence, and at his death, which occurred in February 1822, at the age of ninety-one, he bequeathed to her the

whole of his personal and landed property, besides a very large share in the immense yearly profits of the banking-house. Many of our readers will remember that Mrs. Coutts in due time became Duchess of St. Albans; but she retained in her own hands the disposition of her vast fortune, and when she died, left it, in accordance, as was supposed, with her former husband's wishes, to his favourite grand-daughter, Miss, now the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Anything but commonplace were the circumstances which attended the early stages of the career of Jacques Lafitte, the celebrated French banker; and, indeed, that career, as a whole, was a striking proof that the successful conduct of business demands many of the qualities which raise men to greatness in the senate, the council, or the field, such as unsleeping vigilance, untiring patience, the highest prudence, keenness of perception, coolness of judgment, and that presence of mind which depends upon a well-founded self-reliance and boundless fertility of resource.

When the young Lafitte arrived in Paris in 1798, the object of his ambitious hopes was a stool in a banking-house; and in order to secure it he called upon M. Paregeaux, a rich Swiss banker, with a letter of introduction. This gentleman had just removed to the hotel of Mademoiselle Garnvard, which had been put up in a lottery by that fair and frail lady, and won by the fortunate banker. It was to this very elegant habitation—long ago demolished—that Jacques Lafitte paid his first visit in Paris, and planted his foot on the threshold of the dazzling Parisian world. The young provincial, "poor and modest, timid and anxious," entered by that gateway which, in the last century, had witnessed many a scene of dissipation and profuse splendour.

He was introduced into the boudoir of the danseuse, the banker having converted it into his private room, and proceeded to state with much modesty the reason of his visit. "It is impossible," replied the banker, "for me to take you into my establishment, at least for the present; every department has its full complement. Should I require help at a future time I will see what I can do for you, but in the meantime I would have you seek elsewhere, as it may be long before a vacancy occurs."

With a disappointed heart the young man left the hotel. As in dejected mood he slowly traversed the stately courtyard, he stooped to pick up a pin which glittered in his path, and carefully fastened it in the lappel of his coat. Little did he imagine that an action apparently so trivial was to decide his future fortune, and open up to him a stirring career; but it so chanced that M. Paregeaux had, from the windows of his cabinet, idly followed the young man's movements. A quick observer and a keen interpreter of human character from human actions, he detected in the slightest circumstance, which others would pass unnoticed, an infallible indication of motive or disposition. The conduct of the young provincial delighted him. It revealed to him the forethought and carefulness of the true man of business. He accepted it as a guarantee of order and economy, as a testimony to the possession of the qualities most valuable in a good financier. He felt convinced that a young man who, in a moment of disappointment, could stop to pick up a pin, would assuredly make a painstaking and scrupulous clerk, deserve his employer's confidence, and eventually attain to a prosperous position. In the evening of the same day Jacques Lafitte received the following note from the banker:—"A place is made for you in my establishment, of which you may take possession tomorrow morning."

It is almost needless to add that M. Paregeaux's anticipations were fulfilled to the letter. The young Lafitte made an excellent clerk, and, to orderly and economical habits, was soon discovered to add an enthusiastic love of work and a strong and steady brain. He rose to be cashier, then partner, and then head of the greatest banking-house in Paris. Engaging in political strife, he was returned to the French Legislature as a deputy, and acquired so much influence in Parliament and the country, that he was eventually appointed President of the Council of Ministers. In 1836 he founded the joint-stock bank which bears his name, and closed a long and busy life in May 1844. He left one daughter, who married the Prince of Moskowa, the son of Napoleon's favourite lieutenant, Marshal Ney, *le plus brave des braves.*

A sketch of the life of Gabriel Julian Ouvrard brings out the important character of the incidents which frequently mark

the life of the man of business. For half a century his name as that of the "Napoleon of Finance" was associated with the most colossal financial operations in Europe, in the conduct of which he astonished the world by the novelty and magnitude of his plans, the remarkable quickness of his perception, the wealth of his resources, the skilful audacity of his combinations, and the vigour and perseverance with which he executed the projects evolved by his daring genius. He lacked none of the qualifications of a great commander, not even success.

That he has claims to permanent renown as a financier is proved by the fact that he figured conspicuously in all the great events of the French Republic, the Consulate, the First Empire, the Hundred Days, the Bourbon Restoration, and the Revolution of 1830. After having passed unscathed through the fiery days of the Reign of Terror, and assisted in compassing the overthrow of the "sea-green incorruptible," Robespierre, he became "the banker of the Republic," with power to issue a paper currency of his own, recognised as a legal tender in payment of the taxes of the state. The capacities in which he appeared were as numerous as the characters assumed by a first-rate actor. At one time the associate of Barras, Talleyrand, and Cambacéres; at another, the worshipper of "Notre Dame de Bon Sécours." At one time the creditor of Bernadotte; at another, the confidential agent of Charles IV. of Spain. The intimate friend of Chateaubriand, the commissary-general of Napoleon at the camp of Boulogne and on the field of Waterloo, the host of Wellington at Paris, and himself the honoured guest of Pozzo di Borgo, Metternich and Louis XVIII., what remarkable men he knew! what confidences he received! in what stirring scenes he figured! The pages of the romancist can furnish us with nothing more eventful or sensational.

"By a special contract with Charles IV. of Spain," says an authority, "M. Ouvrard became the business-partner of his Majesty in the exclusive commerce of the Spanish possessions in the New World during the war with Great Britain. It was in reference to this contract, and while crumpling the document in his hand, that Napoleon observed to M. Ouvrard, in presence of the Council of Ministers, 'You have lowered royalty to the level of commerce.' Whereupon M. Ouvrard, to the

surprise of all present, replied, in a firm but respectful tone, 'Sire, commerce is the life-blood of states; sovereigns cannot do without commerce, but commerce can do very well without sovereigns.'

"M. Ouvrard lived to a very advanced age, using moderately the bounties and luxuries of affluence with which he was surrounded. The philosophical equanimity of his mind, and the iron frame in which it was cast, served him in all his varied experiences. His elegance of manner, dignified serenity of countenance, and the graceful charm of his advanced years, rendered his presence both illustrious and attractive. He was naturally indulgent, kind-hearted, condescending, and, like all thorough men of the world, inclined to treat with lenity the inexperience and errors of his fellows, and especially of his juniors. His memory was wonderfully retentive, and his conversation, founded on a vast experience of men and things, was rich in information and sparkling in wit, and without any affectation. Some of his transactions, however, cast a cloud upon the integrity of his business dealings, at least during one portion of his remarkable career."

Going back to the Middle Ages, we find romance and commerce blended in the history of the merchant prince of Bruges, Jacques Cœur. Born about the end of the fourteenth century, in the ranks of the people, he made choice at an early age of a mercantile career, and by his wonderful intellectual vigour, enterprise, and foresight, soon acquired an immense fortune. But he was something more than a successful merchant, he was a national benefactor. He found the commerce of France behind that of every other country, but by his exertions and example raised it to a condition of the highest prosperity. To him is due the credit of the idea of direct and speedy communication with the East; an idea, however, not fully realised until our own time. Nevertheless, his dealings with Oriental countries were on a large scale. In the Mediterranean he acquired more commercial power than all the rest of the European merchants put together. His vessels were everywhere respected as though he had been a sovereign prince. They carried his flag on every sea and into every port; and from furthest Asia they brought back cloths of gold and sheeny silk, furs, arms, spices, and ingots of gold and silver, still augmenting

his mighty stores, until all Europe rang with the fame of his unparalleled opulence. At one time three hundred factors were in his employ. "As rich as Jacques Cœur" became a proverb. There were not wanting those who believed that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and popular tradition, exaggerating the amount of precious metals accumulated in his coffers, asserted that his horses were shod with silver.

It has been justly said that he proved himself worthy of his success by the liberality with which he gave to noble objects. For Charles VII., who had made him his Master of the Mint, he raised three armies at his own cost; and, in his office as Argentier, he recruited and reorganised the finances of the kingdom. The French were enabled to turn to such excellent account the heroic enthusiasm of Jeanne Darc through the resources he placed at their disposal; he became, in the fullest sense of the word, the national banker. By his frank and cordial sympathy and his firm sagacious counsel he sustained "the tender and brave soul of Agnes Sorel, the noblest of royal mistresses, in her efforts to save the king." On her deathbed she chose him for her executor.

Strong as he was and firm of heart, Jacques Cœur was not exempt from human weakness, which showed itself in his love of personal magnificence. The splendour of his household and the brilliant ostentation he affected raised against him many enemies among the haughty nobles of France, who saw with indignation the presumption of "the Merchant of Bruges" in outshining and surpassing them in the number and equipments of his retinue, the bravery of his attire, and the costliness of his banquets. When Charles made his triumphant entry into Rouen after the expulsion of the English, the merchant Jacques Cœur rode by the side of Dunois the peerless, clothed in armour precisely similar to his. We need not be surprised at the result. In 1450 a conspiracy was formed against him by Antoine de Chabannes and others, at whose suggestion he was arrested on the absurd charge of having poisoned Agnes Sorel, was cast into prison, and subjected to the foulest treatment. The King, with truly royal ingratitude, abandoned his loyal and patriotic servant to the malice of his enemies, and took no steps to punish their disregard of law and justice. In 1453 a packed tribunal pronounced him guilty, and he was condemned to pay a fine of four millions of crowns,

to be imprisoned until the fine was paid, and then expelled the kingdom. The remainder of his property was seized by his judges and shared as plunder. Two years later, through the faithfulness and dexterity of one of his agents, Jacques was conveyed to Rome, where he was warmly welcomed by Pope Nicholas V. Having abated nothing of his old heroic spirit and enthusiastic daring, he obtained in 1456 the appointment of captain-general of the forces of the Church against the infidels, proceeded with a fleet to the relief of the Greek isles, then menaced by the Turks; but at Chio he was seized with an illness which speedily proved fatal.

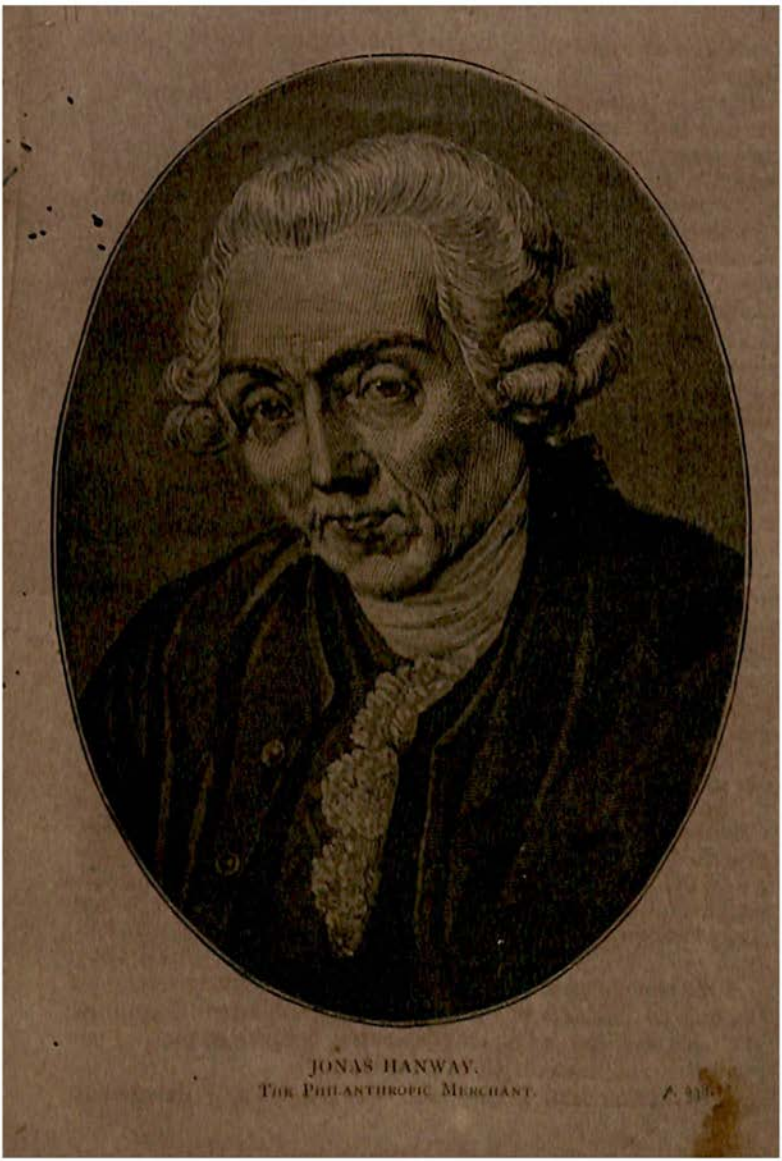
Not less adventurous, though he lived in a tamer age, when the exploits of a Jacques Cœur had become impossible, was the philanthropic merchant, Jonas Hanway. In every record of "Men of Daring," or "Men who have Risen," he ought assuredly to occupy a foremost place. The son of a Portsmouth storekeeper, and born in 1712, he was left an orphan at an early age. His mother, with her little family, removed to London, and did her best to give them a decent education. At seventeen Jonas obtained an apprenticeship in the establishment of a Lisbon merchant, to whose favourable notice his assiduous discharge of his duties and his strict sense of honour quickly recommended him. Afterwards we find him a partner in a mercantile house at St. Petersburg, which had embarked in the Caspian trade. In order to develop its business, he visited Russia, and after a brief sojourn at St. Petersburg, joined a caravan which was setting out for Persia with a considerable load of English cloth. From Astracan he crossed the Caspian to Astrabad, but an insurrection breaking out, his bales were seized, and though he eventually recovered the greater portion of them, his enterprise was, on the whole, a failure. Information was secretly conveyed to him of a design to seize himself and his property, whereupon he embarked on the Caspian, and, after a dangerous voyage, reached Ghilan in safety. In later life he commemorated his escape by a curious device which was emblazoned on his carriage. It represented a man in Persian dress, just landed in a storm on a rugged coast, and supporting himself on his sword in an attitude of calm resignation. In the background might be seen a boat tossed about by angry waves, and in the fore-

ground an armorial shield bearing the sanguine motto, "Never despair."

For five years longer Hanway remained at St. Petersburg, carrying on a lucrative business. In 1750, having acquired a competency, and a relative having left him an estate, he returned to England, for the purpose, as he himself expressed it, of consulting his own health, which was extremely delicate, and doing as much good to himself and others as he was able. To the last he retained an honest pride in the profession to which he had belonged, and was fond of expatiating on the usefulness of the merchant, "a character for which he entertained great reverence." While by no means insensible to the pleasures of society, he devoted the greater part of his income for the remainder of his life to works of benevolence. His inexhaustible energy was brought to bear on every public improvement, and while he found time to attend to the repair and cleaning of the streets of London, he assisted largely in the foundation of the Marine Society for training and fitting out volunteers and boys to serve in the mercantile and the royal navy. The Foundling Hospital, established by Captain Coram, owed much of its prosperity to his active and prudent management. His labours on behalf of the children of the poor should never be forgotten. In this field he was almost the first worker, and his exertions were as unremitting as they were wisely directed. Such was the sense entertained by the public of his long and valuable labours in the cause of charity, that a deputation from the principal merchants of London waited on the Earl of Bute while Prime Minister, and requested him to bestow upon Mr. Hanway some signal mark of the general esteem; and accordingly he was appointed to a Commissionership of the Navy, which he held for twenty years. He died in London in 1786, bequeathing to the mercantile world the legacy of a noble example, and the record of a life which had abundantly shown that business does not necessarily deaden the gentler sympathies.

That benevolence is no unusual feature of the character of the man of business might be shown by a thousand examples. We take one from an American source, because to most of our readers it will have an air of novelty.

Many years ago, a boy, who was passionately devoted to



JONAS HANWAY.
THE PHILANTHROPIC MERCHANT.

music, dreamed of it, and lived for it, found his way into a certain large establishment in Boston, where his favourite instruments were manufactured. Entering the extensive saloons in which numbers of these instruments were exhibited for sale, he sought out a quiet corner, and seating himself at a magnificent piano, first looked round to be sure that he was neither seen nor heard, and then began to play some of Beethoven's beautiful waltzes which were within the range of his capacity, and at the same time responded to his feelings. Absorbed in a dream of melody, he did not for some time observe that a person had approached him, and was listening while he played. At last a benevolent face bent over him, and a kind voice uttered words of praise and encouragement, which, being the first he had ever received, sent the warm blood to his cheeks. The proprietor of the establishment (for it was he) then asked the boy if he would like to come and live among the pianos, and exhibit their qualities to intending purchasers; offering him, in fact, an engagement as a pianist. But the boy had to remember his books and his school, and with many thanks declined the proposition.

Years passed away. The boy left school, and threw aside his books. He still retained his deep love of music, and it chanced one day that he found himself again in the pianoforte manufacturer's spacious showrooms. He had just ceased playing upon one of the finest instruments, and was looking dreamily out of an adjacent window, and into the dim vistas of the future. Again a person quietly approached him, and in a pleasant and musical voice began to speak. The person before him was of small stature, wore the dress and had the manners of a gentleman, though the contrast was strange between his well-worn black clothes and splendid diamond pin, and the clean white apron of a workman, which he also wore. We need hardly say that it was the proprietor of the establishment again, who, wealthy as he was, had his own little working cabinet, with an exquisite set of tools, and there gave "the finishing touch"—a task he specially reserved for himself—to each of his beloved instruments. Of the young man, whom he had recognised, he inquired, in the course of conversation, what were his plans for life. He found that, as yet, they were vague and undetermined. The young man confessed that his passion for music had not abated, but that his friends seemed

to wish and expect him to enter one of the learned professions. He, however, had sometimes thought that if he could have gone to Italy or France to study, he would have devoted himself to music. His father had given him his education and his blessing, and could give no more. He must therefore fight the battle of life unaided, and of music must hardly allow himself to think.

In his quietest tones, the proprietor, as though making an ordinary remark, rejoined, "Well, but if the sum of five hundred dollars a year for a period of four years would enable you to fulfil your wishes, I could easily be your banker to that extent."

The young man almost staggered with surprise, and for a moment the world seemed to grow dim before him. When he recovered himself, there was the same quiet gentleman standing beside him, and looking pleasantly out of the window.

Two months afterwards the young man sailed for Europe, where he spent the allotted time, and a still longer period, his successful compositions providing him with the means. And whatever of artistic knowledge and scientific culture, and whatever of success in life and in his work afterwards appertained to the most eminent of the musical composers of America, must be ascribed, and always was by himself ascribed, to the generous pianoforte manufacturer of Boston, Mr. Chickering.

Does the reader understand the purport of the present chapter? If so, he will see that it has its right and proper place in this volume. We have been engaged in the preceding chapters in commenting on the virtues by which success in life is to be achieved, and in dwelling upon and illustrating the value of business qualities and business habits. In the present, we have brought forward the leading details of the careers of some famous men of business in order to show that they displayed these qualities and profited by these habits. A curious prejudice prevails among the middle class against business as something vulgar, degrading, and sordid. We have sought, on the contrary, to show that the principal merits of a man of business are precisely those which lead men to reputation in art, literature, or science, in law or divinity, in the senate or the field. And we have pointed out that the pursuit of business, or, as it is familiarly called, money-getting, is by no

means incompatible with the cultivation of the domestic affections, of generous and gentle sympathies. Lastly, we have aimed at enforcing upon the mind of the reader the truth that business has its romantic and interesting side, and that the man who gives himself up to it as to his life-work will have no cause to complain of a want of interesting and stimulating elements. And the moral of it all is this, that the work we have to do is the best work, and the work that ought to be done; and that the honour and the reward will lie in doing it with all our heart, and all our soul, and all our mind,—not complaining of it as beneath our powers,—not repining because it is other than we wished it to be,—not reproaching ourselves because of our calling, but if it do not dignify us, taking care that we dignify it. For, as the late George Dawson says, "God has put men and women where He knew it was best for them to be. He has planted them among work and work-a-day working people. He has so planted them that in work they may find worship; in truth, perfection; in trial, comfort; in weakness, strength; in life, heaven; and in death, life. This is the sum of the Gospels, the lesson of toil."

The young man destined to a commercial life may console himself, if he be so pitiful a creature as to need consolation in such a case, with the eulogium upon trade pronounced by an Englishman of letters. "If we consider our own country in its natural prospect," writes Addison, "without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what an uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than a star, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalised in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the taste of our own country if they were wholly neglected by the planter and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices and

oils and wine; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china and coloured with workmanship of Japan; our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. The vineyards of France are our gardens, the Spice Islands our hotbeds, the Persians are our weavers, and the Chinese our potters. [This was written, we may remind the reader, in 1711, before the days of Arkwright and Wedgwood.] Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his work for riches. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone are warmed with the fleeces of our sheep. When I have been upon 'Change, I have oftened fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men who, in his time, would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories,[1] has given us a kind of additional empire, it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves."

Mr. Fox Bourne has written a careful book upon our "English Merchants," and a glance at its contents teaches us very vividly how honourable business may be made by a man of honour, and what scope it presents for energy and enterprise to a man of daring. When we read of such worthies as Sir

[1] This is no longer true. England owes British India, and many of her most important dependencies, to her traders.

Thomas Gresham, Sir Josiah Child, Sir Hugh Mydleton, Sir Dudley North; of such men as Humphrey Cheetham of Manchester, Edward Colston of Bristol, and Matthew Boulton of Birmingham; of such men as the Barings, the Gladstones, William Brown, James Ewing, the Barclays, the Gurneys, Fairbairn, Brassey, and George Moore, we feel that the annals of trade are scarcely less plentifully studded with noble names than those of art or literature, the "services" or the professions. If peace have its victories no less renowned than war, so have the pursuits of peace their heroes. He is said to be the truest patriot who can make two blades of corn grow where only one grew before. But he may also claim to be a patriot who helps to maintain that grand fabric of commercial enterprise so indissolubly associated with the fame and fortune of England.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RACE AND THE ATHLETE.

"So run that ye may obtain."—*S. Paul.*

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes; to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend."

"Live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."
—*Tennyson*

"We shall not perish yet.
If God so guide our fate,
The nobler portion of ourselves shall last
Till all the lower rounds of life be past,
And we, regenerate."
—*Songs of Two Worlds.*

"Every man has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself."—*Gibbon.*

"A man so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of—whose intellect is a clear, cold logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working-order, ready like a steam-engine to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind."—*Professor Huxley.*

"The body has its rights, and it will have them. They cannot be trampled upon or slighted without peril. The body ought to be the soul's best friend, and cordial, dutiful helpmate."—*Guesses at Truth.*

CHAPTER VII.

IF we would run the race of life so as to "obtain" the prize, we must submit to a course of strenuous self-preparation. The athlete before he enters on his struggle undergoes a rigorous training. The soldier is useless for the purposes of war until he has learned to submit himself to discipline. Who are we that we should take up our life-work before we have made any efforts to fit ourselves for it? We all of us need preparation, and preparation which may be said to assume three aspects—the physical, the intellectual, the spiritual. On each of these it may be useful to say a few plain words.

1. *Physical.*—The relations between the body and the soul are such that the condition of the former closely affects the well-being of the latter. It is a matter of Christian duty to attend to the physical health because the spiritual depends so largely upon it. The mind is often strong enough to conquer the body, and to assert its supremacy over the influences of disease; but, as a rule, an enfeebled or diseased physical frame means an enfeebled or diseased intellect, a weakened judgment, a disordered imagination. It may be that the mind prevails against the body, with all its maladies, for months or years, but suddenly there comes a time when the flesh conquers, and the spirit gives way unexpectedly. Some of Napoleon's later defeats have been with justice attributed to the baneful effects of an aggravated dyspepsia. Many an outburst of irritability and ill-temper is explained by a disordered stomach. Time was when it was thought an admirable thing to treat the body as a worthless and despised slave; when the student was exhorted to burn the midnight oil to the imminent ruin of his constitution; when, in truth, the pallid countenance, the bowed

shoulders, and the shrunken limbs, were regarded as the outward and visible signs of genius. It seemed to be almost a belief that no man could be a poet whose cheek did not flush with the hectic of consumption, or a scholar whose brow was not haggard with unhealthy vigils. The expression "rude health" has a significance in this direction which must not be overlooked. The popular opinion was that muscles and mind were absolutely antagonistic, and that a good cricketer must necessarily be a bad Ciceronian. The reversion to a more sensible view is owing in no small degree to the wise preaching of Kingsley and other prophets of muscular Christianity, and to the better understanding that now obtains of the mysterious interdependence of body and soul. It is now seen that a system which produces Henry Kirke Whites cannot be described as a successful system. It is now felt that the culture of the body is, in fact, an important part of the education of the mind; that the body has rights which must be respected, if we would not goad it into rebellion. A man does not think the less deeply or judge the less clearly because he can walk, and row, and ride, and leap, and swim. The pale, sickly student, who sits up o' nights, and allows the rosy dawn to surprise him at his studies, makes a very pretty figure in poetry, but no figure at all in real life. In the long-run stamina prevails, and he is hopelessly out-distanced by his more prudent and healthier competitors. "There is an organisation," says Henry Ward Beecher, "which we call the nervous system in the human body,"—he who neglects it will soon have indisputable proof of its existence!—"to which belong the functions of emotion, intelligence, sensation, and it is connected intimately with the whole circulation of the blood, with the condition of the blood as affected by the liver, and by aeration in the lungs. The manufacture of the blood is dependent upon the stomach; so a man is what he is, not in one part or another, but all over. One part is intimately connected with the other, from the animal stomach to the throbbing brain, and when a man thinks, he thinks the whole trunk through." That these are truths, and vital truths, any physiologist will assure the reader, and the sooner he comes to acknowledge their importance the better it will be for him. "Man's power comes from the generating forces that are in him, namely, the digestion of nutritious food into vitalised blood, made fine by oxygenation,

an organisation by which that blood has free course to flow and be glorified, a neck that will allow the blood to run up and down easily, a brain properly organised and balanced, the whole system so compounded as to have susceptibilities and recuperative force, immense energy to generate resources, and facility to give them out—all these elements go to determine what a man's working power is."

The biography of great men reads us a clear and unmistakable lesson on this point. The men who have succeeded are the men of tough fibre, strong frame, remarkable powers of endurance, and steady nerve. It is not to be denied that heroic things have sometimes been done by heroes of weak bodies and feeble health. We do not forget that Pascal was an invalid at eighteen; that Shelley was of the frailest and most susceptible organisation; that Pope was of weak health and deformed person, and so short that his chair had to be raised to place him on a level with the rest of the company at table; or that William III. was a martyr to asthma. Yet, rightly looked at, these cases do but confirm and strengthen our argument. Had Pascal been gifted with a sturdy frame, he might have completed that *magnum opus* of which he has left only the skeleton. Had Pope been healthy and robust, his poetry would have gained in wholesomeness and geniality. And Shelley's ideal music would have had more substance if his organisation had been less acutely susceptible. A healthy poet, like Wordsworth, writes healthy poetry. The manliness, the vigour, the vitality of the songs of Burns are partly due to the fact that he walked

> "In glory and in joy
> Behind his plough upon the mountain-side."

Chaucer was a man of thews and muscle, who, when some London citizens wronged him—

> "Prepared his body for Mars his doing,
> If any contrairied his saws."

Æschylus carried his sword and shield into the thick of the fight at Salamis. Byron swam across the Hellespont, and the vigour of his limbs infused vigour into his verse. The masculine, copious, and elastic diction of Dryden consorts with the strength and energy of his physical organisation. He must

have been sixty-seven years old when he wrote his "Alexander's Feast," of which Hallam justly says, that "every one places it among the first of its class, and many allow it no rival."

It has been well said that in every calling men need that sturdy vigour, that bodily strength and agility, which, to a certain extent, are within their own command, and without which mental culture leads only to disappointment and mortification. In sculpture, take Canova and Gibson; in painting, the glorious Rubens, with his exultant vitality; Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, our own Turner, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Among orators, we may point to Curran, Webster, and Gladstone, the last of whom amuses his leisure by felling trees. Among statesmen, we find Bismarck described as "very tall, of enormous weight, with every part of his gigantic frame well-proportioned." That work does not kill healthy men, was exemplified in Lyndhurst, who spoke with vigorous eloquence in the House of Lords at the age of ninety; in Palmerston, who ruled with a firm and even hand when an octogenarian; in Brougham, whose activity was incessant long after he had passed the rubicon of threescore and ten. As to divines, we know that Calvin had a stout chest of his own, and John Knox would have been no contemptible antagonist in a wrestle. Hugh Latimer was a man of fine thews and muscle. Isaac Barrow, in his youth, was a sturdy pugilist. John Bunyan, like Whitefield, was gifted with extraordinary powers of endurance; and Wesley could never have organised his great religious community had he not been capable of arduous and continuous labour. Andrew Fuller, when a farmer's boy, was skilled in boxing, and in later life carried his skill into polemics; and Adam Clarke, when a lad, could "roll large stones about" as easily as he afterwards disposed of a difficult proposition in theology.

It is noteworthy how many eminent men have sprung from the labouring class, and we can hardly doubt that their success in life was largely influenced by the physical exercise of their early years. Ben Jonson worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn with a book in his pocket and a trowel in his hand, and the sturdiness of his frame is reflected, so to speak, in the sturdiness of his character. Hugh Miller, the journalist and geologist, laboured as a stone-mason. John Hunter, the distinguished physiologist, handled hammer and chisel in his early years; and Opie the painter was also in his youth appren-

ticed to a carpenter. George Stephenson began life in a coal-pit, and on one occasion defeated in a hand-to-hand fight "Ned Nelson, the fighting pitman of Callerton," and the bully of the whole district. His achievements in his more prosperous manhood are attributed by his biographer to his having been trained in a hard school, so that he could bear with ease "conditions which, to men more softly nurtured, would have been the extreme of physical discomfort." "Many, many nights he snatched his sleep while travelling in his chaise, and at break of day he would be at work, surveying until dark, and this for weeks in succession. His whole powers seemed to be under the control of his will, for he could wake at any hour, and go to work at once."

We are inclined to believe that De Foe owed much of the masculine energy of his intellect to the out-of-door training of his youth. Bunyan began life as a tinker, *sub jove;* Bewick, the prince of wood engravers, in a coal-mine. Vauquelin, the chemist, was the son of a peasant in the Calvados. Hodson of Hodson's Horse, one of the most brilliant of our Anglo-Indian cavaliers, admitted that his success in India was due physically speaking, to "a sound digestion," and this sound digestion he owed to the athletic habits of his youth. Professor Wilson, the well-known "Christopher North" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," was a devoted lover of athletic pastimes to the last, and we are sure that the ripe exuberance of his thought and style, his vivacity and his enthusiasm, came from the bodily vigour, the animal robustness, which was preserved by long walks, tramping over heath and fell, and much fishing. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, asserts that he found hard labour *necessary* to make him study successfully, and more than once abandoned his books and returned to his forge and anvil to secure the *mens sana in sano corpore.* We do not wonder that Wordsworth addressed some thoughtful verses to the "Spade of a Friend," for he doubtless knew that his friend had gained health and happiness by the frequent use of that honourable implement. He exclaims—

"Who shall inherit thee when death has laid
Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord?
That man will have a trophy, humble spade—
A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword!

"If he be one that feels, with skill to part
False praise from true, or greater from the less,
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

"With thee he will not dread a toilsome day,
His powerful servant, his inspiring mate;
And, when thou art past service, worn away,
Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

"His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;
An *heirloom* in his cottage wilt thou be:
High will he hang thee up, and will adorn,
His rustic chimney with the last of thee!"

The spade is fully worthy of the homage paid to it by the poet. If some of our men of letters, our merchants, our traders, our young men, would handle it a little now and then, the air would be less loaded with sighs and complaints, and our ears less fatigued with homilies on the vanity of life! If a man have an attack of despondency, and feel an inclination to rail at fate, let him grasp his spade, as Ruskin advises, sally forth into his garden, and do an hour's good digging. He will return to his books or his business with renewed hope and recruited energy. Every man should be his own gardener, if no other out-of-door pursuit be within his reach.

Daniel Webster said of the English people that their flag waved on every sea and in every port, and that the morning drum-beat of their soldiers, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circled the earth "with one continual, unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." This position of superiority is to be explained by the hardy virtues of the race and the freedom of their institutions, but also, in no small degree, by the courage, pluck, and daring fostered by their athletic habits. Whether it be true or not that Wellington, when watching the boys at Eton engaged in their usual sports in the playfield, remarked, "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won," it is not doubtful that the national prowess has been encouraged and developed by the national love of boating, cricketing, wrestling, sporting, and every exercise which has in it an element of risk and makes a demand on the capacity of endurance. The hardiness acquired in the playground is turned to good account in the senate chamber and the battle-field. So keen is the devotion of the

Englishman to what he fondly calls the national sports, that he carries them with him wherever he goes, and plays cricket under the burning skies of India. A boat-race on the Thames attracts thousands of excited spectators, who cheer the winners as if they had done some high service to their country. Gymnastic games will always draw a crowd, and a football scrimmage awaken as much enthusiasm as the news of a great victory. No doubt this passion for the athletic has its dangerous side, and has tended to give to purely physical exercises an undue predominance in the curriculum of our schools and colleges. But on the whole its influence has been wholesome. The sound body brings with it the sound mind, and in every wise system of education provision will be made for its hygiene. The athlete who would run the race with honour must have steady nerves and a healthy digestion. It is related of Cicero that, at one period of his life, overwork had brought with it its usual consequence, an attack of dyspepsia, which completely overcame him. The orator, instead of resorting to physicians and physic, repaired to Greece, entered the gymnasium of Athens, for two years observed its regimen strictly, and then returned to Rome with both mind and body in perfect health. And it has been well said that the intellectual power of the two great Greek philosophers, Aristotle and Plato, arose in a large degree from that harmonious education in which the body was not less consulted than the mind. That the Stagyrite influenced the world of thought to the day of Bacon, and that the author of the "Phædon" still charms and quickens the imagination of the West, can be explained by the fact that both were men not only of the highest genius, but of genius happily set, and that the clear current of their ideas was never perturbed or impeded by the action of corporeal infirmities.

"To do his work cheerfully and well," says a writer, "every professional man needs a working constitution, and this can be got only by daily exercise in the open air. The atmosphere we breathe is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe, the most elaborately finished of all the Creator's works—the rock of ages disintegrated and prepared for the life of man. Draughts of this are the true stimulants, more potent and healthful than champagne or cognac, 'so cheap at the custom-house, so dear at the hotels.' The thorough aeration of the blood by deep inhalations of air, so as to bring it into contact

with the whole breathing surface of the lungs, is indispensable to him who would maintain that full vital power on which the vigorous working-power of the brain so largely depends. Sydney Smith tells public speakers that if they would walk twelve miles before speaking they would never break down. The English people understand this, and hence at the Universities boat races, horseback rides, and two-mile walks, are practically a part of the educational course. English lawyers and members of Parliament acquire vigour of body and clearness of head for their arduous labours by riding with the hounds, shooting grouse on the Scottish moors, throwing the fly into the waters of Norway, or climbing the Alpine cliffs. Peel, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Campbell, Bright, Gladstone—nearly all the great political and legal leaders, the prodigious workers at the bar and in the senate—have been full-chested men, who have been as sedulous to train their bodies as to train their intellects. If our American leaders," says this writer, "accomplish less, and die earlier, it is because they neglect the care of the body, and put will-force in the place of physical strength."

This is not a "Manual of Health" or a book of medical advice, and therefore we shall attempt no detailed explanation of the hygienic system by which the "sound body" may be built up. The first consideration is temperance, and the second is open-air exercise. As to the first, we mean by it a steady control of all the appetites. All excess is dangerous and sinful. Deviations from the Divine law of purity are even more heinous and hurtful than immoderate enjoyment of the pleasures of the table. Be temperate in all things. "Eat that you may live," as the old adage puts it, "and not live that you may eat." However, in denouncing intemperance, our moralists have generally in view the vice of drunkenness, and it is the prolific parent of so many other vices that their exclusive vehemence may well be forgiven. What good can be expected from a brain sodden with wine, fired and wasted by alcohol? To what standard is it possible for a man bemused with beer to rise? We do not desire to enforce the tenets of teetotalism, but the strictest temperance in the use of alcoholic liquors we must plainly put forward as indispensable to a healthy and honourable life. Intoxication has ruined many a career of promise. Whether a glass of wine or a glass of beer once or twice a day be or be

not allowable, or even for some constitutions beneficial, it is not our province here to argue. The question is one to be decided on physiological as well as on moral grounds, and we have not the space to enter into it. But we can express our belief that the man who finds that he can work upon water only would be a fool if he took anything else! Let him be thankful for the clear brain and cool judgment that water-drinking brings with it, and seek in their unrestrained exercise that enjoyment which so many unwisely seek in the wine-cup. Water will never destroy him, but, unless he has an iron will, he can never be secure against wine or spirits. The first glass may lead him on to a second, and thence he may advance to the bottle, until, at last, he awaken to find himself cast down from his throne of manhood by the demon of drunkenness!

The second consideration is open-air exercise. Here, again, we do not pretend to lay down any rules. One man may walk his twelve or sixteen miles a day; for another, five or six will amply suffice. The amount must depend on a man's physical condition. For our own part, we advocate regular and moderate daily exercise, throughout the year, rather than such "spurts" as vacation walking-parties, or climbing Ben Nevis, or a week's boating excursion. No man should be in the open air less than two hours a day; if possible, the two should be extended into four. We strongly recommend walking as the healthiest, and, on the whole, most pleasant exercise; but the reader is free to alternate it with riding, leaping, fishing, swimming, shooting, if he will. What he has to remember is, first, that his exercise must be proportioned to the amount of his sedentariness; and next, that it is intended to refresh, and not to fatigue, the body. The walk or ride, whenever feasible, should have an object, and will be none the less beneficial for the presence of a sensible companion. Again, we say, be temperate. Immoderate exercise as surely shatters the intellect and breaks down the body as immoderate study. When a man begins to feel fatigued, he should immediately give up.

With proper care, a good brisk walk may be made to act like a tonic; to give a fillip to the brain, and to pour fresh hope into the heart, and even to purify and strengthen the soul. But then it must be made in pleasant scenery, or in company with a well-informed friend, or directed towards some point of interest. It must be *enjoyable* exercise, so that the mind may

benefit as well as the body, the imagination acquiring a new power and freshness, the fancy gaining a new stimulus. Nothing seems to us drearier or less beneficial than the "daily constitutional" which at Bath or Tunbridge Wells the chalybeate water-drinker punctiliously performs. Doing sentry duty in front of a dead wall must be as inspiriting as a task! It is only when a man keeps his eyes open, and has a lively perception of the beauties of nature or the various aspects of humanity, that he can make a "constitutional" endurable. It is a truism, however, that intellectual and moral as well as physical health can be maintained only by *regular* exercise.

Let the exercise, we repeat, be moderate. Proportion the burden to the strength of the back that bears it. Do not recommend to the man of fifty an achievement which would be arduous for the youth of twenty, or to the victim of a sedentary career the "over-country gallop" suitable for a fox-hunting squire. Some students seem of opinion that the best way to counteract the evil effects of inordinate mental exercise is by taking excessive physical exercise; but that is simply to burn the candle at both ends. The body, after suffering from the depression of the exhausted mind, is set to perform a task considerably above its strength, and, as a necessary consequence, avenges itself upon the delicate creature which is at once its slave and its master. We know a case of a student who, having victoriously passed a difficult examination after nights and days of arduous study, set out—"to pick himself up," as he said—on a week's pedestrian excursion. For six days he walked his score of miles a day, and on the seventh was laid up with brain fever. Like everything else, exercise is a capital thing, but you may have too much of it. Many men have unconsciously sown the seeds of premature decay in their constitutions by mountain-climbing or excessive riding, just as the boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge has injured for life many a stalwart young oarsman by the severity of the training enforced upon the selected competitors. We are not at all sure that neglect of exercise is more injurious than the intemperate use of it; for the latter extreme draws upon that reserved force of strength and vitality which we need to meet any unusual and critical demand. No sensible mechanician would work an engine at double its ordinary and

proper speed because it had been lying idle for a time. It is a most mischievous thing for adults who have had no preliminary training in early life to resort to gymnastics as a means of exercise. The result is an exhaustion, an intolerable fatigue, which is wholly incompatible with brain-work, and absolutely dangerous to the nervous system.

The sum of it all is, that the man who would live purely and think nobly, would put his faculties and endowments to their best uses, and discharge his life-mission with a lofty completeness, must be wisely heedful of his physical health. He must not attempt more than his constitution is fitted to perform, or he will accomplish less. It is said that Lord Brougham once worked six days consecutively, or one hundred and forty-four hours, without sleep; that he then ran down from London into the country, slept from Saturday night until Monday morning, and returned to his work with all his old alacrity. The anecdote may be true; at all events, we could easily supply instances of continuous labour borne with apparent ease. But do not let the reader be deluded. A Brougham's feat was possible only for a Brougham. With most men it would have ended in insanity. Pygmies must stand aloof from the battles of the giants. There is, at all events, the consolation that, in our own way, and according to our own measure of strength, we may do some useful service for God and our fellows. And, after all, a Luther did no more.

An American jurist of some eminence admits that he could have done twice as much as he has done, and done it better and with greater ease to himself, had he learned as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as the experience of years has taught him at no small cost of pain and suffering. "In college," he says, "I was taught all about the motions of the planets, as carefully as though they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to trace their orbits; but about my own organisation, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance. Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should come their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never had a well day since. Whatever labour I have since been able to do, I have done it all on credit instead of

capital—a most ruinous way, either in regard to health or money. For the last twenty-five years, so far as it regards health, I have been put from day to day on my good behaviour: and during the whole of this period, as an Hibernian would say, if I had lived as other folks do for a month, I should have died in a fortnight."

2. *Intellectual.*—In running the race of life, it is well for us to be careful of the friendships we make. A man is said to be known by the company he keeps. It is true that a man may consort with evil persons and yet himself be not absolutely evil, may, in fact, oftentimes revolt in his heart against their wickedness; yet even in such a case the proverb applies, for his weakness will be apparent in his not separating from them. So that we shall never go far wrong in judging a man according to his companions. It is difficult to lay down any rule for a young man's guidance in forming friendships; but generally it may be said, that he should always *look up*, should always fix upon minds loftier and purer than his own, as Atticus looked up to Cicero, and Cassius to Brutus, and Xenophon to Socrates, and Lord Brooke to Sir Philip Sidney. Our friendships in this way become a portion of our education, and are made useful in the development of those possibilities of good in our character which might otherwise have been concealed. It follows that we must choose a friend because he is honourable, pure, gentle, manly, refined, and truthful—because we can trust to him our weaker nature, in the assurance that he will not betray it—because he will encourage us in our better aspirations and ruthlessly arrest the growth of our coarser propensities—because he will not fear to speak to us the words of candid counsel, and, if need be, of stern reproof. The value of such a friend it is impossible to over-estimate. Who shall describe all that Burke was to Charles James Fox, or Herbert Edwardes to the gallant Nicholson?

There are friendships we all know of, such as that between Southampton and Sidney, between Peel and Wellington, between Hare and Sterling, between Kingsley and Maurice, which amount to a golden union of souls, and involve a close moral and intellectual fellowship of the happiest character. Strengthened and cheered by such a fellowship, the runner may enter on the race of life with confidence. He cannot be

wholly defeated; let him lose everything else, and he will still retain the heart of his friend. It seems to us worth any sacrifice of self to consummate such a friendship; and without self-sacrifice it will for ever be impossible.

"If thou wouldst get a friend," says an old writer, "prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed to thy friends. A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure. A faithful friend is the medicine of life."

A friend's influence upon our character must always be considerable. It was said by those best acquainted with the late John Sterling, that it was impossible to come into contact with him, and not in some measure be ennobled and lifted up into a loftier region of aim and object. Hence the necessity of guarding, in our choice of friends, against natures of a lower order than our own. Unless our will be strong, our purpose high, our own character well balanced, they will drag us down to their base level. But from the wise words or spotless example of a true friend and fit companion, our minds will often receive an impulse to exertion and an incentive to elevated, earnest, and devout thought. On the other hand, there must be something of an equality in friendship. We must give as well as receive. We must really and truly be friends, like Coleridge and Southey; not king and serf, like Dr. Johnson and Boswell. No doubt Boswell profited to some extent by his intimacy with Johnson, as a dog does by following a kind master; but the profit would have been greater if the relation between them had been of a different complexion. We do not deny that it is well to be the follower of a great man; honest admiration has a fine effect upon the mind; but this is not true friendship. We can hardly go to our teacher with that full confidence, that frank confession, that absolute self-surrender, with which we go to our friend.

But even better than the best of friends is a good wife. Perhaps we should rather say that a good wife is the best of all friends. We hold it essential to a young man's success, whether his calling be that of merchant or trader, priest, engineer, or lawyer, artist or man of letters, that he should marry well and marry early. The prejudice against early marriages

seems to us to have originated in sordid motives. It is intimately connected with that selfishness, that love of outward show, and that luxurious indulgence which have corrupted our social system. It seems to be assumed that marriage must be deferred until the *man* has "sown his wild oats," in other words, has sullied his soul by contact with the whole circle of the world's pleasures, and the *woman* can be placed at the head of an expensive household. Now we are convinced, from long observation, that an early marriage is a young man's surest guarantee of happiness. We are sure that it is his best security against temptation, and the most admirable incentive to honest and independent exertion that can be presented to him. To love a good woman is in itself a fine education; to marry her and work for her is in itself a source of the truest happiness. Early marriages sometimes turn out ill, and so do late marriages; so do all marriages which are made in an unworthy spirit or for mean purposes, which are not marriages of heart and soul and mind, but "alliances" contracted for worldly reasons or no reasons at all. It is requisite that a man in seeking a wife should take at least as much thought as in seeking a friend; should endeavour to know something of her temper, character, and disposition; should ascertain whether her nature will harmonise with his, and whether it be one which he can respect and admire. If it be unwise to choose a friend who falls below our own standard, much more unwise is it to choose a wife who cannot be our companion on terms of the fullest equality, who cannot share our thoughts, our aspirations, and our hopes.

Supposing a young man to have met with a maiden to whom he can unreservedly trust his future happiness, we say that the sooner he makes her his wife the better for both of them. Let them spend in sweet and joyful union their early years of exertion and industry, and those early years will furnish them with pleasant memories to be recalled in the autumn days of life, when the battle has been fought, and, let us hope, the victory won. It is a good thing for a husband and wife to have the same past to look back upon. Again, what can be more unfair than that a man who has expended his ripe manhood in gross self-indulgence should offer his wasted, decayed, and battered nature to a young girl, with all the bloom of spring still upon her mind and heart? For it is to be observed that those

who condemn early marriages condemn them only for the man and not for the woman. They do not say that a man of forty should marry a woman of the same age. No, indeed; he is free to offer himself, with his world-weary exhausted heart and his "handsome settlements," to maidenhood in all its freshness and all its innocence! In such a case there can seldom be any thorough sympathy, any heart-to-heart understanding, between husband and wife. Not only is the difference of years between them, but a past which they have not shared together; experiences on the husband's side wholly unknown to the wife; young hopes and aspirations on the wife's side at which the husband cannot even guess. Let him who would enter on the race of life with reasonable anticipations of success not neglect to secure at starting not only a good friend but a good wife; he may haply dispense with the former, but for his soul's sake he cannot do without the latter. But then, he must first look upon marriage as a boon from God, to be gained from Him alone by earnest prayer, by intense repentance, and complete confession of youthful sins. "Man," says Charles Kingsley, "is a spirit-animal, and, in communion with God's Spirit, has a right to believe that his affections are under that Spirit's guidance, and that when he finds in himself such an affection to any single woman as true married lovers describe theirs to be, he is bound (duty to parents and country allowing) to give himself up to his love in childlike simplicity and self-abandonment, and, at the same time, with solemn awe and self-humiliation at being thus readmitted into the very garden of the Lord—

> 'The Eden where the spirit and the flesh
> Are one again, and new-born souls walk free,
> And name in mystic language all things new,
> Naked and not ashamed.'"

To do justice to the subject of the mental training requisite for him who would run worthily the race of life, would claim a volume equal in size to the present. So rich is it in suggestion, so fertile in illustration! In preceding chapters we have enlarged on the value of habits of diligence, perseverance, patience, and punctuality; on the necessity of a strong will and a clear judgment; on the importance of self-reliance. These are what may be called commonplace qualities, on

which every teacher has spoken wise saws and repeated modern instances from the days when first the race of life began down to the present time, when it is pursued with such mad eagerness and feverish excitement. There are points less frequently brought forward on which, however, advice is not less necessary. Some of these are treated vigorously and felicitously in such books as Todd's "Student's Manual" and Professor Blackie's "Self-Culture." Others are directly or incidentally illustrated by such thinkers as Carlyle, Emerson, the authors of "Guesses at Truth," and Sir Arthur Helps. Hints which the reader can hardly fail to apply with advantage are scattered through modern biographies, such as those of Dr. Arnold, F. W. Robertson, and Charles Kingsley. From these the young man will learn to direct his life by a noble motive, to think with clearness and decision, to sympathise with all that is true, honest, and beautiful, to discard mean and ungenerous impulses, and in other ways so to conduct himself as that running he "may obtain."

As not less important than that economy of money which is insisted upon so strongly by all our moralists, we would recommend an *economy of mental power*. Many of us waste our resources in the early stages of our career, forgetful that the race is won by the *staying power* of the runners. Napoleon gained his victories by his judicious employment of his reserves. The general who risks all his forces in a single charge must expect and will deserve defeat. It is not the first blow that strikes home the nail, and what is to be done if we leave ourselves no strength with which to strike a second, and a third, or it may be a hundredth? It has been often said of England that when at war she loses in her first campaigns, and owes her final success to her immense reserved power, which enables her to persevere when her rivals have spent all their resources. "They do not know when they are beaten," said the French general of our English soldiers. No, they were *not* beaten; they had still an abundant store of energy and fighting force. The French warrior, with the battle-light in his eyes, springs forward at the bugle-sound, and dashes against his foe like a wave against a rock, to fall back like that wave, exhausted and unsuccessful if the foe meet him with a steadfast front. On the other hand, the English soldier advances with a slow, firm step, and, keeping himself always well in hand, prevails in

the long-run by his persistency. Nothing but the "reserved power," which we take to be the distinctive mark of the English character, enabled us to retain our position in India during the wild throes of the Sepoy Mutiny.

Read aright, the fable of the tortoise and the hare points a moral in this direction. The hare was beaten by the tortoise because the latter possessed the staying faculty. At school and at college we frequently see the prizes carried off by the men whom an ignorant impatience had criticised as dull, slow, and incapable plodders, while the dashing, brilliant fellows, apparently sure of victory without an effort, were left hopelessly behind in the race. They had no reserve to fall back upon, while the former had a latent accumulation of strength on which they drew at need, enabling them to meet every demand.

It is hardly necessary to say that we can hold no such reserve as that of which we are speaking unless we submit to the severest self-discipline. We must be content to wait and watch, to husband our powers, to accumulate materials, to cultivate habits of rigorous thought and exact judgment, to conquer hasty impulses, and enforce a strict restraint upon our passions. The vigour and certainty with which a great painter wields his brush and manipulates his colours, until the thought in his brain becomes visible to all men on the enchanted canvas, have been acquired by long and assiduous practice, by the discipline and self-command of patient years. And this discipline and self-command have given him so thorough a knowledge of his resources that he undertakes nothing which he cannot execute. He is always sure of himself, confident that he can do all that he meditates, and that when that is done he can do yet more. The poet who wrote "Comus" and "Samson Agonistes" knew that he had by no means expended on those masterpieces all his powers. He had still a reserve, a magnificent reserve, at his disposal, and could give the world the grand organ music of "Paradise Lost." Turner had not exhausted himself when he had painted his "Carthage;" many a glorious picture was still to bear witness to the fertility of his genius. It is an imprudent policy for a man to lavish his strength upon a single work, so that all his after-efforts should bring with them a consciousness of failure. Look at Philip James Bailey; his one successful poem, published in his early

manhood, was his "Festus." It used up his powers, so that he has done nothing since to maintain the reputation he then acquired. On the other hand, a Goethe begins with "Goetz von Berlichingen" and "Werther" to advance to "Wilhelm Meister" and to conclude with "Faust." We allow, of course, for the superiority of genius. But even when this is admitted, it is evident that Goethe's later successes were due to his "reserved power." Mr. Hayward, in a recent essay, speaks of "the unabated eagerness with which Goethe persevered in what he deemed the duty of self-culture" even when he was eighty years old. He was still accumulating and husbanding his resources as he had done in the flush of his manhood. One of the lessons to be drawn from his "Faust" is that which we are here endeavouring to enforce, that it is irretrievable folly to exhaust our capabilities at the beginning, that the wise man is he who lays up in his garner to meet after-demands. Otherwise, if he should chance to encounter a defeat, as we all inevitably must or life would be no battle, we shall finish in a ruin as absolute as that which overtook Napoleon at Waterloo, and for the same reason—the want of a reserve.

A striking anecdote is told of the American general, Sheridan. On one occasion, in the late war between North and South, his army fell back before the repeated charges of the Confederates under General Early. "Oh, sir," said the chief-in-command, "we are beaten." "No, sir," was the quick, stern reply; "*you* are beaten, but this army is *not* beaten." And rallying the soldiers by the impulse of his own confidence, he turned the tide of battle, and converted a defeat into a victory. Sheridan had a reserve of moral and intellectual force in which his leader was deficient. At the appearance of disaster the one was demoralised, the other roused and strengthened; the former had spent all his means, the latter had scarcely drawn upon his.

When young Disraeli, now the Prime Minister of England, made his proud boast in the House of Commons, after a speech which had provoked outbursts of laughter,—"The day will come when you will be glad to hear me,"—he spoke with a knowledge of the abundant power he kept in hand. Superficial observers thought he had made his great effort and failed; Disraeli knew that he had the strength to try again and again until he succeeded. This is the true moral of the pretty story of Robert

GENERAL SHERIDAN.
MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL FORCE EXEMPLIFIED. P. 264.

Bruce and the spider; the insect succeeded at the thirteenth trial, because it possessed a reserve of material which enabled it to try thirteen times. But if it had thrown all its powers into its first effort, what then? Of what avail would have been the willingness to persevere? The Alpine climber may yearn with all his mind and soul to reach the lofty peak that glitters high above him with sun-glories shining on its crown of eternal snow; but alas! if he have wasted his energies in too violent exertion on the lower slopes, he must lie where he has fallen; the glow of victory is not for him.

We borrow an illustration from an American source, the life of Daniel Webster. In 1830, a debate had arisen in the United States Senate on the disposition of the public lands. At the outset it was not considered an attractive or an exciting subject, and for some days the debate was exceedingly dull. The vast "reserve power" of one man was destined, however, to lift it into historical importance. A speech of a Mr. Hayne, to which Webster, the great orator, was called upon to reply, had been distinguished by much ability, and constituted a very sharp attack upon New England and Mr. Webster, its representative. But Mr. Hayne, says Dr. Thomas, did not understand this matter of reserved power. "He had seen Mr. Webster's van and corps of battle, but had *not* heard the firm and measured tread behind. It was a decisive moment in Mr. Webster's career. He had no time to impress new forces, scarcely time to burnish his armour. All eyes were turned to him. Some of his best friends were depressed and anxious. *He* was calm as a summer's morning—calm, his friends thought, even to indifference. But his calmness was the repose of conscious power." He had carefully measured his strength, and was in full possession of himself and his means. He knew the composition of his "army of the reserve." With the eye of a great general he surveyed the whole field of battle at a glance. He had the prescience of logic, and could see the end from the beginning.

The very exordium of his reply had in it the promise, nay, the assurance of victory. "Men saw the sun of Austerlitz, and felt that the Imperial Guard was moving on to the conflict. He came out of the conflict with the immortal name of the Defender of the Constitution." Of this speech, and the mode of its delivery, a competent authority said, "It has been my

fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I confess I never heard of anything which so completely realised my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown." Mr. Webster's biographer adds, that "taking into view the circumstances under which the speech was delivered, and especially the brief time for preparation, the importance of the subject, the breadth of its views, the strength and clearness of its reasoning, the force and beauty of its style, its keen wit, its repressed but subduing passion, its lofty strains of eloquence, its effect upon its audience, and the larger audience of a grateful and admiring country, history has no nobler example of reserved power brought at once and effectively into action." There is a certain amount of exaggeration in this description, but it does not invalidate the appositeness of the illustration. Unquestionably Daniel Webster had a large amount of reserved power, as all consummate orators must have, or they would fall easy victims to their opponents. It is in the reply that true oratorical excellence is manifested; and a successful reply is impossible unless the speaker can draw upon an accumulation of force. The victory is yours when you can impress your adversary with the conviction that you are not putting forth more than half your strength.

To acquire and retain this reserve of power is not easy. It is that part of a man's education which depends most upon himself, nay, for which he must trust to himself alone. Deep, earnest, patient study is indispensable; continuous study, kept up from day to day and proceeding from one subject to another; methodical study, enforcing an exact systematisation of our thoughts as of our time. When Mr. Binney was asked by a young clergyman how best he could improve his preaching, he answered, "Fill up the cask! fill up the cask! fill up the cask! and then, if you tap it anywhere, you will get a good stream. But if you put in but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then you get but a small stream after all." The age of miracles is past, and the cruse of oil and the vessel of meal will not be replenished unless you fill them with your own hand.

But patient study is not so valuable as patient thinking. We are none the better for our daily food if we are unable to assimilate it. If we store up materials with the diligence of the

bee, we need the bee's power of elaborating them into wax or honey. A man whose brain is crushed beneath a superincumbent weight of accumulated facts has no active intellectual existence of his own; he does not think or feel, he simply collects. He has no idea of the relations towards one another of the facts he has gathered, of their comparative value, of their bearing upon particular lines of reflection. He is like the labourer who piles up by the wayside a great heap of stone or iron; what can he do with it until the engineer has planned the road or designed the bridge? But the true student will be labourer and engineer in one; his brain will dispose of the stock which his memory has stored and assorted. He will study profoundly, but he will also think profoundly. He will not be content with amassing the thoughts of other men, but will strain them through his own intellectual alembic until he gets at their most precious elements. What will it avail to know all about the stamen and petals of the daisy if he make no attempt to think out the thought that lies in the cup of that "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower"?

And from these remarks we may strike out a hint to be of service to us in our studies. We must read to think; we must bring together our material with a view to making use of it. Now there are books which crush thought by their heaviness, and others which dissipate it by their levity. There are books that chill and enfeeble instead of strengthening and stimulating. The wise student will turn aside from all such, and confine his attention to those books only which will help him in his great work of self-culture. The biographer of Fichte, comparing him with a dry-as-dust contemporary, remarks, that "all the truth written by the latter is not worth a tithe of the false which Fichte may have written. The one gives us a small number of known truths; the other gives us perhaps one truth, but, in so doing, opens before us the prospect of an infinity of unknown truths." And it is just this quality which makes Fichte and writers like Fichte so valuable; they teach us to think. The divine spark set free from the altar of their genius alights upon the inert dulness of our drowsy brain, and quickens it into wholesome activity. They send forth their breath to breathe upon the dead bones; "and behold a shaking, and the bones come together, bone to his bone, . . . and they live."

3. But now we must turn for a moment to that *spiritual training* which he who seeks success in life can by no means afford to neglect or forego. Mind and soul are so intimately connected, that what acts upon the one will react upon the other. The intellect and imagination cannot be healthy unless the soul be satisfied and at peace. No man can think generously who does not live devoutly. But to live devoutly we must subject the soul to as rigid a discipline as that which we enforce upon mind or body. Goodness is no spontaneous growth; like knowledge, it can be acquired only by assiduous wrestling. Purity, whether of body or soul, cannot be maintained except by constant watching, by daily labour, earnestly and painfully. The evil spirit can be driven away from us only by prayer and fasting. Says S. Francis of Sales: "The work of the soul's purification neither may nor can end save with life itself;—do not then let us be disheartened by our imperfections,—our very perfection lies in diligently contending against them; and it is impossible so to contend without seeing them, or to overcome without meeting them face to face. . . . David continually asks the Lord to strengthen his heart against cowardice and discouragement; and it is our privilege in this war that we are certain to vanquish so long as we are willing to fight."

It does not fall within the scope of these pages to enlarge upon the helps and hindrances to the devout life. The reader will do well to seek salutary counsel from such books as Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," Bishop Andrewes's "Prayers," Bishop Wilson's "Sacra Privata," the "Imitatio Christi," the "Confessions" of S. Augustine, and the "Pensées" of Blaise Pascal. All of these he may study earnestly and hopefully, and with large profit to his spiritual understanding. But especially would we recommend the "Imitatio," because, as George Eliot says, with equal truth and beauty, "it was written by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting;—because it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph, not written on velvet cushions, to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet upon the stones. And it remains to all time the lasting sense of human creeds and human consolations, the voice of a brother, who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting, and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the

same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness." Next to these primary manuals we would direct the inquirer's attention to F. W. Robertson's and Maurice's "Sermons," or the "Prayers" and "Sermons" of the late George Dawson; to some of Charles Kingsley's "Sermons" and his "Yeast;" Dr. Newman's "Sermons;" the "Memorials" of Sara Coleridge; and some of the higher Christian biographies, such as those of Bishop Wilson, Patteson, Keble, Norman Macleod, and Thomas Erskine. All these are books well adapted to preserve the flavour of devout life in the inquirer's soul.

A constant study of the Bible we take for granted. Whatever a man's vocation, *this*, and this alone, can give it true dignity or crown it with success. In the pages of the Evangelists a Perfect Life is set before us, by humble imitation of which, and by entire submission to the laws it inculcates, we may hope to realise some of the excellences of a gentle, Christian character. To shape our lives in accordance with the example given us by the Divine Master, that is the task we must accept and endeavour to discharge if we would run the race as conquerors. The nearer we approach—and, alas! how far off will be our nearest!—the more assured will be our prospect of victory. It is a work to call forth the highest qualities of both mind and soul, and a work which all may joyfully undertake, for it carries in itself its own reward. How exalted the happiness, how serene the bliss, when we are able to bear the burden as if it were light as a spring blossom, and, seeing the crown shining above the cross, to bow the knee in love and gratitude, with the adoring cry, "My Lord and my God!"

And, lastly, we would urge upon the reader the duty and the importance of Prayer. To us it seems the sheet-anchor of the tossed and troubled spirit, staying and steadying it when winds blow fiercest and waves rise highest. A prayerless life must surely be a vain, an unprofitable, and a wretched life. "No one," says F. W. Robertson, "will refuse to identify holiness with prayer. To say that a man is religious, is to say the same thing as to say he prays. For what is prayer? To connect every thought with the thought of God; to look on everything as His will and His appointment; to submit every thought, wish, and resolve to Him; to feel His presence so that it shall restrain us even in our wildest joy. That is

prayer. And what we are now, surely we are by prayer. If we have attained any measure of goodness, if we have resisted temptations, if we have any self-command, or if we live with aspirations and desires beyond the common, we shall not hesitate to ascribe all to prayer." Can any be so blind, so mad, so foolish, as to enter upon the race of life without seeking the support that comes from communion with the Father? It is the staff of the feeble, the medicine of the sick, the guide of the strong, the consolation of the sorrowful. It lifts the soul up to the throne of Eternal Love, and binds it there in golden bonds that never gall or annoy. It enables us to submit our will unrepiningly to the Divine will, and fills us with an exquisite consciousness of the Divine sympathy. Into our prayers we can convey those thoughts and aspirations and desires, those timid fears and heart-achings, for which we can find no other channel of expression. We have nothing to say here in reply to semi-philosophical refutations of prayer as a dynamic force. Enough for us to insist upon it as a spiritual power. We are very sure that the heart without prayer is like a ship without a rudder, which the currents of passion will carry against the pitiless rocks. No one who has not tried can tell what a security a devout ejaculation will prove against temptation, or how singular a solace a few words of prayer will afford in the time of doubt and disappointment. Alas for prayerless men!—

> "For what are 'they' better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hearts of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Many great and all good men have been prayerful men, seeking with humility of spirit an intimate communion with their Divine Master. The fiery soul of Luther, the stern heart of Calvin, the rigid will of Knox,—these were alike subdued and sanctified by prayer. Brave men like Collingwood have found in it the inspiration of the truest courage. It has brought a wonderful calmness of endurance to poets like Milton and statesmen like Cromwell. It supported Latimer and Hooper as they suffered at the stake. It cheered the gallant heart of

Havelock as he rode into battle. It sanctified the genius of Fra Angelico as he breathed life into the painted canvas. There can be no successful work without prayer, which is its crown and consecration; "prayer," as Kingsley says, "not that God's will may be altered, but that it may be done; that we may be kept out of all evil and delivered from all temptation which may prevent our doing it; that we may have the ἄρτον ἐπιούσιον given to us in body, soul, spirit, and circumstance, which will just enable us to do it and no more; that the name of Him to whom we pray may be hallowed, felt to be as noble and sacred as it is, and acted on accordingly." Prayer, offered up in this humble trustful spirit, may not bring down God to us, but it will raise us up to God.

"Prayer," says S. Francis, "opens the understanding to the brightness of Divine light, and the will to the warmth of heavenly love; nothing can so effectually purify the mind from its many ignorances, or the will from its perverse affections. It is as a healing water which causes the roots of our good desires to send forth fresh shoots, which washes away the soul's imperfections, and allays the thirst of passion."

Bishop Andrewes speaks of the uses of prayer as threefold. "There is the use of *necessity*, for God hath left prayer to be our city of refuge, to the end that where all means fail we should fly unto God by prayer. There is the use of *duty*, for prayer is compared to 'incense,' which giveth a sweet smell to all our works, words, and thoughts, which otherwise would be offensive to the majesty of God. Thirdly, there is the use of *dignity*, when a man doth abstract himself from the earth, and by often prayer doth grow into acquaintance and familiarity with God."

CHAPTER VIII.

SELF-HELP.

"Sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth and fill the skies,
And the meanest life is sacred whence the highest may arise."
—*Lord Houghton.*

"You will be invincible if you engage in no strife where you are not sure that it is in your power to conquer."—*Epictetus*, "*Enchiridion.*"

"Blessed is he who hath not trod the ways
Of secular delights, nor learned the lore
Which loftier minds are studious to abhor:
Blessed is he who hath not sought the praise
That perishes, the rapture that betrays."
—*Aubrey de Vere.*

"Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-serene."
—*Matthew Arnold.*

"Quit yourselves like men."—1 *Samuel* iv. 9.

"Fungar vice istis, acutum
Reddere quæ furum valet, exsors ipsa secundi."
—*Horace.*

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star."
—*Tennyson.*

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. SMILES, in his well-known volume, has covered the ground indicated by the title given to this chapter, and we have no intention of endeavouring to reap where an abundant harvest has already been gathered by so laborious and able a hand. Yet from a book which purports to set before its readers the Secret of Success, and to lead them so to live this life as to make the best of it, it would be impossible to omit all reference to the important subject of Self-Help. So many lives have been wrecked by the fatal policy of waiting upon others! So many fortunes lie shattered in the mire because men call upon Jupiter for assistance instead of putting their own shoulders to the wheel! No "good luck," as the world calls it, ever comes to the young man who sits by the wayside, wringing his hands, and looking for it to drop from heaven. The gods long ago ceased to send down golden images of Pallas to the help of suffering humanity. No doubt many are still born in the purple, nursed in the lap of luxury, and bred up in the arms of wealth; but even they, if they would be "true men," must learn to trust to their own strength. We are what we choose to be. The great law of life is a commonplace: man is his own star; he makes or mars himself. Shelley once said that the Almighty had given men arms long enough to reach the skies, if they would only put them out. Men do not want to reach the skies, would not be the better for reaching them; but they ought to put out their arms. It is useless to grasp at the Unattainable, but it is a good thing to employ actively the *vis animi* that is in us, and not to depend upon that of others. The lesson of self-help is the first that the young adventurer should learn, and take to heart. We do not mean that he is to despise the counsel or

refuse the sympathy of friends, if such be offered, but he is not to expect it. He is to enter the battle determined "to fight for his own hand," though willing enough to stand shoulder to shoulder with loyal comrades, or to obey the orders of a competent general, if such should prove to be his duty. The cheering words, "Heaven helps those who help themselves," must prove the guiding maxim of his career.

It has been said that a man engages in the struggle of life with a tacit understanding with himself that he is to rise. We do not think that the majority of men entertain so hopeful a resolution; it is one that will be welcome only to brave hearts and sound minds. However this may be, the rise must be step by step. Obstacles must be cleared out of the way, difficulties must be overcome. Probably at the outset neither you nor I have any distinct aim. "It is only in books that the young man resolves from the first dawning of ambition to become owner of such an estate or bishop of such a see. But he *means to get on*, and devotes all his powers to that end. He fixes his thoughts beyond immediate self-indulgence, chooses his friends as they will help the main design, falls in love on the same principle, and, habitually deferring to a vague but glowing future, learns to work towards it, and for its sake to be self-denying and long-sighted. His instincts quicken; he puts forth feelers which men who take their pleasure from hand to mouth have no use for; he lives in habitual caution, with an eye always to the main chance. Thus he refines and enhances that natural discretion which doubles the weight and value of every other gift, and yet keeps them on an unobtrusive level, being itself the most notable quality, till he is universally pronounced the man made to get on by people who do not know that it is a steady will that has made and kept him what he is." Here, in a few words, lies the whole philosophy of self-help.

The fact is, that the man who would achieve even a respectable measure of prosperity, or do his life-work with a moderate degree of honesty, *must* rely upon himself and not upon others. Favouritism may place a marshal's baton in the hand of an incompetent man, but it cannot ensure him against defeat. The emperor, says St. Gregory the Great, can make an ape be called a lion, but he cannot make him become one. The Emperor Sigismund replied to a courtier who begged that he would ennoble him, "I can give you privileges and

fiefs, but I cannot make you noble." No; it is in ourselves that we are thus and thus. Self-help is the condition of healthful progress. Dr. Wolcott having observed the skill of the lad Opie in drawing likenesses, took him into his service as a postboy, carried him to London, and advanced him as a prodigy. But it was the boy's own industry and perseverance that had taught him to paint, and it was not until he threw off the patronage of Wolcott that he did himself justice, studying patiently, and confiding in his own resources. It is certain that many promising careers are ruined by *over-help*. A mind that is constantly held in leading-strings never learns to walk. Benjamin West might have developed into a great painter had he had no friends. It is recorded of Michael Angelo that he devoted sixteen hours out of the twenty-four to the study and practice of his art; that he often rose at midnight to continue the labours of the day, the light by which he handled his chisel proceeding from a bit of candle fixed to the top of his cap of pasteboard. It is these self-helpful, laborious Michael Angelos, and not the pampered and patronised Benjamin Wests, who attain to immortality. Many men have owed their success in life to their utter friendlessness. Had "influence" procured for Lord Tenterden, when a singer in Canterbury Cathedral, the chorister's place he coveted, he would never have risen to the "curule chair." Be it observed that we are here speaking of "friends" in the sense of "patrons." *True* friendship is the bliss of life, but patronage is its misery.

The mention of Lord Tenterden reminds us that his career supplies a text from which it is possible to preach a sermon of some significance. His father kept a barber's shop opposite the grand west front of Canterbury Cathedral. Mr. Abbott is described as a tall, upright, old-fashioned man, with a thick pigtail, whose only ambition was to shave his customers at a penny, and to cut their hair at twopence a head. He had a son named Charles, "a decent, grave, pensive-looking youth," who was educated for a small sum at the King's School, and attracted the notice of his master by his conduct and cleverness, and his skilfulness in composing Latin verses. When he was fourteen his parents thought he was old enough to earn his own living, and put him forward as a candidate for a chorister's place which was then vacant. The hairdresser was

satisfied that his long connection with the cathedral authorities would secure this prize for his son, but the Dean and Chapter were of opinion that young Abbott's voice was husky, and decided in favour of a more melodious competitor. Many years afterwards the Lord Chief Justice of England, while "going circuit" with another judge, visited St. Augustine's ancient city, and entering the cathedral, pointed to a singing-man in the choir. "Behold, brother Richardson," he exclaimed, "the only human being I ever envied. When at school in this town, we were candidates together for a chorister's place; he obtained it; and if I had gained my wish, he might have been accompanying you as Chief Justice, and pointing me out as his old schoolfellow the singing-man." In this conclusion Lord Tenterden, the barber's son, was probably wrong; the singing-man may not have possessed the innate capacity that would ever have made him other than one of the unknown multitude.

For three years after his disappointment Charles Abbott continued at school, his diligent application raising him to the captainship. Then it seemed good to his father that since he could not be a "singing-man" he should become a barber, and shave the chins and clip the hair of Canterbury citizens, after the paternal example. The head-master of the school interfered. Young Abbott was worthy of something better; and the head-master, with the aid of the trustees of the school and some leading townsmen, raised a small sum of money to enable him to go to college. This was Abbott's opportunity; and he had the strength and the will to avail himself of it. Entering Corpus Christi College at Oxford, he won a classical scholarship. Thereupon he wrote to a young friend:—"But a little while past to be a scholar of Corpus was the height of my ambition; that summit is, thank Heaven, gained, when another and another appears still in view. In a word, I shall not rest easy till I have ascended the rostrum in the theatre,"—in other words, until he had gained the Chancellor's medal, and recited a prize composition from the rostrum of the Sheldonian. He competed for the prize Latin poem "Calpe Obsessa," on the recent successful defence of Gibraltar by General Elliot and his gallant comrades. The prize fell to William Lisle Bowles, afterwards a poet of some celebrity, but the examiners commended Abbott's effort as second best. In the following year, on

the subject of balloon voyages, "Globus Aerosticus," Abbott's muse was more propitious. He won the prize, and fulfilled his ambition by reciting it in the Sheldonian Theatre. Afterwards he gained the Chancellor's medal for an essay on "The Use and Abuse of Satire." It will thus be seen that Abbott helped himself to good purpose and with unquenchable ardour.

In due time he took his degree, obtained a fellowship, and was appointed junior tutor. Success had not spoiled him, and he lived with the strictest economy in order to contribute to the support of his mother, who had been left a widow. He was meditating the important step of taking holy orders, when he was invited to act as tutor to the son of Mr. Justice Buller, one of the most eminent of the many eminent men who have adorned the judicial bench of England. The judge had a keen eye for men of ability, and detecting the logical power of Abbott's intellect, advised him to embrace the legal profession, as better suited to him than the Church. Abbott acted on the advice, and articled himself for a year to a special pleader of the name of Wood. At the end of the year Wood told him that he had learned all he had to teach. With characteristic independence, Abbott then determined to practise as a special pleader *below* the bar until he saw his way more clearly; and hiring chambers in Brick Court, with a small boy as clerk at ten shillings a week, he sat down to wait for clients. It was understood before long that clients could safely resort to him; that his advice was always sound; and his faculty for despatching business almost unrivalled. In 1795 he was called to the bar, and thenceforward his progress was rapid. He had previously taken to himself a wife. The father of the lady he loved, a country squire, called upon him at his chambers and inquired how, when married, he proposed to support a household. "By the books in this room," he answered, "and two pupils in the next." The marriage proved an exceedingly happy one; and on its fifth anniversary the special pleader addressed to his "*placens uxor*" the following verses, which show that though a tender husband he was but an indifferent poet:—

"In the noise of the bar and crowds of the hall,
Though destined still longer to move,
Let my thoughts wander home, and my memory recall
The dear pleasures of beauty and love.

"The soft looks of my girl, the sweet voice of my boy,
Their antics, their hobbies, their sports;
How the houses he builds her quick fingers destroy,
And with kisses his pardon she courts.

"With eyes full of tenderness, pleasure, and pride,
The fond mother sits watching their play,
Or turns, if I look not, my dulness to chide,
And invites me, like them, to be gay.

"She invites to be gay, and I yield to her voice,
And my toils and my sorrows forget;
In her beauty, her sweetness, her kindness rejoice,
And hallow the day that we met.

"Full bright were her charms in the bloom of her life,
When I walked down the church by her side,
And, five years passed over, I now find the wife
More loving and fair than the bride."

In 1816 Mr. Abbott accepted a judgeship of the Common Pleas, and afterwards a judgeship of the King's Bench, and, as a matter of course, he was knighted. Two years more, and, on the retirement of Lord Ellenborough, he became Lord Chief Justice of England, in which illustrious position he acquired a great and well-deserved reputation. Indeed, Lord Campbell seems to think that it was the true "golden age" for lawyers and suitors when Lord Chief Justice Abbott presided over that venerable court. "Every point made by counsel was then understood in a moment; the application of every authority was understood at a glance; the counsel saw when he might sit down, his case being safe, and when he might sit down, all chance of success for his client being at an end. During that golden age law and reason prevailed. The result was confidently anticipated by the knowing before the argument began, and the judgment was approved of by all who heard it pronounced, including the vanquished party. Before such a tribunal the advocate becomes dearer to himself by preserving his own esteem. I do not believe that so much important business was ever done so rapidly and so well before any other court that ever sat in any age or country. The principal merit is no doubt due to Abbott, and no one could have played his part so well."

Abbott's chief defect was a sensitive and irritable temper. But he was aware of his weakness, and was on his guard

against it. Lord Campbell says it was a study to observe how he mastered the rebellious part of his nature, to watch this battle, or rather victory, for the conflict was too successful to be apparent on many occasions. It was an edifying sight to see him, when his temper had been visibly affected during a trial, addressing himself to the points of the cause with a calmness as perfect and an indifference as complete as that of a mathematician pursuing the investigation of an abstract truth.

In 1827 the barber's son was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Tenterden, a title suggested to him by the Kentish associations of his early years. His promotion was welcomed by all as a just testimony to his singular merits as a lawyer, a judge, and a Christian gentleman. Though his health was now failing, he continued to discharge his judicial duties with his customary activity. He felt no call to rest, and literally died in harness. An important cause came before him, and he presided at its hearing for two days. On the evening of the second day he went home ill. The disease proved to be fever, and fever of so severe a type that medical science could not arrest its progress. With the words, "And now, gentlemen of the jury, you will consider of your verdict," on his lips, he passed away. He was seventy years of age at the time of his death, having been born in 1762.

Lord Tenterden's career furnishes a very emphatic argument in favour of self-help. He earned his success by the most rigorous adherence to the law of duty, and the most sedulous cultivation of the faculties which God had given him. He did not hang upon the skirts of fortune, trusting to the "influence" of friends, but made his way by his own incessant effort. It is true enough that every barber's boy, however self-helpful or laborious, cannot become Lord Chief Justice of England, but the lesson is not the less applicable. He can *be* and *do* something in his own sphere, however limited. He can hew wood and draw water, and he can do this as well as it can be done, instead of in a perfunctory and careless fashion. "It is no man's business," says an acute thinker, "whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily, and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best. If he be a great man, they will be great things; if he be a small man, small things; but always, if thus peacefully

done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable." God will judge us not according to our work, but according to the way in which we have wrought. He does not ask of us the impossible, but He wills that we should do our best with that which we find and know to be possible. And a sweet peace and serene enjoyment will surely possess the soul of him who works, and feels he works, and works with his own hand.

The name of W. H. Smith is familiar enough to English readers and English railway travellers, as that of the head of the remarkable newspaper agency and bookselling firm which has established at almost every railway station in Great Britain depôts for the sale of books and "current literature," so that they who run may read. The extensive system thus maintained for the convenience of the travelling public might justly be adduced as a striking example of the value of organisation. The originator, William Henry Smith, belonged to that class of "self-made men" so happily numerous in England. He was born on the 7th of July, 1792. His education was not of a very complete character, for a change in the circumstances of his family compelled him, while still young, to take charge of a small newspaper business in a West End street. He felt himself fitted for higher work, but what he had to do he resolved to do as well as it could be done. In this he so far succeeded that he was able to remove to a larger shop in the Strand, and to the sale of newspapers to add that of stationery. Those were the "dark days" before railways and telegraphs—when "news" filtered slowly through the country, and a rural denizen at only a hundred miles from London waited days for the transmission of the intelligence of a Waterloo victory. The London mails left London by coach at night, and the "Times" or "Morning Chronicle" of Monday morning did not reach Exeter or Liverpool until Wednesday evening. Mr. W. H. Smith had in him the genius of a great reformer, and he devised the simple but highly successful expedient of forwarding the newspapers as express parcels by the coaches which left London in the morning; and as these coaches started generally before the papers were "out," he organised relays of stout, swift horses to take up the papers when issued, speed in swift pursuit of the mail-coaches, and overtake them when and where

they could. The result was a gain of twenty-four hours; and —something more, for there can be no doubt that the speedy diffusion of news quickens the national intelligence, and awakens and cherishes a lively interest in public affairs. It acts, indeed, as an educational agency; and Mr. W. H. Smith may fairly be regarded as a great public benefactor from the impetus he unquestionably communicated to political life and movement. At first he met with no adequate reward, for the cost of the enterprise exceeded the returns; but he persevered, having faith in himself and his idea, and ultimately found himself in possession of the most extensive newspaper business in England.

Many men, after initiating a reform, stand still, and leave its development to others, as if their energies had been exhausted by the work of inception. This was not the case with Mr. W. H. Smith. When the mail-coach found a rival in the iron horse, he at once recognised, and availed himself of, the superior advantages thus offered for the expeditious transit of his newspapers. And in 1848 he made another forward movement. He purchased from the London and North-Western Railway the exclusive right of selling books and newspapers at the various stations along its line; and the public soon found themselves able to procure at "Smith & Son's bookstalls" the best books of the day, with which to beguile a long journey or an hour of waiting. The conception and effective working out of this idea could be possible only to a man of great force of character and organising ability, and one is almost inclined to regret that such force of character and organising ability were not exercised in a higher sphere. On the other hand, we must again admit that it has proved in every respect a public gain, and contributed largely to stimulate a love of reading, and to popularise the productions of writers of the highest merit.

Mr. W. H. Smith, senior, died in 1855. His son had for some years acted as his partner, and he now succeeded to the entire charge of a business with enormous ramifications. It was soon seen that he inherited the administrative capacity and intellectual solidity of his father; and to him came the opportunity, which his father never had, of employing them more directly and expressly for the public benefit. He was returned to Parliament by the citizens of Westminster in

opposition to the late John Stuart Mill. There he did not fail to acquire respect and attention by the calm good sense of his speeches, and his thorough knowledge of commercial subjects; and he quickly rose to so influential a position, that on the formation of the Disraeli Administration he was intrusted with the important duties of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. His success in this office led to his appointment, in 1876, as First Lord of the Admiralty; and it may safely be asserted that in an onerous and delicate position, which is always open to a storm of criticism, he has done nothing to forfeit the confidence of the public.

His career, like that of his father, teaches us what may be accomplished by men of strong, straightforward character, content to do the best they can with whatever seems to be the immediate work, but always ready to seize and profit by an opportunity for doing something better. Sound common sense and a quick perception of the public wants were the basis on which the Smiths built up the immense fabric of their business. A similar sturdiness of character guided George Bidder, the engineer, once depreciatingly nicknamed "the Calculating Boy," into the highway of success—a highway bristling with thistles in its earlier portion, but afterwards blooming with

> "Glossy purples, which outredden
> All voluptuous garden-roses."

George Bidder was the son of a stone-mason in the pretty Devonshire village of Moreton Hampstead. Endowed with an intuitive faculty of calculation, a kind of instinct for determining the properties of numbers, he "learned to count" before he could distinguish one printed or written figure from another; and before he had heard of the "rule of multiplication," which to most boys is, as the old school rhyme declares it to be, "vexation," he taught himself the practice of it by converting a bag of shot into a multiplication table up to ten times ten. The shot he disposed in little squares; and on making a square of eight shot on each side attained to a conviction of the fact that $8 \times 4 = 32$. At the time that he had come to this discovery he formed an acquaintance with the village blacksmith, who allowed him free access to his forge, and he often sat o' nights in the Rembrandtish gloom listening to the village gossips as they told their wild legends of Dartmoor or related

their bucolic experiences. As he grew older and stronger, he was raised to the dignity of blowing the bellows. On one occasion, somebody chanced to hesitate in a little attempt at calculation; the boy immediately supplied the correct answer. Knowing something of the Devonshire peasantry, we can well imagine the mingled awe and admiration with which the blacksmith and his friends observed this spontaneous outburst of arithmetical genius! The cleverest among them proceeded to ask the boy a few questions, which he answered with facility; and they continued to test him up to two places of figures. We are disposed to think that beyond this limit nobody in Moreton Hampstead, forty years ago, except the "parson," the doctor, and the lawyer (if such there were), could possibly have advanced. George Bidder's reputation soon spread over all the country round; and when he discovered that reputation meant pence and even shillings, he did his utmost to maintain it by incessant practice, until, from two places of figures, he advanced to four, five, and six; and, on one occasion, to twelve places. All this was done by a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, who had received no better education than a Devonshire village school afforded at the beginning of the present century.

But had George Bidder done nothing more, his name would not have found a place in these pages. His calculating faculty, astonishing enough in itself, would have been barren of useful results. A recent writer in the "Spectator" justly remarks that calculating boys are rather obsolete prodigies, and that the schoolmaster of to-day has no ambition to foster them. After all, they are less wonderful than Babbage's calculating machine. The present generation cares nothing for the feats of memory at which our fathers held up the hands of amazement; for feats which were once supposed to indicate the possession of intellectual powers of almost incredible and certainly unprecedented vigour. One of these calculating boys, Zerah Colburn, in his autobiography, tells a story of a notorious Freethinker, who, after witnessing his arithmetical marvels, went home greatly disturbed, passed a sleepless night, and was led to abandon infidel opinions. "And this," says the "Spectator," "was only one illustration of the vague feeling of awe and open-mouthed wonder which his performances excited. People came to consult him about stolen spoons; and he himself evi-

dently thought that there was something decidedly uncanny, something supernatural, about his gift. And no doubt his intuitive mastery over figures, according to perfectly credible accounts, was truly marvellous. On one occasion, Colburn was asked to name the square of 999,999, which he stated to be 999,998,008,001. He multiplied this by 49, and the product by the same number, and the total result he then multiplied by 25. He raised the figure 8 to the sixteenth power with ease." Bidder, in some respects, was even more remarkable; his facility in abstruse calculations surprised Colburn himself. In both boys the calculating faculty was developed very early. At three years of age, George Bidder answered a wonderful question, which it would puzzle many of us to solve with pen and paper, about the nails in a horse's four shoes. At eight, though utterly ignorant of the theory of arithmetic, he could answer almost instantaneously how many farthings there were in £868,424,121.

Calculating boys, however, such as Zerah Colburn and Jedediah Buxton, have usually grown into men of mediocre ability. Colburn, for instance, was placed by a patron in Westminster School, where he quite failed when brought into competition with boys of his own age. This faculty of instantaneous calculation, it is evident, is something wholly distinct from a true aptitude for mathematics. "None of the prodigies whom we have named grew into eminent mathematicians, or disclosed any high talents for mathematical science. We could mention, it is true, several of the latter—Euler and Wallis, for instance—who were rapid and expert calculators, but none of them exhibited precocious aptitude for ciphering. The youthful Pascal, who discovered for himself (as already stated) the demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of the First Book of Euclid, or Newton, who, as a boy, invented cleverly constructed windmills, belongs to another species from the lads who get coppers by multiplying six figures by six figures, or calculating the number of barleycorns which will extend between London and Paris."

George Bidder, however, was something more than a calculating boy. He possessed a surprising force of character, which prevented him from being spoiled by the applause lavished on his arithmetical feats, and urged him forward to a position of honour and usefulness. Withdrawn, through the kindness of

a friend, from the influence of public notoriety, he was sent to the Edinburgh University, where he applied himself to his studies with laudable assiduity. Adopting the profession of a civil engineer, he obtained employment under Mr. Henry Robertson Palmer, founder of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and soon, by his sagacity and perseverance, worked himself to the front. His connection with George Stephenson proved of equal advantage to both; and in the great Parliamentary contests which marked the expansion of the railway system in Great Britain he bore a distinguished part. His cool-headedness, his perspicacity, his solid shrewdness, in a word, his force of character, gained him a reputation as "the best witness who ever entered a committee room." He always knew his subject even to the minutest details, and could not therefore be taken unawares. There was no joint or chink in his armour to be detected by the keenest eye. Mr. Bidder rose to a very eminent place in his profession, as was shown by his election to the presidentship of the Institute of Civil Engineers in 1860–61.

Force of character rather than brilliant abilities we should take to be the chief factor of the late Sir Gilbert Scott's success in life. That he was a distinguished architect, that he erected some beautiful and sumptuous edifices, and that to him more than to any man is due the Gothic revival of the nineteenth century in England, everybody will admit. But it can hardly be said that he was a man of original mind, or that any of his works exhibit those flashes of imagination which mark the true creative genius. He succeeded because he had the will to succeed, and the force of character which rendered the will operative. In him, as in so many instances recorded in these pages, the pursuit of after-life was shadowed forth by the taste of boyhood. At a very youthful age he began to draw and sketch from buildings; and it is recorded, as a trait of his early admiration for Gothic architecture, that when, on the way to and from his school, the coach stopped at York, he always contrived to get a run round the stately Minster during the few minutes allowed for the stoppage. He himself also was wont to state that, from his first essays in sketching, he always drew by preference from Gothic buildings, though no one had ordered or advised him to do so.

George Gilbert Scott was born at Gawcott, near Buckingham, in 1811. Both his father and grandfather were clergy-

men. The latter was the author of a "Commentary on the Bible," still held in high esteem in Evangelical and Nonconformist circles. He was also a man of extraordinary self-denial, application, and firmness of purpose, who began life as a surgeon's apprentice, and then spent nine years on his father's farm; but devoting his spare hours to the study of Latin and Greek, obtained admission to holy orders, and became one of the leaders of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. His force of character was transmitted to his clever grandson, who, embracing the profession of an architect, studied under a Mr. Edmiston. Impatient of a subordinate position, he entered into partnership with Mr. Moffatt, a fellow-student, and at once sprang into repute by his design for the celebrated "Martyrs' Memorial" at Oxford. This was in 1841. In the following year he built the new church at Camberwell, and was successful in the competition for the rebuilding of the great church of St. Nicholas at Hamburg. His next large commission was the Cathedral of St. John's, Newfoundland. In 1854 he attained to the very head of his profession by his design for the new parish church of Doncaster; and in the following year he defeated the architects of all nations in the competition for the Hotel de Ville and Senate House at Hamburg,—buildings, however, which are yet *in nubibus*. It is not our object, however, to enumerate all the works executed by Sir Gilbert Scott; among the most celebrated of which may be mentioned the Foreign Office, the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, the Glasgow University, and St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh. Under his supervision many of our cathedrals and churches, including York Minster, Worcester Cathedral, Exeter Cathedral, and St Alban's Abbey, were carefully, and, on the whole, skilfully restored. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to speak of his success as "the most extended and multitudinous which perhaps any one man has ever achieved in the career of an active professional architect." The immense amount of work he accomplished is a convincing testimony to his innate force of character, to the robustness of his intellect, and the amplitude of his resources. Within the circuit of Great Britain he was everywhere; while, beyond the limits of his own country, he erected buildings of sufficient importance and magnitude to establish a reputation in themselves.

Says Matthew Arnold :—

> "And there are some whom a thirst,
> Ardent, unquenchable, fires
> Not with the crowd to be spent—
> Not without aim to go round
> In an eddy of purposeless dust,
> Effort unmeaning and vain.
> Ah, yes! some of us strive
> Not without action to die
> Fruitless, but something to snatch
> From dull oblivion, nor all
> Glut the devouring grave!"

This, indeed, is the thought and purpose of the higher class of minds, of those among us who feel that it is a noble and heroic thing to sow the seed of which future generations shall gather the harvest :—

> "We, we have chosen our path—
> Path to a clear-purposed goal,—
> Path of advance!—but it leads
> A long, steep journey, through sunk
> Gorges, o'er mountains in snow!
> Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—
> Then, on the height, comes the storm!
> With frowning foreheads, with lips
> Sternly compressed, we strain on,
> On—and at nightfall, at last,
> Come to the end of our way."

After the stress of the storm, a voiceless calm; after the fury of the battle, serene peace; after the anguish of the struggle, the joy of victory. Thus, to the ardent endeavour and the strong will, the way is opened up at last. In those stirring records of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, in those romantic stories of great acquisitions in art or science won by intense labour and ardour of soul, what an encouragement throbs and beats for the young spirit that is about to cross the threshold! It seems as if we had but to *will* and we *must* succeed. Of course there will be repulses for us as for those who have gone before us; we must meet with difficulties and wounds and sorrows as they did; but what matter? *They* conquered, and *we* shall conquer too. Mark in this the potency of the influence of a well-lived life. It acts upon so many as an inspiration, stirs up so many to the imitation of noble things and the achievement of noble deeds.

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After glancing through a biographical dictionary, one is tempted to believe that everything is possible to him who believes in its possibility. Not even poverty—and the aspiring spirit knows no heavier chain—can drag him down to earth. Who has not felt the might of a brave, resolute earnestness when reading the life of Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist? Not a man of genius, not even a man of more than average intelligence, yet a man whose force of character and steadfastness of purpose commands our respect. By trade a shoemaker, he had a strong passion for the study of natural history, which he could gratify only in the few hours snatched from the monotony of his daily labour. In many men circumstanced as Edward was, friendless, almost penniless, working long hours for little wages, the love of Nature, even if it had once flourished, would have quickly died out, like a lamp in an unwholesome atmosphere; but in Edward it was fed and cherished by his invincible determination. It is said of him that whatever object in natural history he desired to possess, he never rested until he obtained it, if that were at all possible. Sometimes he lost for a while the object of which he was in quest, because he wished to study its traits and habits. For this purpose he would observe long and carefully before taking possession of it. And thus he accumulated a mass of information in natural history, such as the Book of Nature could alone supply.

The fervour and resolution with which he set about the formation of a natural history museum move us to admiration. When he began he was twenty-four years old. He had an old gun which had cost only 4s. 6d., and was so rickety that the barrel had to be tied to the stock with a piece of thick twine. He carried his powder in a horn, and measured out his charges with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. A brown paper bag held his shot; and his equipment was completed by a few small insect-bottles, some boxes for containing moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for holding specimens of plants.

As Edward did not put aside his shoemaker's awl and needle until nine at night, all his researches had to be made after that hour. And he had to resume work at six in the morning, because he could not afford to abridge the hours given up to his bread-winning occupation. He was compelled to husband carefully both his time and money, having little to

spare of either. On returning home from the workshop at night, he would equip himself with his insect boxes and bottles, his botanical book and his gun, and set out, carrying his frugal supper in his hand or stowed away in his pocket. His thirst he slaked at the nearest spring.

"So long as it was light, he scoured the country, looking for moths, or beetles, or plants, or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept till the light returned. Then he got up, and again began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labour. . . . He went out on fine starlit nights, and moonlight nights, and in cold and drizzling nights. Weather never daunted him. When it rained, he would look out for a hole in a bank, and thrust himself into it, feet foremost. He kept his head and his gun out, watching and waiting for any casualties that might happen. . . . The coldest places in which Edward slept at night were among the rocks by the seaside, on the shingle, or on the sea-braes along the coast. When exposed to the east wind, these sleeping-places were perishingly cold. When he went inland he could obtain better shelter. In summer time especially he would lie down on the grass and sleep soundly, with the lock of his gun for his pillow and the canopy of heaven for his blanket. His ear was always open for the sounds of Nature, and when the lark was carolling his early hymn of praise, long before the sun had risen, Edward would rise and watch for daybreak—

> 'When from the naked top
> Of some bold headland he beheld the sun
> Rise up and bathe the world in light.'"

A will so determined, and such adamantine force of character, when brought to bear on the study of natural history, could hardly fail to make their owner a thorough and successful naturalist. *Pouvoir c'est vouloir.*

Self-help finds a notable illustration in the career of Mr. Charles Edward Mudie, who is justly entitled to a foremost place among our modern promoters of the "diffusion of knowledge." Everybody knows the old saying about making the

ballads of a country; it was a wiser ambition on Mr. Mudie's part to revolutionise its circulating libraries! We are not sure that justice has ever been done to his efforts in this direction; but for our part, remembering what the circulating library was before he undertook its reform, and remembering the wide world of readers almost wholly dependent upon it for their literary supplies, we are disposed to regard him as a great practical philanthropist. We are confident that to him the public are indebted for the greater accessibility of works of the highest merit, and that thereby a healthier tone of thought and a deeper interest in historical and scientific studies have been stimulated in quiet country circles formerly absorbed in intellectual stagnation. He has brought to the doors of the "million" the masterpieces of English literature. The extensive circulation of the works of our best modern writers, our Macaulays, Hallams, Ruskins, Freemans, Froudes, Tyndalls, Brownings, George Eliots, and the like, is mainly due to his intelligent efforts. His "self-help" has been therefore a substantial help to others, and his name assuredly deserves to be ranked with those of Knight, Chambers, Cassell, and other pioneers of popular education. The shelves of the circulating library in our provincial towns formerly groaned beneath the burden of romances of the Minerva Press type, or the yet more inane productions of "fashionable novelists." Now-a-days you will find them stocked, even if fiction still bulk largely, with standard histories, biographies, travels, and works of art and science. That it is so is due to the enterprise of Mr. Charles Edward Mudie.

From a brief memoir by Mr. Curwen, we learn that he was the son of a respectable Chelsea tradesman who kept a small shop for the sale of stationery and newspapers, and lent out the fiction of the day at the charge of a penny per volume. Young Mr. Mudie "assisted" his father until he was twenty-two years of age; but even at that time he had conceived that idea of revolutionising the circulating library which his literary tastes and great force of character have enabled him so effectually to realise. The present writer, then in his early boyhood, can well recollect the small establishment in Upper King Street, Bloomsbury, which Mr. Mudie opened, without any show or pretension, in the year 1840, and he recollects also the delighted surprise with which a year or two later he read

the announcement (a *written* one) that the works of Carlyle, Emerson, and Macaulay were lent to read to subscribers of one guinea per annum. The low rate of subscription was a novelty, but a greater novelty was the high class of literature now for the first time brought within the reach of the middle-class reader.

With unassuming perseverance and self reliance Mr. Mudie continued to advance in the path of usefulness he had marked out for himself. In 1852 his library had grown too large for the house in Upper King Street, and was removed to more extensive quarters in New Oxford Street, to which considerable additions have since been made. It may now be looked upon as the most important centre of literary activity in the country, and the patronage of "Mudie's" goes a great way towards ensuring the success of a book. In these pages we are not called upon to note the commercial aspect of Mr. Mudie's enterprise, nor do we intend our reference to it to assume the proportions of an advertisement. We put forward Mr. Mudie simply as an illustration of "Self-help;" of what a man of culture and resolution, relying wholly on his own resources, may do for the betterment of his fellows, while not neglecting his individual interests.

We may take yet another example from the records of the book trade. In the United States and elsewhere the name of George W. Childs is familiar to the reading public. He now occupies an eminent position as the proprietor of the "Public Ledger," one of the most influential and respectable of American journals. Mr. Childs is one of those men who seem born to figure in the pages of books upon "Self-Help" and "Getting On." The secret of his success is that which has been the secret of the success of so many self-made notabilities,—not great intellectual power, or literary gifts, or rare endowments, so much as force of character, independence of spirit, diligence, and integrity. It is nearly thirty-five years ago that he set out from Baltimore, his birthplace, to seek his fortune in Philadelphia, resolute with the moral courage of a strong and active mind to search for it "in the way best calculated to find it, and to leave nothing undone on his part to deserve it." Yet it must have appeared a very long way off, even to a boy's imagination; for this lad of fifteen years old was absolutely friendless, and as completely without a patron

as Richard Whittington when, pausing on the summit of Highgate Hill, he heard those mythic bells which called him back to a career of honour and prosperity. He knew, however, that an idle hand grasps nothing, not even an opportunity; and soon after his arrival he gladly engaged himself as shopboy to a respectable bookseller. As soon as he had obtained a knowledge of the business, and saved up a small store of dollars, he boldly started on his own account, and this with so much success that, in his twentieth year, he received an offer, which he accepted, of a partnership in the publishing firm of Peterson & Co. As "Childs & Peterson" the new firm rose rapidly into popularity. The senior partner's energy, quick perception, sound judgment, and prudent enterprise raised it out of the ruck of competition, and he made "a hit" by the publication of Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations." In 1860 or 1861 Mr. Childs took sole charge of the business, and about four years later he became proprietor of the "Public Ledger." The welfare of those employed in the "Ledger" office is a matter of special solicitude to Mr. Childs, and there are various philanthropic schemes in operation for their benefit. In 1870 his income was publicly estimated, with the customary frankness of Americans in these matters, at 160,000 dollars a year—not an unsatisfactory result of five and twenty years' labour. But Mr. Childs had also gained the respect and esteem due to unblemished character and business activity; while, by his liberality and energetic action, he had contributed to the extension of American literature. Amongst other things, we are indebted to his enterprise for the production of that great work, Allibone's "Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors." The friendless boy of fifteen had every reason to feel that his life-work was a very satisfactory commentary on the significant text of "Self-Help."

The London City-world has not yet put out of mind the memory of George Moore, the warehouseman of Bow Churchyard. He was not a man of genius; he left behind him no great monumental labour; his was not the eloquence that sways the hearts of thousands; he was simply a merchant and philanthropist of the good old-fashioned type; yet his biography is not without a certain genuine interest. Born at Mendsgate, Cumberland, in April, 1806, he was sent to the parish

school at the age of eight. There he learned very little, for he was fonder of bird-nesting and other pastimes than of learning lessons. In the harvest holidays he hired himself out to the neighbouring farmers in order to earn some pocket-money. He started at sixpence a day, and by the time that he was ten years old got eighteenpence a day. At the age of twelve, being a stout, stalwart boy, he "carried his rig" with the men, shearing with the sickle, and keeping time and pace with the full-grown shearers. For this work he earned two shillings a day and his food—a rate of payment never before received by a boy of his age.

At the age of twelve he was sent for a quarter to a finishing school at Blennerhasset. "The master," he would afterwards say, "was a good writer and a superior man, indeed, a sort of genius. For the first time I felt that there was some use in learning, and then I began to feel how ignorant I was. However, I never swerved from my resolve to go away from home. I had no tastes in common with my brother. I felt that I could not hang about half idle, with no better prospect before me than of being a farm-servant. So I determined that I would leave home at thirteen, and fight the battle of life for myself."

In pursuance of this sturdy resolution, he was bound apprentice for four years to a draper in Wigton named Messenger. He slept at his master's house, but procured his meals at an adjoining inn; an unfortunate arrangement, for it involved him in bad company, and accustomed him to habits of drinking and gambling. These might have been his ruin, but for an incident which he describes in an autobiographical sketch preserved by Mr. Smiles.

"I had arranged an easy method for getting into my master's house at night after my gambling bouts. I left a lower window unfastened, and by lifting the sash, and putting the shutters back, I climbed in, and went silently up to my bed in the attic. But my master having heard some strange reports as to my winnings and losings at cards, and fearing that it might at last end in some disaster to himself, determined to put a stop to my gambling pursuits. One night, after I had gone out with my cards, he nailed down the window through which I usually got entrance to the house, and when I returned, and wished to get in, lo! the window was firmly closed against me.

"It was five o'clock in the morning of Christmas Eve. That morning proved the turning-point in my life! After vainly trying to open the window, I went up the lane alongside the house. About a hundred yards up, I climbed to the ridge of the lowest house in the row. From thence I clambered my way up to the next highest house, and then managed to creep along the ridges of the intervening houses until I reached the top of my master's dwelling—the highest house of all. I slid down the slates until I reached the waterspout. I got hold of it, and hung suspended over the street. I managed to get my feet on to the window-sill, and pushed up the window with my left foot. This was no danger or difficulty to me, as I had often been let down by bigger boys than myself, with a rope round my waist, into the old round tower at Whitehall, that I might rob the jackdaws of their meat and eggs."

A lad who could accomplish such a feat as this must necessarily have been endowed with no ordinary determination, presence of mind, and strength of will. That in after-life he would depend upon himself, and not upon others, might safely have been predicted by any person cognisant of the circumstance. As a conclusion to the narrative, we must add that, when young Moore got into his room and retired to bed, he was seized with a full conviction of the folly and sinfulness of the life he had been leading, and resolved to give up drinking and gambling; a resolution never broken.

As soon as his apprenticeship came to an end, George Moore, with thirty pounds and his clothes, repaired to London in quest of employment. He arrived there on Maunday Thursday, 1825. On the following Monday he went from draper to draper endeavouring to obtain employment as an assistant. He called at as many as thirty shops daily for a whole week, meeting repulse bravely, and never losing heart. At length he was engaged by a Cumberland man, Mr. Ray, a partner in a Soho Square firm, at £30 a year; and he felt that he had secured his start in life. His feet were on the first round of the ladder, and he had made up his mind to get as near the top as possible.

But this could not be accomplished without much hard work. "I soon found," he writes, "that, coming green from the country, I laboured under many disadvantages. Compared with the young men with whom I was associated, I found my

education very deficient, and my speech betrayed that I had not lived in London all my life. Indeed, it smacked strongly of Cumberland and Cumberland folks. The first thing I did to remedy my defects was to put myself to school at night after the hours of employment were over; and many an hour have I borrowed from sleep in order to employ it on the improvement of my mind. At the end of eighteen months I had acquired a considerable addition to my previous knowledge, and felt myself able to take my stand side by side with my competitors. Let no one rely on what is termed luck. Depend upon it, that the only luck is merit, and that no young man will make his way unless he possesses knowledge, and exerts all his power in the accomplishment of his objects."

We are not writing a biography of George Moore, but selecting only such details as will illustrate the advantage of free and independent action in the great struggle of life. We pass on, therefore, to his assumption of a new character, that of a commercial traveller, in which he speedily discovered his deficiency in the very important qualifications of accuracy, quickness, and promptitude, and by a course of severe self-discipline proceeded to supply it. After some experience in "town travelling," he was sent into the Liverpool and Manchester district to collect orders and transact business for his employers, a firm of wholesale lace-dealers in Watling Street. His energy proved irresistible. He almost doubled the business of the firm, while he performed his journeys in a much shorter time than any previous agent. "He had nothing of the dawdler about him;" he lost not a moment in waiting for others to help him.

At first the result of his exertions was the sole benefit of his employers, but after awhile he himself profited by them. He attracted the attention of another lace-dealing firm, Messrs. Groucock & Copestake, who, after some negotiation, offered him a partnership, which he accepted. Thus, in June, 1830, at the age of twenty-three, he occupied an independent position, and might fairly calculate upon a competency. The firm, however, was of very recent standing, and there was much uphill work to be done, which George Moore was the very man to do. His strength of character, backed by a good constitution, was equal to any amount of labour. And he had an object in view, the hand of a lady, his first love and his only love, whom for some years he had determined to win as his wife.

"I believe," he afterwards said, "that I never could have surmounted the difficulties and hardships which I had to encounter but for the thought of her. I thought of her while going my rounds by day, and I thought of her while travelling by coach at night." He certainly needed some such stimulus, as his usual day's work was about sixteen hours, and as a rule he was up two nights a week. And, in truth, had his motive been less worthy, we should have found it impossible to praise a devotion to business which precluded all efforts at intellectual cultivation.

Such perseverance had its reward. It is just such men as Moore whom the deities befriend. The transactions of the firm increased every month, every week, necessitating their removal to a larger place of business. "In the course of my peregrinations," he says, "I visited every market town in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, with very few exceptions. I also visited the Nottingham markets, where we had to thank the manufacturers for their always unbounded confidence. Groucock and I also travelled through most of the towns of Belgium and France to buy lace and to open out operations for the future. Independently of this, I worked my own journey—Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin—single-handed. For twelve years I never missed, excepting once, starting for Ireland on the first Monday of every month."

In August, 1840, the dream of many years was fulfilled, and he married the daughter of his first employer. The business of the firm was now thoroughly established, and Mr. Moore partially gave up travelling. "He confined himself to drilling the new men, and introducing them to his customers; and when a journey was not working well, to take it in hand himself, and give it a strong push. He worked very hard on these occasions. He used to say that no one was fit to be a salesman who could not work sixteen hours a day. He himself had done so for twelve years.

He continued a vigorous worker to the last. His exertions having been rewarded with ample success, he was enabled to render substantial assistance, and to devote much of his time and energy, to charitable projects of a high character. He came to regard himself as a steward of the abundant means with which Heaven had blessed him, charged to administer them for the benefit of his fellows; and his benevolence was so extensive and so continuous, that in metropolitan records he will always be

not less honoured as a philanthropist than as a foremost merchant. He did not indulge in that lazy form of charity, the giving of money in subscriptions or donations; but his advice and encouragement were always ready, and into cases of individual distress he inquired with keen sympathy. It has been said, with respect to the forms of good works which he preferred, that they were those which put within the reach of Fortune's less favoured children *the means of self-elevation.* "He had no faith in the inevitable permanence, in any of God's creatures, of a low and dust-trodden condition. The reptile state was not a normal state of humanity; and if man, woman, or child had the misfortune to be born in such a condition, he would have them lift themselves out of it as soon as they could. Hence the heartiness with which he threw himself into the Ragged School movement, mothers' meetings, lectures for working men, meetings of cabmen at his own house, with any other exceptional scheme that might be suggested for benefiting those whom our older and more established agencies for ameliorating the condition of the humbler classes had either overlooked or at least failed to reach. With the late Charles Kingsley, he felt that there was no human "mud" which was not worth caring for, or which would not abundantly repay the pains and cost of husbandry for nobler uses.

There never was a life, perhaps, that more vividly illustrated the principle of self-help, of self-elevation, than that of George Moore, and this not only from a material, but from a moral and intellectual point of view. He not only made himself what he was as an opulent merchant holding a high social position, but he taught himself all he knew, and, by the exercise of a constant vigilance and a prayerful patience, succeeded in conquering these defects of character which might otherwise have fatally impeded his progress.

Knowingly or unknowingly, he had taken to heart the lesson inculcated by Wordsworth's humble leech-gatherer :—

> "He told me that he to this pond had come
> To gather leeches, being old and poor—
> Employment hazardous and wearisome!
> And he had many hardships to endure;
> From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,
> Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance;
> And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

"The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard, nor word from word could I divide;
And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent
To give me human strength and strong admonishment."

The poet, perplexed by the old man's simple words, puts to him the significant questions, "How is it that you live? What is it you do?"

"He with a smile did then his words repeat;
And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the ponds where they abide.
'Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.'

"While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape, and speech, all troubled me;
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pass
Above the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

"And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor.'"

And well would it be for our young men if they would profit by the lesson which the leech-gatherer taught—a lesson which the poet embodies in the following words:—

"But how can man expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?"

If a man cannot rise by his own labour, he had better remain where he is. Patronage may lift him into a certain position, but it is one which he will not have merited, and to which he will not do justice. The round men are found so often in the square

holes, and the square men in the round holes, because they are not there of their own choosing or their own working, but have been placed in them by the will of others or by stress of circumstances. To such can never come "the rapture of the strife," the happiness of having fought and conquered, the healthy exultant sense of difficulties overcome, troubles endured, temptations put aside. What true manly soul cares for the prize which he has done nothing to obtain? Who would wish to run a race in which there was no competition? D'Alembert, the great French mathematician, was exposed and abandoned by his mother in a public market, and brought up as a foundling at the expense of public charity. A glazier's wife became his foster-mother. At an early age he gave unmistakable indications of genius of a high order; but while his father, who had discovered his condition, wished him to embrace the legal profession or the medical, D'Alembert's bias was towards literature and science. Nor could he be dissuaded. He applied all the powers of his mind to the study of mathematics. As must often happen to the self-taught, he was continually baffled by finding, after he had struck out (as he conceived) an original idea, that others had discovered it before him. But he persevered; and an essay on the Integral Calculus which he published in 1739 procured him his election as a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1741. He was then only twenty-four years old. When his fame was well-established, his mother, the celebrated beauty, Madame de Tencin, was fain to own him; but he rejected her advances. What did he owe to her except his birth? He had *made himself.*

It is very interesting to study the life of that most genial of Presbyterian divines, the late Dr. Norman Macleod, with a view to the power of self-elevation which it so markedly brings out. Intended from an early age for the office of the ministry, he displayed an exuberance of spirits and a fondness for the humorous aspect of things which, to rigid observers, boded ill for his efficient discharge of a solemn responsibility. He himself had qualms of conscience at times lest he should acquire tastes and habits uncongenial to his future profession, and thought it almost impossible to battle against the myriad trifles which insidiously collect round the mind, like iron filings on a magnet till it is all covered. But he resolved that it should *not* be impossible, and entered on a course of diligent

self-scrutiny and self-watchfulness which sobered and steadied without darkening his character. Against a natural tendency to self-indulgence he maintained an earnest and therefore a successful conflict. In such a conflict no human influences could avail him much; a man must fight his own battle against himself. "How strange," he writes, "are the glimpses which we sometimes have of something beyond the sense—a strange feeling, flitting as the aurora, but as bright, of a spiritual world with which our souls seem longing to mingle, and, like a bird which, from infancy reared in a cage, has an instinctive love for scenes more congenial to its habits, and flutters about when it sees green woods and a summer sky, and droops its head when it feels they are seen through the bars of its prison! But the door shall yet be opened, and the songs it has learnt in confinement shall yet be heard in the sunny sky, and it shall be joined by a thousand other birds, and a harmonious song will rise on high! Oh, if we could but keep the purity of the soul! But sense is the giant which fetters us and gains the victory." Herein lies the mystery (so to speak) of self-help. We must summon all our resources, as Macleod did, as so many good men have done, to drive back the attacks of sense, and preserve inviolate the fortress of the soul. We must not be misunderstood. This self-help or self-elevation cannot be achieved without the Divine blessing. Man can do nothing for us, but God can and will if we seek Him in prayer. Writing in his journal, under date of 1st October, 1855, Macleod notes as things he must aim at and pray for:—

"1. To perfect holiness. Is it possible that I shall habitually possess myself, and exercise holy watchfulness over my words and temper, so that in public and private I shall live as a man who truly realises God's constant presence, who is one with Christ, and therefore lives among men and acts towards them with His mind and spirit? *I*, meek, humble, loving, ever by my life drawing more to Christ—self behind, Christ before! I believe this to be as impossible by my own resolving as that I could become a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Milton; yet if God calls me to this, God can so enable me to realise it that He shall be pleased with me.

"2. To know and improve every talent to the utmost, whether in preaching, writing, speaking, acting. I feel con-

vinced that every man has given him of God much more than he has any idea of, and that he can help on the world's work more than he knows of. What we want is the single eye that will see what our work is; the humility to accept it, however lowly; the faith to do it for God; the perseverance to go on till death."

"In taking this wider view of self-help, self-elevation, or self-culture,—call it which you will,—we are irresistibly reminded of the name of John Bunyan. The reader who took up "The Pilgrim's Progress" without any previous knowledge of its author would conjecture from its pages that he was a man who had suffered much, sorrowed much, striven much, but certainly not that he was the son of a tinker, perhaps of a gipsy tinker, —that he was born and bred in the lowest stratum of English society. It was only by a process of self-elevation that he rose to the moral and intellectual fervour which gave birth to his sublime allegory. When we think of that allegory, with all its richness of illustration, all its insight into human character, all its profound human interest, and all its wealth of original invention; and when we think of its creator, how wretched was his education, how mean were his early surroundings, how wild and coarse the atmosphere of his youthful life, we are lost in wonder at the apparent gulph between them. From such a tree who could have expected fruit so rare and glorious?

We know, indeed, that to attain to the height of spiritual elevation indicated by "The Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan passed through a condition of mental anguish and trial darker far than anything prefigured in his own imaginary "Slough of Despond." He was purified as by fire, and the odour of the flames clung to his soul to the last. Few of us are called upon to bear what *he* bore, though we must all submit to the work of self-purification if we would come in due time to the work of self-conquest. Bunyan's experiences, however, were exceptionally severe. He drank the cup of bitterness to the dregs. While hearing sweet voices from heavenly heights, and seeing strange visions of their sunlit summits, he himself was as one placed in a black and horrible wilderness, like the dreary ice-bound circle in Dante's "Inferno." Macaulay's description is well known. "At one time Bunyan was seized with an inclination to work miracles. At another time he thought him-

self actually possessed by the devil. He could distinguish the blasphemous whispers. He felt his infernal enemy pulling at his clothes behind him. He spurned with his feet and struck with his hands at the destroyer. Sometimes he was tempted to sell his part in the salvation of mankind. Sometimes a violent impulse urged him to start up from his food, to fall on his knees, and to break forth into prayer. At length he fancied that he had committed the unpardonable sin. His agony convulsed his robust frame. . . . The agitation of his nerves made all his movements tremulous, and this trembling, he supposed, was a visible mark of his reprobation like that which had been set on Cain." In his own emphatic words:— "Methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give me light, and as if the very stones in the streets and tiles upon the houses did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour."

Through this valley of the shadow of death, brave, self-helping, self-watching John Bunyan struggled into the bright and beautiful land of Beulah, and crowned himself with victory. But if we thus account for the spiritual excellence of his immortal work, we have still to consider the manner in which the tinker's son conquered the difficulties of his birth and breeding, and fitted himself intellectually for its composition. "The Pilgrim's Progress," it must be remembered, claims the admiration of the critic by its appropriate imagery and varied yet always admirable style. "There is no book in our literature," says Macaulay, "on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." How came Bunyan to produce this masterpiece? At school he learned only to read and write, both of which humanising arts he speedily lost, to recover them afterwards by his own exertions. His boyhood was idle, dissolute, godless. He describes himself, perhaps with unintentional exaggeration, as scarcely equalled for his years in "cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the name of God." In all juvenile mischief he was foremost, throwing into everything evil as well as good the wild energy of his undisciplined nature.

Most of his time was given up to athletic sports; his principal amusements were bell-ringing and dancing, in which he particularly delighted to indulge upon the Sabbath-day. At an early age either his love of adventure or his poverty induced him to enter the army, and he saw some sharp service in the field. At the conclusion of the Civil War he returned home and married. His wife's dowry appears to have been two volumes of practical religion, and it was the perusal of these which opened the eyes of Bunyan to the possibility of a better life. He began to attend church, but not with the result that might have been hoped; for, hearing a strong Calvinistic sermon, his mind became disturbed, and he was led to conclude that his soul was destined to perdition. In this conviction he grew reckless, and resumed all his old evil habits. But standing beside a neighbour's window "playing the madman," the woman of the house sallied forth and publicly branded him as a corruptor of youth and the most blasphemous wretch in the town. The shaft struck home. He resolved that no such reproach should again be hurled at him. He began the work, slow and painful in Bunyan's case, of self-elevation. His vocabulary of oaths was abandoned; he gave up his idle pastimes and companions; and at one time bid fair to develop into an offensive Pharisee. But some accidental experiences saved him from this fatal mistake, and his conscience and his imagination being alike awakened, he descended into that valley of darkness of which we have already spoken. How long he might have wandered in it, like poor Cowper, is uncertain, but he found a guide out of it after some eighteen months in Luther's "Commentary on the Galatians," which he studied carefully, and to the recovery of his soul's health. What other books he read we know not, but the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy War" must have read largely and thoughtfully. It is probable that he continued his studies in the seclusion of Bedford jail, to which he was committed in November, 1660, as an itinerant preacher, "a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles." In his prison he planned, and, it may be, wrote the first part of, his "Pilgrim's Progress."

We need trace his biography no further. Without the encouragement of friends or the assistance of teachers, John Bunyan, the tinker's son, grew to be capable of the authorship

of the grandest allegory in our language. Was not this the very triumph of self-help? Bunyan, in helping himself helped others, as do all who are truly self-helpers and not self-worshippers. The fruit of his prolific intellect and generous sympathies he placed at the world's disposal, that men might eat of it and live. How many a soul has thus benefited by the laborious struggle which Bunyan bore alone and friendless!

The philosophy of self-help seems to be embodied in the wise words which Carlyle ascribes to Professor Teufelsdrockh:—

"The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal: work it out therefore; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou givest it be heroic, be poetic! Oh, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou desirest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see!"

The first element of self-help or self-devotion is, then, the recognition of our duty; and the second element, the application of all our powers to its performance. Whatever our condition, it brings with it its law of service,—that is, responsibilities which no other than ourselves can discharge, and opportunities which no other than ourselves can seize. "Let him," to quote Teufelsdrockh again, "who gropes principally in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart, 'Do the duty which lies nearest thee.'" We shall need no help from others if we keep this truth ever before us, as the mariners of old fixed their gaze on the polar star. Success in life, moral, intellectual, or material, turns upon it as upon a pivot; or, to change the image, it is the only key which unlocks to Endeavour the gate of the sanctuary where reposes the Holy Grail—

"Clothed in white samite as a luminous cloud."

We read in the "Life of Sir Matthew Hale" that, in the

year 1666, the mind of England was oppressed with a conviction that the end of the world was close at hand. Judge Hale was then taking the Western Circuit, and it happened that, as he sat on the bench at the assizes, a terrible storm suddenly arose, accompanied "with such flashes of lightning and claps of thunder that the like will hardly fall out in an age." Thereupon a murmur ran through the crowd gathered in the assize-hall that now was the world to end and the day of judgment to begin; and a general consternation seized the whole assembly, so that men forgot the business they were met about, and betook themselves to their prayers. This, added to the horror raised by the storm, looked very dismal, and even upon men of no ordinary resolution and firmness of mind it made a great impression. But it was observed that the judge was not a whit affected, and was going on with the business of the court in his ordinary manner; from which the observer concluded "that his thoughts were so well fixed, that he believed if the world had been really to end, it would have given him no considerable disturbance." And why should it? The judge knew he was doing his duty, and this was enough for him to know and do. What qualms and pains we should avoid, what useless anxieties and vain imaginings, if we could but accept it as a fact that our sole individual concern in this life is to do our duty! It is because we *fail* to realise it that we are always groping about with wistful hearts in quest of support, now here, now there —like the blind when dazed by the terror of the thronged tumultuous streets. In that mental and moral education which we have ventured to call self-help, the primary and all-important stage is the understanding and taking to heart of the idea of duty.

The material successes of self-help have been copiously illustrated in Mr. Smiles's well-known volume; and to the illustrations he has brought together numbers might easily be added. We feel almost inclined to say that the men who rule the world, who make large fortunes, who control the leading channels of commerce, who infuse activity into municipal life, who cultivate every new field of enterprise, were and have been self-helpers. By unrelaxing diligence, economy of time and method, the patience that bears all things, the perseverance that never knows defeat, the energy that is inex-

haustible, the iron will that cannot be bent, and the singleness of purpose that never swerves, they conquer "chance and circumstance." We have set before the reader some examples of great men of business, and he will find that each of them owed his success to his "good right hand." The most celebrated American university, that of Harvard, received not long ago a noble legacy from a Boston merchant who belonged to the same army of self-helpers. Mr. Bussey was bred to the trade of a silversmith, and as soon as he had mastered its details he resolved to start on his own account. For an independent venture his means were assuredly limited; but he could work and he could wait, and he was capable of the sternest self-denial. His father placed in his hands "a very small amount of paper money," with three items of good advice; namely, to be always diligent, to spend less than he earned, and never to deceive or disappoint any one. From his grandfather he received fifty dollars in silver.

When he had purchased the necessary tools, his capital was reduced to ten dollars, and he owed fifty dollars borrowed money. He made no complaints, however, and applied to none of his friends. Endowed with a strong constitution, and rich in an incorruptible integrity and a spirit of inflexible perseverance, he set to work. In one year he made great progress in the processes of the silversmith's art, secured many excellent customers, increased his capital, and established his business on a solid basis. Finely-wrought articles of gold and silver, the work of his own hands, are still to be met with in and near Boston. In two years he purchased the land on which his house was situated. Still his business increased; he engaged in large commercial operations; exported his wares to England, France, and Holland; and became the owner of several vessels. Eventually he acquired an enormous fortune, the chief object of so many aspirants; but not, to judge from the use he made of it, of this professor of the science of self-help.

In the same connection we think of the names of the late Mr. Cassell, of London, who gave so strong an impulse to the diffusion of popular literature of a wholesome character; Joseph Denison, of Leeds, whose parents were too poor to give him even the rudiments of education, but who, by unabated industry, raised himself to the senior partnership in a great banking-firm; and George Peabody, to whom the poor of London are so largely

indebted. Mr. Peabody's father died while his son was yet in his early boyhood; and the lad soon learned that he had no friend or helper but himself. Fortunately, he had that in himself which is infinitely better than external support, a brave heart, a clear head, and a firm will. At the age of thirteen he obtained employment as clerk to a grocer, with whom he remained for about three years, devoting all his earnings to the comfort of his mother, his brothers, and sisters. Afterwards he removed from Danvers to Georgetown, where his business habits and qualities attracted the attention of a Mr. Rigg, a capitalist, who accepted him as a partner, he finding the money, and Peabody the brains. The joint adventure proved eminently successful. In due time the firm removed to Baltimore, establishing branches in New York and Philadelphia. In 1832 Mr. Peabody visited England to purchase goods, and formed many pleasant acquaintances with the leading merchants and politicians. The "Old Home" so strongly engaged his sympathies that he resolved to settle in England, and he severed his connection with the American firm in 1839. Prosperity still attended his efforts, and he soon took his place among the great merchant-princes of London, whom he emulated in benevolence as in enterprise.

Self-help claims as its votary the founder of the house of Phipps. He was born in a small town of New England, one of a family of six-and-twenty children. His father was a gunsmith, and a man of scanty means; but the straitened circumstances in which he spent his boyish years did not prevent him from forming, as so many boys of sturdy will and conscious courage do, a grand conception of future success. At the age of twenty-three, however, the conception was still unfulfilled; and Phipps was only a working carpenter, who had started business with a small capital provided by a young widow whom he had married. His golden dreams, however, were active still, and he amused his wife by predicting that, on some day yet to come, he should be the owner of "a fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston;" and it might even be that "this would not be all the providence of God would bring him to." The profound self-reliance and resolute determination which marked his character eventually justified his apparently idle vaunt. His business as a shipwright brought him into contact with many seafaring men, and from one of them he

learned that, somewhere off the Bahama Islands, lay a wrecked vessel, on board of which was a great cargo of gold and silver. The idea of recovering this wreck took fast hold of his mind; and entering on board a ship as a common sailor, he made his way to England, with the view of securing the patronage of the court for his scheme of recovering the buried treasure. He met with the usual delays, but by dint of importunity obtained a hearing, and being provided with a vessel, sailed for the Bahamas. Even yet, however, his difficulties were not over. His crew mutinied, and when he engaged a new one, it proved of so unsatisfactory a composition that he deemed it prudent to return to England. There he had to undergo a repetition of the old delays, to brook much incredulous laughter, and to chafe under insolent contempt. But having contrived to gain the favour of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and some other high personages, he was provided with another ship and crew, and in good spirits sailed "for the fishing ground which had been so well baited half an hundred years before." At Port de la Plata he set his men to work to build out of a large cotton tree a canoe or periagua, which would carry eight or ten oars, and might be used for exploring the dangerous shallows off the Bahamas known as "the Boilers," among which no ship could safely venture.

For days and weeks the treasure-seekers continued their weary quest, and probably every heart was sick of it except that of the persistent and resolute commander. At last, one of the crew of the periagua, as she glided over the shallow tide, happened to see in the luminous depths the waving plumes of the sea-feather, and ordered an Indian diver to gather it for him that he might not return empty-handed. The diver quickly brought up the feather, and had a wonderful story to tell. Close by the rock where it had flourished many great guns, he said, were lying scattered. He was bidden to descend a second time and make further exploration. Before long he came up with a large ingot of silver worth several hundreds of pounds. The crew of the periagua, having fixed a buoy to indicate the spot, hastened to join their ship. For awhile they said nothing of their discovery, but set up the "sow of silver" in the cabin as a surprise for Captain Phipps. When his glance fell upon it, he cried out with some agony, "Why, what is this? Whence comes this?" Then, with

changed countenance, they told him where and how they got it. "Thanks be to God," he exclaimed, "we are made!"

The work of exploration was now carried on right cheerfully. Thirty-two tons of silver were recovered. Over the precious metal had grown a calcareous incrustation some inches in thickness, which the men had to break through with their tools, and "whole bushels of rusty pieces of eight" would then come "tumbling out." A considerable amount of gold, pearls, and other precious stones, was also collected. The value of the whole being nearly £300,000, it is no marvel that Captain William Phipps began to fear lest his crew should rebel, murder him, and carry off the treasure. Pious were the vows he vowed if only "the Lord would convey him safely to England with what He had given him to enjoy of the abundance of the seas and of the treasures hid in the sands." If Jove laugh at lovers' prayers, he probably does at the vows of fortune-seekers; but Phipps reached England without accident, and was warmly welcomed by his ducal patron. As well he might, since Monk's share of the booty was in itself a fortune. As for Phipps, he received £16,000 (equal, we suppose, to about £100,000 at the present value of money), and Monk handsomely presented him with a gold cup of £1000 for his wife. The King knighted the intrepid adventurer, and offered him employment in England; but he had made up his mind to build "a fair brick house in the Green Lane" of Boston, and to this idea he clung with characteristic tenacity. So, with the title of High Sheriff of New England, Sir William Phipps returned home. There, at the age of thirty-nine, he devoutly sought the rite of baptism. "I have divers times," he said, "been in danger of my life, and I have been brought to see that I owe my life to Him that has given a life so often to me." His bold imagination next meditated the conquest of Canada, but the expedition he led against the French was unsuccessful; and at the early age of forty-five death cut short his adventurous career, into which so much of daring, perseverance, and audacious enterprise had been crowded.[1] The late Marquis of Normanby was descended from Sir William Phipps.

What a romance of deep and stirring interest is involved in

[1] He died in London in 1695. The Duke of Albemarle, to whom allusion is made, was the *second* Duke, son of the King-restorer.

the records of self-help! What tales they preserve of courageous wrestling with fortune, of hope long deferred but finally realised, of struggling ambition and generous aspiration, of disappointments that make the heart sick, of long endurance and silent resolution, of arduous labour and self-discipline, of temptations resisted and the deathless victories of mind! We think of Poussin on his road to Paris painting signboards in order to earn the day's pittance of food; of Chantrey, the sculptor, driving an ass with milk-cans on its back to supply his mother's customers with milk; of Richard Foley, founder of the titled family of that name, repairing to Sweden to learn the Swedish process of nail-splitting, and fiddling his way from the west to the Dannemora mines, near Upsala. It is only the perusal of narratives such as these which can teach us what man has done and is capable of doing; what he can endure, what he can accomplish, and how much of the heroic is in his nature. "In life," said the German painter, "nothing bears fruit except by travail of mind or body. To strive, and strive, and strive—such is life. With a strong soul and a lofty aim, one can do what one wills, morally speaking." This is the truth which all histories of self-help and its triumphs enforce. But then, he who acts upon it must act upon it thoroughly. The people who fail are the people who only "half will," and self-help implies an absolute concentration of all our forces. We must say, with Napoleon, "There shall be no Alps." Or, like Sir Charles Napier, when difficulties press upon us, that they do not make our feet go deeper into the ground.

In dealing with this subject of self-help, we are embarrassed by the fact that so many have dealt with it before us, and used the illustrations we should like to use, repeated the anecdotes we should like to tell. Yet, in treating of the secret of success in life, it was impossible to omit what we regard as its most essential portion. Industry, and courage, and determination, and physical and mental culture, are all indispensable, but are all of little value without those other high qualities which we regard as summed up in self-help. But here, as elsewhere in these pages, we are unwilling to exaggerate. Because we would fain preach with "a forty-parson power" what we believe to be a wholesome and profitable gospel, we do not desire to encourage in our readers a mood of

churlish independence. Because we would not have them *rely* on a friend or a patron, because we think it the part of a true and honest man to trust to himself and his own exertions, we do not say that they are to shut their ears to the voice of sympathy, or reject the generous hand when they can accept it without loss of honour. As Mr. Hayward says, "Do we not all know hundreds who have got on by patronage? or who have got their first step through a patron, and with occasional help of the same kind have risen steadily and creditably to the top of the tree?"

But when these questions have been answered in the affirmative, and when we have guarded against exaggeration of view or statement, the fact remains, that the completest and most satisfactory victories are those which are won by our own strength and courage. We are then able to say, as Jean Paul Richter said, "I have made as much out of myself as could be made out of the stuff;" and neither Heaven nor man will require of us more.

Many of our readers will be familiar with the story of Joseph Marie Jacquard, the inventor of the loom for figure-weaving. The son of an industrious couple at Lyons, he was born on the 7th of July, 1752. His father was a weaver, his mother a pattern-reader. He taught himself to read and write; for though his parents possessed a small estate, they seem to have been indisposed to expend it on his education, and, as soon as he was old enough, they placed him with a bookbinder. Here he gained a knowledge of mathematics through the kindness of his master's cashier, who, observing his extraordinary mechanical ingenuity, evinced by a number of little contrivances, recommended his parents to apprentice him to some trade in which it would be advantageously utilised. He was apprenticed, therefore, to a cutler; but he was treated so harshly that he abandoned his engagement, and obtained work from a typefounder.

His father dying, Jacquard came into possession of a couple of looms, and forthwith proceeded to carry on the trade of a weaver. But as his inventive mind was always busy in devising mechanical improvements, his business suffered, until, in order to pay his debts, he was forced to sell his looms. He had fallen in love and married; and as his indebtedness increased with the increased expenses of his household, he was

next obliged to part with his cottage. Destitution would probably have been his lot but for the industry and thrift of his wife, who made straw-hats at Lyons, while Jacquard worked as a pinmaker at Bresse. Hitherto, as the reader perhaps is thinking, self-help had done nothing for Joseph Marie Jacquard, because he had not found his vocation. He was groping in all directions, so to speak, to find his proper work, the work he was fitted and destined to do; but as yet it had not come within his reach. Fortune is like one of those mysterious caskets which can be opened only by the touch of a hidden spring; and men handle it first on one side, and then on another, press it here and press it there, without finding, many of them, the coveted secret. The characteristic feature of Jacquard's genius was its inventiveness, and even in his direst poverty he continued to toil at his projected improvement of the cumbrous draw-loom. In 1790, he contrived to bring before the public his mechanism for selecting the warp-threads, which, when added to the loom, enabled the weaver to dispense with a draw-boy. It rose into immediate favour, and in ten years four thousand were sold in Lyons alone.

The Revolutionary storm now caught him in its throes. He joined the Moderate party at Lyons, and enrolled himself and his son, a lad of fifteen, among the volunteer defenders of the city, when it was besieged in 1793 by the army of the Convention. The city was taken, but Jacquard and his son contrived to escape from the hideous massacre that followed, and enlisted in the army of the Rhine. Carrying into this new vocation the energy and determination of his character, he rose to the rank of sergeant, and might have risen higher, but his son being killed in battle by his side, he deserted, and made his way back on foot to Lyons in search of his wife. He found her in an obscure garret, still plying with busy fingers her trade of straw-bonnet making. His ideas then returned to their former channel; and having secured employment from a trading manufacturer, he devoted his hours of leisure at night to the congenial occupation of invention. His busy brain soon devised improvements of great value, and one day he indicated their nature to his employer, expressing his regret that he had not the means to carry them out. His master, however, had the intelligence to appreciate them, and the generosity to place a sum of money at Jacquard's disposal that he might give up

all his time to their practical realisation. In three months the Jacquard loom was completed (1801), was exhibited at the Exposition of National Industry, and gained a prize. Its simplicity and ingenuity attracted the attention of the Minister Carnot, who visited the inventor at Lyons, and recommended him to the First Consul. For a time he was employed to arrange and repair the models in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. In 1804 he gained a prize offered by the Society of Arts in London for making nets. At the Conservatoire he fell in with a loom for weaving flowered silk made by Vaucanson, the celebrated inventor of automata, and this suggested to Jacquard's fertile fancy a further improvement of his own loom, which superseded the pattern or design reader. The Jacquard loom, thus completed, received the patronage of Napoleon; but in Lyons it awakened the ignorant jealousies and selfish fears of the weavers, who raised the cry against machinery. He was hanged in effigy, and nearly drowned *in propriâ personâ*, and an attempt was made to destroy his looms. The English silk manufacturers invited him to settle in England; but he was too patriotic to abandon his native country, and preferred to wait until the value of his invention became generally known. Then, as he expected, a revulsion of feeling took place. It was found that his machine gave a new impulse to the weaving trade by lessening the cost of production; and the workmen who would so gladly have drowned him now sought, on his birthday, to make him the chief figure in a triumphal procession. Napoleon conferred on him a pension, and granted a premium of fifty francs upon each of his looms that might be erected. Deriving from these sources a comfortable income, he retired to Vallois, his father's birthplace, to spend the autumn of his life. He died in August, 1834, aged eighty-two.

Of Gerard, the French painter, it was said by Madame Ancilon that "in whatever he had undertaken he would have succeeded so as to have been found in the first line, and although born in an inferior condition, however high the rank to which he had attained, he would never have been a *parvenu*; he would have been an *arrivé*, one who had arrived by the main road, in the light of day, in the sight, with the knowledge, and with the approbation of all." It is men made of such stuff as this, with so ample a volition, and so great

a power of prevailing over circumstance, who are the true apostles of self-help. There are some natures that cannot stand alone, that *must* lean upon others, and only when leaning upon others show any signs of vitality. It would probably appear upon inquiry that they had been enfeebled by an injudicious training or deteriorated by physical disease. However this may be, let those thank God who can plant their feet firmly, hold their heads erect, and press forward to the mark with a firm and even step. Testimony is borne by men who knew him to the late Lord Palmerston's remarkable power of conquering pain, or rather of preventing pain from conquering *him*, by his *vivida vis animi*. "I have seen him," writes Sir Henry Holland, "master a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading on public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the tables of his room." This strong, manly, unyielding nature supplies the key to the successes of Lord Palmerston's career, and it is this which every man must cultivate who seeks to do his work in his day and generation.

Of the life of Count Rumford, the friend of Sir Humphrey Davy, and the founder of the Royal Institution, it has been justly said that it has all the interest of a romance; and, in truth, some of its incidents, if related by an inventor of fiction, would be readily censured as improbable.

Benjamin Thompson, by birth and baptism the son of an American farmer, was born in 1753 at Woburn, in Massachusetts. In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to a general dealer at Salem. It was soon evident that this was not his *métier;* he neglected the store, drew caricatures, dabbled in scientific experiments, read all the books he could get hold of, and, in a word, did anything and everything but attend to his master's business. Being summarily dismissed, he made his way to Rumford (now called Concord), in New Hampshire, where he contrived to start a school, and, in his twentieth year, to secure the hand and heart of a woman of good estate. He was then free to engage in the scientific studies he loved, until the outbreak of the War of Independence compelled him to choose his side, and he espoused, after some little hesitation, the cause of the mother-country. Visiting England, he was well received by Lord George Ger-

maine, the Secretary of State, who, in September, 1780, appointed him Under-Secretary for the Northern or Colonial Department. It is difficult, however, to follow all the variations of his stirring career. In the next year we find him in command of a regiment of dragoons in Carolina. Afterwards, he serves under Sir Henry Clinton as commander-in-chief of the cavalry. Anon, in 1783, he speeds to Vienna, for the purpose of taking part in the war of Austria against Turkey. But attracting the attention of Prince Maximilian, heir-presumptive to the electoral crown of Bavaria, he is induced to pay a visit to Munich. Here he makes such excellent use of his talents, that in less than a year he is intrusted with the uncontrolled administration of Bavarian affairs, civil and military.

The reforms he accomplished in every department of the state were extraordinary. He built barracks and warehouses; he established an excellent police; he reorganised the army; he introduced economy into the finance of the Electorate; he suppressed mendicity; and enacted a poor-law which was at once efficient and humane. He resembled one of those powerful magicians of whom we read in the old fairy-tales, who, by the magic of their wand, converted wildernesses into rose-gardens, and banished want and vice from the confines blessed by their beneficent sway. Yet even this great work of ameliorating the condition of a people could not satisfy his boundless energies. In the intervals of state business he was actively employed in adapting the principles of science to the arts of life. To him belongs the credit of having discovered the identity of heat with motion; and it was his ingenious experiments which demonstrated the fact of the unlimited production of heat from a limited quantity of matter by the expenditure of mechanical power in friction. Whatever he attempted in legislation, science, or administration, he carried into effect, he completed; and left no *disjecta membra* of fruitless schemes to vex his conscience. His powers were always equal to the work he undertook. He asked no one to share his burden. He was *totus in se.*

Merit does not always meet with meed, but the American farmer's son had no reason to complain of ingratitude. He received the honour of knighthood from George III.; several foreign sovereigns sent him the insignia of illustrious orders; and after being formally named chief of the War Department

and lieutenant-general of the royal armies in Bavaria, he was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire in 1791. Seven years later, having resolved to return to England for the benefit of his health, the grateful Elector appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's; but the appointment fell to the ground, as Lord Granville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, necessarily refused to confirm it to an English subject.

Settling in England, the ever-active Count devoted his attention to the ventilation of houses and the improvement of chimneys and fireplaces. He also took a leading part in the foundation of the Royal Institution, and ensured its success by his engagement of Sir Humphrey Davy as its lecturer. In October, 1805, having been upwards of twelve years a widower, he married the widow of Lavoisier, the celebrated chemist, but the union proved unhappy, and in June, 1807, an amicable separation took place. The Count then retired to Auteuil, where, in complete seclusion, and engaged in the pursuit of his favourite studies, he lived for some years. His death took place on the 21st of August, 1814.

That is excellent advice which Lord Dalling gave to his god-daughter—"Rely on yourself for what you are yourself; take a modest estimate, but never let any one have it in their power to make you think more or less of yourself than you deserve. If you make a habit of this in early life, you will be almost independent of the accidents of fortune till the day of your death." Self-respect is essential to self-help. When we know what we really are and can really do, we can afford to keep our temper in the face of the world's neglect. Had Haydon formed a proper estimate of his powers, and respected himself for possessing them, or had Chatterton attained a similar degree of insight, neither would have fallen by his own hand. Such men as Collingwood and Havelock preserved their equanimity in spite of the unjust indifference exhibited to their services, by falling back on a reserve fund of self-respect. It was not until after months, nay, years of discouragement and disappointment, that Thackeray gained a hearing from the public; but he had taken the measure of his intellectual capabilities, and knowing what he could do if an opportunity were given to him, waited unrepiningly until it came.

And so with Wordsworth; with what serene patience he bided his time, content to let critics rail and flout, and confident that his poetry would eventually reach home to the national heart! Self-knowledge and self-respect are to each struggling combatant in the battle of life what Aaron and Hur were to Moses, when but for their support his arms would have fallen nerveless to his side, and the victory have gone from Israel. Says Bacon finely—"Men seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength: of the former, they believe greater things than they should; of the latter, much less." What is wanted is the accurate perception which determines its exact proportions, and the manly consciousness which refuses to be overborne by arrogance or withered by contumely. "Self-reliance and self-denial," continues Bacon, "will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labour truly to get his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust."

CHAPTER IX.

REASONABLE SERVICE AND TRUE SUCCESS.

"The very art of struggling is in itself a species of enjoyment; and every hope that crosses the mind, every high resolve, every generous sentiment, every lofty aspiration,—nay, every heroic despair, is a gleam of happiness that flings its illumination upon the darkest destiny. All these are as essentially a portion of human life, as the palpable events that serve as landmarks to the history; and all these would have to be computed before we could fairly judge of the prevailing character of the career."

"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame."—*H. W. Longfellow.*

"What shall I do to be for ever known?
Thy duty ever!
This did full many who yet sleep unknown,—
Oh, never, never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot."—*Schiller.*

"How must Stephen of Colonna, whom Petrarch loved and reverenced for his heroic spirit, have struck dumb with astonishment the base and impotent assailants who thought indeed that he was at length in their power, and so demanded with an air of triumph, 'Where is now your fortress?' when he laid his hand on his breast and answered, 'Here; and one whose strength will laugh a siege to scorn.'"—*Kenelm Digby.*

CHAPTER IX.

EVERY young man as he stands on the threshold of life, preparing to step forward into the vague, uncertain future, may take to his heart the trumpet-like words of Saint Simon:—"L'age d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu'ici dans la passé, est devant nous"—(The golden age, which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the past, is before us). What has been possible to our fellows is possible to us, and something, perhaps, which never was by them achieved. Hope is ours, and love, and truth, and honour; high aspiration and earnest prayer; the consciousness of a battle well fought and a victory well won. The race may be a long one, and the way rugged and thorny, but mayhap there are flowers in many a bosky nook, and we shall feel, though we may not discern, the presence of the angels like a soundless wind on a summer sea. We have only to take heart and work. We know the conditions of success—diligence and patience, and a firm purpose and a lofty aim, self-reliance, courage, self-denial, self-elevation. These are within our reach if we submit to the necessary discipline. And why should we not? Is not this life the vestibule of eternity, and shall we neglect or despise it as a thing worthless and wearisome? Do we not know it to be the training place of our spiritual nature? Do we not know that the faculties cultivated here will grow into a glorious fruition hereafter? Ah, the nobleness of labour! How it develops the thought, how it braces up the soul, how it crushes back the evil impulse! When we bethink ourselves of the pleasure it yields, of the moral elevation which it involves, we are lost in wonder at the infatuation of the fools who idly turn from it to expend their lives in luxurious indulgence. But when we speak

of labour we mean something more than the occupation of the business day, something more than the toil that properly belongs to our respective callings; we mean that general process of culture by which mind, soul, and body alike are benefited; we mean all that assiduous preparation and finish which carefully occupies the hours not devoted to amusement or repose. Our complex humanity has many sides, all of which demand our assiduous vigilance: this vigilance we regard as part and parcel of our daily duty.

In some such sense would labour seem to be regarded by Carlyle in a well-known passage:—

"Two men I honour," he says, "and no third. First, the toilworn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as if the sceptre of this planet. . . . Toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

"A second man I honour, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward harmony; revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavours are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly crafts man only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us!"

Here work is evidently understood as synonymous with duty; and it is the influence of such work in its moral, spiritual, intellectual, and even physical relation, which we have been anxious to set forth. We have sought to establish that the sublimest thing a man can do is to do his duty, whether, like the soldiers on board the *Birkenhead*, he goes down into the deep to save the feeble, or whether he sits at the receipt of custom unhonoured and unknown. But taking work in its more common and restricted meaning, as the daily labour by which men earn their bread or attain to fame, it becomes necessary for us, as we draw to a conclusion, to enunciate a caution. This, indeed, is implied in our remarks upon duty, which we have defined as the culture of intellect, soul, and body—not of

one, but of all three parts of our tripartite nature. Of intellectual labour it is possible to have *too much*. As neglect of the body in one sense involves fast living, so neglect of the body in another sense induces exhaustion and disease. In both cases the effect is the same, and the primary cause is the same. The body has its rights, and these, we repeat, cannot be disregarded in one way without mortal injury to the soul, or in another without fatal mischief to the mind.

We must be on our guard against overwork. If we light a candle at both ends we may expect to burn it rapidly; and as an overwrought brain tells upon the body, racking the nerves, checking the healthy action of the blood and liver, irritating the heart, and disturbing the whole organisation, it cannot be matter of surprise that when one gives way the other should also succumb. Then the diseased frame reacts on the enfeebled intellect, and the victim, after weeks or months of suffering, sinks into a premature grave. Life at the present day is life at high pressure. In every sphere of human industry prevails a keen competition; and those who do not press forward are surely thrown out of the race. We are bound to an Ixion's wheel which is ceaseless in its revolutions. In every profession the contest has, in the last few years, grown sharper and more tumultuous; the attack is fiercer; the fight is hand-to-hand; and the number of those who fall has largely increased. Men make haste to get rich, or to keep up "a position," or to found an immense business, and hence, in spite of terrible examples and constant warnings, they fall victims to overwork. They endeavour to get out of brain and body more than brain and body can supply. There is a necessary limit to wholesome effort, but they foolishly overpass it.

We do not think that this excess is due in many cases to an exaggerated conception of the true aim and end of life. A *Saturday Reviewer* has condemned the worship of work for its own sake as almost as pernicious an extreme as the worship of idleness. The latter worship has its votaries still, but we doubt very much whether the former has many priests or disciples. All conscientious minds must be impressed with the *reasonableness* of work, and will recognise that identity between work and duty on which we have already enlarged. They will feel the necessity of working while it is yet day, and before the

night cometh when no man can work. But they regard work as a *means* to an *end*. Such, indeed, we take to be the light in which all men regard it. Unless influenced by some strong motive, or iron necessity, we strongly doubt whether men would incline to a life of industry. On the contrary, we suspect that they have an inherent tendency towards a life of ease; that work is as distasteful to them as to Tennyson's Lotus Eaters; and that all of us are prone in our heart of hearts to cry—

> "Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
> And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
> While all things else have rest from weariness?
> All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
> We only toil, who are the first of things,
> And make perpetual moan? . . .
> Hateful is the dark blue sky,
> Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea.
> Death is the rest of life; Ah, why
> Should life all labour be?"

We work because necessity, like the Old Man of the Sea enthroned on poor Sinbad's shoulder, compels us to it, clings to us continually, and will not be denied. It is not the same necessity with all of us. It varies according to the worker's aim, condition, capabilities. One may be fired with as restless a spirit of inquiry as possessed Ulysses—

> "Yearning in desire
> To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
> Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

Another is impelled by avarice; a third by love of excitement; a fourth by a fear of poverty; a fifth by an honest wish to make the best use of the talents with which Providence has gifted him. Work is "the means" of a Rothschild as of a Kepler; of a Ricardo as of a George Grote; of a Faraday as of a Mendelssohn. Only how different the "end"!

But while contending that men work because they must, and not from any natural desire for it, or any source of pleasure in it—so far at least as the majority are concerned—we must still assert our opinion, that it carries with it a blessing for those who enter upon it in a right spirit. We believe, with Hugh Miller, that eventually it proves to be in itself a delight and an enjoyment. In our conviction it is all that Hugh

Miller represented it to be—the best of teachers, the noblest of schools; a school in which the spirit of independence is fostered, the ability of being useful developed, and the habit of persevering effort acquired. It has been said that the greatest productions of human genius were written, not for the sake of immortal fame, but to provide for some practical need, to supply some keenly felt commonplace want. Homer sang, it is suggested, partly to kindle the flame of patriotism in the hearts of his countrymen, partly to secure the day's food and the night's lodging, as he wandered along the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Shakespeare composed his "Hamlet" and his "Othello," not for glory, but to "put money in his purse." Hooker's great work, the "Ecclesiastical Polity," was a contribution to the theological conflict of his age. Burke's masterpiece, with all its wealth of imagery, was intended to protect the British constitution from the encroachments of the Revolutionary spirit. And James Watt invented the condensing engine because it offered a prospect of honest gain. All this may be true enough; the motive and the aim may in each case have been the motive and the aim suggested; but who can doubt that to each worker his work brought with it a moral and mental satisfaction. Had Homer no pleasure in his song? Was Shakespeare conscious of no intellectual ecstasy when embodying in deathless verse the dreams of Hamlet? Did not Hooker rejoice in the logical coherence of the grand argument he was building up in his stately prose? Could Burke pen his glowing periods and feel no stir of the heart, no fever of the brain? And had James Watt no gratification in bringing to completeness his wonderful invention?

We are ready to admit that, as a rule, great men are seldom conscious of any great impulse, unless a sense of duty may, as we think, be fitly and truly so designated. Wellington won the battle of Waterloo because it was his duty not to be beaten. When the defeat of Napoleon was assured, he exclaimed, "Thank God I have met him!" and that was all. To return to James Watt and his achievement, he completed the condensing steam-engine because it was the right thing to do, and because, as he saw, it would be an improvement on the engine previously in use; but we may be certain that no visions of England covered by a network of railways, or of great ships crossing the ocean "against wind and tide," ever rose

upon his imagination. The sculptor of the matchless Apollo Belvedere—

> "The lord of the unerring bow,
> The god of life, and poesy, and light,
> The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
> All radiant from his triumph in the fight,"—

wrought his masterpiece because in no other way could he express the ideal beauty which he had conceived, and not from a conviction that to all time it would prove the cynosure of admiring eyes. We do not say that the desire of fame is never an active motive with the world's workers. We know that Shakespeare could predict that nothing would outlive his powerful rhyme; and Horace exclaimed, "Exegi monumentum aere perennius;" and Milton felt that his "Paradise Lost" was a work "the world would not willingly let die." But we believe it very seldom exercises any direct influence upon human labour. We believe that "no man was ever a great man who wanted to be one," and that greatness is the unexpected result in most instances of long-continued patient toil. At the outset the aspirant had no conception of the height to which he would ultimately attain.

Hic Rhodus; hic salta. Do not wait for a change of circumstances, but take them as they are, and make the best of them. "This saying," observes a writer in "Guesses at Truth," "which was meant to shame a braggart, will admit of a very different and profounder application. Goethe has changed the postulate of Archimedes, *Give me a standing place, and I will move the world,* into the precept, *Make good thy standing place, and move the world.* This is what he did throughout his life. So, too, was it that Luther moved the world, not by waiting for a favourable opportunity, but by doing his daily work, by doing God's will day by day, without thinking of looking beyond. We ought not to linger in inaction until Blucher comes up, but, the moment we catch sight of him in the distance, to rise and charge. Hercules must go to Atlas and take his load off his shoulders perforce."

And it is in this spirit that the best work will always be done. It is patient and well-regulated industry that wins the race, and not spasmodic effort; not violent exertion at the outset, to be followed by premature exhaustion before the road

to the goal has been half accomplished. It is not overwork that wins success, but adequate work. And overwork for what? To heap up money, to gain a high social position, to buy houses and lands; are these worthy objects for immortal souls? What can be more deplorable than to sacrifice life and love at shrines such as these? What can be more foolish than to substitute, for the work that strengthens, invigorates, and cheers, the toil that harasses, and tortures, and kills? When John Leyden, poet and scholar, was warned by his physician of the certain ruin that would ensue if he persisted in his excessive study, he replied, "Whether I am to live or die, the wheel must go round to the last. I may perish in the attempt, but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer." Poor, foolish enthusiast! He fell at thirty-six, and thus deprived himself and the world of many years of useful labour. We know of nothing more painful in all literature than Lockhart's narrative of the last days of Sir Walter Scott, who as surely killed himself by overwork as any suicide by poison or the razor. Writing in January, 1825, the biographer says, "Here I must drop the curtain on a scene and period of unclouded prosperity and splendour. The muffled drum is in prospect." Thenceforward the beat of that drum grew louder and louder. The brain ceased to answer to the demand of the strong will. The exhausted intellect could be made to yield little more. Work was done, but it was poor work, and it was done at frightful cost. An apoplectic attack in February, 1830, was the first revenge of overstrained nature. The great novelist disregarded the warning, and thinking he had recovered his health, resumed his task with his old diligence. But alas, not with his old success. How vast the interval between "Old Mortality" and "Castle Dangerous!" Repeated attacks of apoplexy or palsy followed, and the poor sufferer was at length compelled to lay aside his pen for ever. After a voyage to Italy, he returned to Abbotsford a paralytic wreck, and in a condition of semi-unconsciousness. He was only in his sixty-second year when he died, smitten down by overwork. What a contrast with the last years of Goethe! The grand old German, though a constant thinker and active toiler, reached the age of eighty-three, retaining his intellectual forces unimpaired

to the very last. Down to within four years of his death he continued the publication of his "Kunst und Alterthum." He was eighty-one when he received every morning a music-lesson. "This consisted in Mendelssohn playing to him for an hour pieces by all the great composers in chronological order, and then explaining what each had done to further the art. All the while he would sit in a dark corner like a Jupiter Tonans, with his old eyes flashing fire. At first he would not venture on Beethoven at all. But when Felix declared he could not help it, and played the first movement of the C Minor Symphony, he remarked, 'That causes no emotion; it is only astonishing and grandiose,'" and in this way the octogenarian studied and criticised with the keenest perception the great works of the greatest masters, incidentally proving that labour does not kill, unless it is an excessive, ill-regulated, grinding, and worrying labour. So, too, Newton was in his eighty-fifth year when he died, and yet to the last enjoyed those faculties entire which had discovered, we might almost say, the secret of the universe, and opened up and explored new tracts of science. Montesquieu lived a life of unremitting industry, yet he reached his sixty-eighth year, and his last words bore witness to the soundness of his judgment. "Sir," said the curé who prayed by his bedside, "you understand how great God is?" "Yes," was the reply, "and how little man is!" These men acted on the principle of the German adage, "Ohne hast, ohne rast,"—without haste and without rest. Oxenstjerna, the illustrious Swedish statesman, whose career contradicted his own maxim ("Quantilla prudentia homines regantur"), lived to be eighty-one, yet he had never known what idleness meant. Quesnel was in his eighty-sixth year when he died, closing by a peaceful death a life which had been assiduously devoted to study. We might multiply examples until the reader was weary; but enough has been said to show the healthfulness of work, which, indeed, rescued Cowper from hypochondriacal despondency, and preserved the intellect of Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy."

It is related of Sir Philip Sydney that, when at Frankfort, he was cautioned by the celebrated printer, Lanquet, to be careful of his health during his studies, "lest he should resemble a traveller who, during a long journey, attends to him-

self, but not to his horse." And an American essayist on the text thus afforded discourses wisely :—

"When will professional men, business men, and scholars," he says, "act upon this homely but sensible advice? What can be more absurd than the conduct of a traveller who, having a journey of five hundred miles to accomplish, which he can rightly perform only at the rate of fifty miles a day, lashes his horse into a speed of a hundred at the risk of breaking him down in mid-journey? We know that excuses are sometimes advanced for this deplorable insanity. We are told that it is inevitable—that it must be done. We are well aware that the poor bond-slave of business pretends that he *must* overdraw his bank account with nature, though every draft will have ultimately to be repaid with compound interest, in order to maintain his position in society or on 'Change, and that the intellectual slave, besides this reason, will plead the deep enjoyment he finds in unceasing work or study. But it is deplorable for any man to urge that he is *compelled* to maintain a particular status in society, that he *must* move in this or that circle, that he *must* challenge this or that degree of respect from those around him. This is the argument by which so many dishonest bankers, and insolvent merchants, and defaulting speculators, have sought to extenuate their crimes. Underlying all these pretences we see a miserable and degrading vanity, a silly fear of an imaginary Mrs. Grundy, or a low, pitiful, servile ambition; and he who, to gratify either weakness, deliberately overtasks his bodily and mental energies year after year, must not be surprised if, like Dean Swift, he suddenly find himself 'dying a top,' or if the verdict of the public should be, when the weary spirit has fled from the weary body, a verdict of *wilful suicide*."

Occasionally the man of business is honest, and acknowledges that his life is a slavery, that he lives without leisure and without peace; but he adds that all this unrelaxing and absorbing labour is but *temporary;* that as soon as he has earned a competency, or gained the object he covets, he will gladly slacken the reins and moderate his pace. He tells you that he longs for rest; that his harassing toil, and his gnawing anxieties, the brain-work which chills his heart, the consuming thoughts that dog him to his home, haunt his fireside, and gibber around his bed, are endured and endurable only in

consideration of a future when he will repose under the shade of his own fig-tree. But that future never comes. Life slips away while the poor fool is dreaming of the time when he will really *live*. Life glides past with the silent flow of a copious stream, and carries with it all its opportunities of home-happiness and lettered leisure, all its resting-places for calm reflection and quiet thought. To such an one how dread will be the Master's question, "What hast thou done with the talents I gave to thee?" Days and nights sacrificed to "business," to "money-getting," to the acquisition of a fortune, to the maintenance of "appearances," or to the gratification of intellectual ambition: will these be a satisfactory answer? Oh, the pity of it when men are thus led astray by a will-o'-the-wisp, which draws them onward and onward until they sink overwhelmed in a slough of despond! It is seldom that we hear of men overworking themselves for the sake of others; they are impelled to this suicidal career by desire of fame or greed of gain. "For a hundred men," says Sir Arthur Helps, "whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe on many points, of being a man and not a machine."

"You want to double your riches," says the elder Hare, "and without gambling or stockjobbing. *Share it.* Whether it be material or intellectual, its rapid increase will amaze you. What would the sun have been had he folded himself up in darkness? Surely he would have gone out. So would Socrates. This road to wealth seems to have been discovered near three thousand years ago. At least it was known to Hesiod, and has been recommended by him in the one precious line he has left us. But even he complains of the poets who did not know that half is more than the whole. And ever since, though mankind have always been in full chase after riches, though they have not feared to follow Columbus and Gama in chase of it, though they have waded through blood, and crept through falsehood, and trampled on their own hearts, and been ready to ride on a broomstick in chase of it, very few have ever taken this road, albeit the easiest, the shortest, and the surest." As St. Bernard says, some men seek knowledge in order to build

themselves up (*ædificari*), and this is selfishness; and some in order to build others up, and this is charity. But how few are animated by that Christian motive which is the inspiration of all good deeds!

At the bottom of the overwork-madness lies a mistaken conception of duty, a false theory of life. We have shown that a true sense of duty would render overwork impossible, because it engages the worker to pay due attention to his physical health and the needs of his soul. In like manner, a right understanding of the uses and meaning of life presupposes the equal cultivation of all our faculties. So live here that ye may live hereafter—that is the Christian principle. Sir Henry Taylor puts some wise words into the mouth of his hero, Philip von Artevelde, when he makes him say—

> "All my life long
> I have beheld with most respect the man
> Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
> And from among them chose considerately,
> And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purpose."

Unquestionably it is well for a man to form his own theory of life, adapting it to his means, his circumstances, his capabilities; and when that theory is chosen, success can be attained only by a close adherence to it. But oh! beware that you do not deceive yourself, or suffer others to deceive you. Let your theory be one of which your conscience approves, of which Heaven will approve. Let it not be the money-maker's theory, or that of the slave of fashion, or that of the votary of speculation, or that of the ardent worshipper of little things. Whether you are a man of business or a professional man, merchant or shopkeeper, soldier or divine, trader or statesman, let your theory be the loftiest possible, and live up to it. The higher your aim, the higher will be your attainment. "That man has had a liberal education," says Professor Huxley, "who has been so trained in youth that the body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge

the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stern ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself." Here we have presented almost the ideal man, and the writer's theory might seem to outline almost the ideal life. But look into it a little closer, and you become aware of a grave defect. Without faith in God, how can any theory of life be complete? Or how can it win the Divine satisfaction if in it no place be found for the observance of the two great commandments? The conscience will not be tender that is not kept in obedience to God's laws; and the life that ignores them must be as imperfect in practice as in conception. Says Mr. Aubrey de Vere—

> "God made man's life; it is a holy thing!
> What constitutes that life? The virtues, first;
> That sisterhood divine, brighter than stars,
> And diverse more than stars, than gems, than blossoms;
> The virtues are our life in essence. Next,
> Those household ties which image ties celestial;
> Lastly, life's blessed sorrows. They alone
> Rehearse the Man of Sorrows; they alone
> Fit us for life with Him."

The poet's ideal is a noble one, and if we lived up to it, we should face the future with hopeful courage and prayerful confidence. Contrast it with the ideal indicated in the millionaire Girard's favourite maxim (and a man is known by the proverbs he repeats!), "Take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves!" Contrast it with Magliabecchi's, who wasted his existence within the four walls of his library. Or with Astor's, who used to say that a man wishing to be rich, and having saved two thousand dollars, had won half the battle; life to him evidently presenting itself as a game of speculation, in which one's whole thoughts should be directed to securing the best cards. So Mr. Freedley has laid down as a law that habits of business include six qualities: industry, arrangement, calculation, prudence, punctuality, and perseverance. Excellent qualities; but are these all? Is

not truthfulness necessary, nor reverence, nor prayerfulness, nor benevolence? Surely the life-theory of the man of business would be grievously defective if it were summed up in the exercise of the ordinary virtues. "Are you industrious?" says Mr. Freedley; "are you methodical? are you calculating? are you prudent? are you punctual? are you persevering? If so, you possess what is known by the familiar term, habits of business. It is not the possession of any one of these qualities in perfection, nor the occasional exercise of them by fits and starts, as it is called, that will constitute a man of business; but it is the possession of them all in an equal degree, and their continuous exercise as habits, that give reputation and constitute ability." And is nothing more needed? What a counting-house *eidolon* of life is here depicted! No room, apparently, for charity, for kindly feeling, for the sweet humanities and graces of the Christian character. The life-theory of the man of business is to be based on a selfish consideration of selfish interests. Happily our greatest men of business have never acted on such a theory.

We shall be asked, perhaps, in what way the worker may combine the preservation of his health with due attention to the requirements of his occupation. The answer has been already given; by taking heed of the common laws of health. Brain-work must be counteracted by exercise in the open air. No attempt must be made to stimulate the jaded system by recourse to alcoholic liquor. Nor is any form of excitement other than hurtful for an intellect fatigued by constant labour. After all, it is easy to find wholesome amusement, such as music or gardening, a game at cricket in summer, an indoor game in winter; or cheerful talk with friends, or a romp with the children, or an hour's perusal of a good novel. For ourselves, we believe that change of occupation is a relief and a relaxation. We do not recommend enforced idleness; it wearies and depresses. An active mind, accustomed to an industrious employment of its faculties, is utterly unable to *stop thinking*. The proper course is to divert its energies from its usual pursuit in favour of some less absorbing object. Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Derby, when weary with the cares of statesmanship, have found rest and recreation in translating Homer. George Stephenson turned from the details of railway construction to

the cultivation of grapes and peaches. Sir John Lubbock, the well-known banker, amuses his leisure with speculations on "Prehistoric Man." We know an eminent physician who relieves his mind, when he is oppressed with the burden of several delicate cases, by the perusal of the lighter monthly magazines. And we have heard of a profound scholar, who, at the first symptom of brain-weariness, rushes off to the theatre.

How many hours a day may be given with safety to intellectual labour it is difficult to state. Each man should be able by experience, and by careful study of himself, to fix his own limit. Much will depend on a man's physical health, much on the nature of the occupation, much on a man's reserve of force and elasticity of nerve. For authors and journalists, seven hours a day seem to us to constitute the maximum, and these should be balanced by an equal amount of sleep. But just as we are sure that few can go beyond this limit with safety, so are we sure that many cannot reach it if the labour be continued day after day throughout the year. We shall be told, of course, of what is done by statesmen and judges; but we do not believe that, in reality, they give seven hours a day throughout the year to the same form of intellectual employment. Their work involves a constant variety. The statesman goes from his official duties to the House, and thence to some reception. He sees deputations; he reads or writes despatches. He enjoys his vacations at Easter and Whitsuntide, and his holiday by the sea or on the moors when Parliament rises. And the same may be said of our judges. Yet sometimes they *do* break down, though seasoned, as it were, by long habit; and the world is called upon to mourn the premature deaths of men like Sir George Cornewall Lewis and Mr. Justice Willes.

This part of our subject may fitly conclude with some plain, manly words of the late George Dawson:—

"Is it a man's duty to scrape and rake, to toil and strive, to dig and drag all and everything together, so that his children shall have so much more than anybody else's children?

"Is it a man's duty so to heap up wealth for them as to effectually prevent their being useful to the state, useful to their generation, useful to their friends, or useful to themselves? Certainly not.

"Is it a man's duty to worry and work, to bustle and burn, to agonise and fret, to covet and scheme, that he may have his name written on the scroll of fame?

"The writing in the Lamb's Book of Life gives to that question an answer which there is no gainsaying.

"But, if 'duty' consist in the doing of appointed work, in the humble acts of a humble life, in the commonplace of existence, in eating and drinking, in speaking and thinking, in rejoicing and sorrowing,—then, that duty faithfully done should be the preparation for the better doing of further work in this world, and in the world to come."

As to the secret of success in life, different authorities have delivered widely differing opinions: sometimes in language as oracular and obscure as the Pythian utterances at Delphi; sometimes in words as clear and dogmatic as the rules of Lindley Murray. The "secret" as told by, let us say, a Carlyle, is by no means identical with the "secret" as explained by, let us say, a Rothschild. The "secret" set before the world by the Christian Evangelists is absolutely antagonistic to the "secret" expounded by the modern Epicurean. No doubt, with the majority of men, a Rothschild's view will carry infinitely greater weight than an Apostle's. Mr. A. T. Stewart, the late millionaire of New York, was of opinion that "no abilities, however splendid, could command success without intense labour and persevering application." John Randolph, the American statesman, sarcastically remarked that the philosopher's stone was found in four short words of homely English, "Pay as you go!" Meyer Amschel, the founder of the house of Rothschild, declared that the secret of success was embodied in the four following rules:—1. "I combined," he says, "three profits. I made the manufacturer my customer, and the one I bought of my customer; that is, I supplied the manufacturer with raw materials and dyes, on each of which I made a profit, and took his manufactured goods, which I sold at a profit, and thus combined three profits. 2. Make a bargain at once. Be an offhanded man. 3. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place. I have seen many clever men who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves, how can they do good to me? 4. Be

cautious and bold. It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it." Whether a strict observance of these rules would make a man wealthy, we are not prepared to say; but we are sure it would make him selfish. Let us go a little further, however. The Hon. John Freedley's secret of success does not seem to us in opposition to our own advice. He says: "My observations through life satisfy me that at least nine-tenths of those most successful in business start in life without any reliance except upon their own heads and hands—*hoe their own row from the jump.*" But this may be qualified by a caution from Sir Arthur Helps: "Be not over-choice in looking out for what may exactly suit you; but rather be ready to adopt any opportunities that occur. Fortune does not stoop to take any one up. Favourable opportunities will not happen precisely in the way you imagined. Nothing does." It may be that we may learn something from the following sketch of a once active and intelligent member of Parliament, Mr. Edward Baines, the proprietor of the "Leeds Mercury." After receiving an ordinary school education, he was apprenticed to a printer, who was stimulated by the excited political condition of the country at the epoch of the French Revolution to publish a newspaper of liberal views. Young Baines, full of energy, and industrious to the core, removed to Leeds before the expiration of his apprenticeship in order to gain a more thorough knowledge of his craft. He entered the town poor and friendless; but his perseverance and his integrity, combined with his political Liberalism, soon made him known to men of influence; and, having commenced business on his own account, they assisted him to purchase the "Leeds Mercury." This was in the year 1804. It was then a weekly paper, with a very limited circulation, and was confined to the mere record of local and other intelligence, with a column or two of advertisements. No leading articles were given; and it made no pretensions either to guide or represent the opinions of the community. Mr. Baines immediately addressed himself to the work of making his paper a medium of sound political teaching, and, in spite of all difficulties, he succeeded in establishing it on a basis equally wide and permanent. For nearly half a century its vigorous support was given to any measure which would benefit the condition of

the working classes and elevate the tone of society. In 1834 the services of its proprietor and his personal work and independence were recognised by his election as member of Parliament for Leeds, and he held his seat until 1841, when ill-health compelled him to retire. He died in 1848, in his seventy-fifth year.

A biographical writer says of him: "In his attendance on parochial business he was as regular and punctual as in his attendance on his own business, and the same may be observed of all his public duties. Whatever he undertook he followed up with heart; he gave his whole mind to the carrying of it out, and his duty was his pleasure. Yet it was never felt that he was impatiently driving, still less that what he did was prompted by a love of power or influence. No one did more with less display. He neither courted prominence nor shrank from it. To induce him to work, it was never necessary that he should be first horse in the team. Nor were his virtues ever pushed to extremes. He was firm without sternness, candid without rudeness, conciliatory without obsequiousness or *finesse*, methodical without rigour, deliberate without undue slowness or indecision." These are the qualities which ensured Edward Baines's property; and they indicate a course of action and a line of conduct infinitely more laudable than that of the founder of the house of Rothschild. Baines did not think that self-help shut out the idea of benevolence; that the man who helped himself was never to help others. Much of his life was devoted to the assistance of that class whom Meyer Rothschild was fain to pass by—the unlucky.

When John Hunter was asked to communicate the secret of *his* success, he replied:—"My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the thing be practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success." Says F. W. Robertson: "The motto on every Christian banner is, Forward; there is no resting in the present, no satisfaction in the past." Says Aubrey de Vere:—

> "Blessed is he who hast not trod the ways
> Of secular delights, nor learned the lore
> Which loftier minds are studious to abhor:
> Blessed is he who hast not sought the praise
> That perishes, the rapture that betrays."

After all, at the bottom of these various counsels, we seem to see one great underlying principle, that of straightforward effort, or perseverance, which, of course, is identical with energy and industry. When Napoleon was asked by the Czar Alexander to what he attributed his marvellous good fortune, he answered—"To perseverance in pursuing it." Benjamin Franklin's advice was generally low-toned, but it was always practical, and it would be difficult to utter more sound sense on any subject than he has put into the mouth of "Poor Richard" on this subject. "'Industry, and not wish,'" he says, "'and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands,' or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour,' as poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for 'at the working-man's home hunger looks in, but does not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter; for 'industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as poor Richard says; and further, 'never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'the cat in gloves catches no mice,' as poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the worm ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.'" All this worldly wisdom, however, may be summed up in Josiah Wedgwood's *eleventh* commandment:—"Thou shalt not be idle."

John Foster tells the story of a young man who, in the wild revelry of two or three years, had exhausted a large patrimony and reduced himself to absolute want. Then came, as always does come, repentance. Fortunately for him, however, it was an active and practical repentance; not that weak and wretched remorse which sits with folded hands sighing and wailing, but makes no attempt to retrieve the past or undo what has been foolishly done. The young man, while out wandering, came to the head of an eminence which overlooked the estates that had until lately owned him as lord. There he sat down; and remained lost in thought for several hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement, exulting emotion. He had formed the resolution that these fair lands should be his again; he had formed his plan too, which he began to execute without loss of time. Walking hastily forward, he determined to seize the very first opportunity, however humble, of gaining any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, unless compelled, a farthing of whatever he might obtain.

The first object that attracted his attention was a heap of coals which had been deposited on the pavement in front of a house. He offered to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be stowed, and his offer was accepted. He received a few pence in return for his service; and, in pursuance of the economical part of his plan, solicited and obtained a small gratuity of meat and drink. He then looked out for another opportunity; and, with indefatigable perseverance, went through a succession of almost servile employments in different places, of longer or shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expenditure of a penny. He promptly seized *every* occasion which could further his design, and paid no attention to the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method, followed out with extraordinary diligence and tenacity, he had earned, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, the value of which he had taken pains to understand. Speedily but cautiously he turned his first gains into second advantages; retained without a single deviation his extreme parsimony; and then, by degrees, made his way onward to larger transactions and incipient wealth. "I did not hear," says Foster, "or have forgotten the continued career of his life;

but the result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth £60,000. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary *effect* which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character."

Lord Lytton writes,—and here we may remark that almost all the heroes of this novelist are very models and patterns of perseverance,—"There lives not a man on earth out of a lunatic asylum, who has not in him the power to do good. What can writers, haranguers, or speculators do more than that? Have you ever entered a cottage, ever travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the town, and not found that each of these men had a talent you had not, knew some things you knew not? The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or counted the vermin on his rags under the sun of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but *the will to labour.*"

Do not think, O reader, that success in life is to be won by any spell or charm which dispenses with the necessity of work. Do not believe that the Barings, and the Gurneys, and the Childs, and the Cunards, have possessed any magic formula for discovering the philosopher's stone. Put to each of these the question, "How did you get on in the world?" or "How shall *I* get on in the world?" and though the answers may differ in words, they will be identical in substance. There is no royal road to success. The temple of Fortune is accessible only by a steep, rugged, and difficult path, up which you must drag yourself, like pilgrims up the *Scala Santa* of Rome, on your knees. The ascent must be foot by foot, nay, inch by inch; and will test your powers of patience and endurance to the uttermost. Said one man to another, "I wish I was as lucky as you are." "You mean," was the reply, "as willing to work and wait." We may be reminded of Cæsar's speech to the pilot in the storm, "*Cæsarem portas et fortunam ejus.*" Ay, and so the pilot did; for Cæsar's fortune was in *himself*, in his capacity, his force of character, his resistless energy, his determination to be foremost. Napoleon's belief in his star did not prevent him from carefully planning the details of his campaigns,

and devoting all his powers to the accomplishment of any object he had in view.

But we have written this volume in order to unfold the Secret of Success, and we shall have written in vain if by this time the reader has not grasped it. To our thinking it is a secret easily guessed—a secret which the life of every great and good man reveals; neither less nor more than "doing one's duty." But though the secret be so simple, it is by no means easily applied. We may know it thoroughly, and yet not profit by it, like the magicians who professed to have discovered the secret of immortal life, and died in the flush of manhood! Is there anything harder than doing one's duty? What a demand it makes upon all our faculties! How we must be content to strive, and bear, and insist; to submit to the sternest self-discipline, to practise the most rigorous self-reliance! and after all, we shall fail—fail egregiously—unless we enter on the task in humble imitation of the example of Christ, and with a strong resolve to walk in His footsteps.

Here, however, another question forces itself upon our consideration. We have said much about the "secret" of success; but what do we mean by "success"? The phrase, "success in life," has a very different signification for different minds. To one it represents a large account at his banker's; to another, a comfortable estate, enclosed in its own "ring fence;" to another, a high place in society; to yet another, a title or an office; and to a fifth, the trumpet-voice of fame. It will be modified also by the measure of our aspirations and our sense of our opportunities. So that success in life to some will be embodied in the poet's modest ambition—

> "I often wish that I had clear,
> For life, three hundred pounds a year;"

to others it will not fall short of a capital of a quarter of a million. We suppose that by nine men out of ten it is identified, in some way or other, and in a large or limited sense, with *money-getting*. Now, we do not profess the assumption of a tone of extravagant morality, and we shall not pour upon money-getting a flood of indiscriminate censure. On this point we have already hazarded our opinion. It is right enough and honourable enough for a man to covet an inde-

pendent position, such as only money can secure. Money as an *end* is a serious evil, as a *means* to an end it is a splendid good. Of course Diogenes despised money; but then you and I, reader, despise Diogenes. We do not think it a good thing to live in a tub, or a great thing to wear a cloak with more holes in it than substance. God forbid that we should work for money alone, for money as the great aim and object of life; but God forbid that we should stoop to the pride of humility which rails at it as dross, and pretends that true happiness lies in the lap of poverty. It seems to us very commendable in a young man to resolve upon earning a competence, if he can make up his mind as to what *is* a competence, and keep his desires under stringent control. But for a man who gives up his nights and days, his heart and soul, to the acquisition of a larger fortune than his neighbours, we feel the most supreme contempt. The man whose aspirations point to money, and his thoughts to money, and his feelings to money, and his affections to money, may God forgive, for he will have need of forgiveness!

Is it good to strive for success? We will answer this question by another, Is a man happier for failure? Is he morally or intellectually better? No; if we do our work with all our heart, and all our mind, and all our strength, we have a right to hope that it will meet with its due reward. If Palissy, after all his trials, after all his sacrifices, had not succeeded in discovering the secret of enamelled ware, would not his life, from his own point of view, have been irrecoverably wasted? That is it; failure generally means *waste*—waste of time, and effort, and hope; and human life can afford no such waste. And the soul, smarting with the sense of this vain expenditure, is apt to conceive of the world a gloomy picture, which shadows all its enjoyments, represses its aspirations, weakens its energies. In its disconsolateness it exclaims—

> "This world, which seems
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarm of struggle and fight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night!"

Whereas the world is really a very pleasant world, with sweet odours all about it, and the sound of music ringing through its garden-bloom, and a grateful interchange of starry night and sunny day—a world to be grateful for, and to be moderately happy in, and to accept thankfully as the vestibule to a world yet brighter and more beautiful, because everlasting. It is not good to fall into a mood of discouragement and despondency, and therefore it is not good to fail. It is sad to feel, under any circumstances, but more especially when we have done our best, that our bark has been wrecked with her voyage only half accomplished; to see others gliding past us with banners streaming and canvas swelling, while we lie shattered and helpless on the shore. "Philosophy or religion may take the sting out of disappointment; but generally the impossibility of connecting the ideas of felicity and failure is so great, that though examples abound to show that success is not happiness, it is yet clear that it is essential to it. The moments in a man's life when, Alexander-like, he feels that the world has no more prizes to be coveted, are few indeed. It has been truly said that an object to be desired is at once the pleasure and the torment of life; sometimes a great object to be steadily pursued, all else being made subservient to it—or, more commonly, a succession of minor objects, rising, one after another, in sudden succession. If Keats did somewhat exaggerate when he declared that 'there is no fiercer hell than the failure in a great attempt;' yet it must be admitted that the pleasure of a long-sought, ardently desired success, dreamed of by night and toiled for by day, is probably as complete as anything this side of heaven, and it is universally felt to be a compensation for all toil or hardship; it is well also, if for every sin."

But, again, we say that this book has been written for the purpose of making known to our readers the Secret of Success. We have told them the secret, and we venture to assert that, if they conscientiously act upon it, there will be *no* failure. The treasure-cave must necessarily throw wide its door to him who knows the magical "Open Sesame." Only there must be no half-heartedness. There can be no cure unless the patient has faith in the remedy, no success unless the worker make honest use of the secret. The diligence must not be perfunc-

tory, the perseverance must not be simulated, the energy must not be intermittent, the self-help must not be unreal, or the secret will lose its efficacy. In a well-known couplet Addison says sententiously—

> "It is not in mortals to *command* success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll *deserve* it."

Not so; if Sempronius deserve success, he will surely achieve it. But then the all-important question recurs, What *is* success? We have suggested the various answers given to it by various minds—money, rank, influence, and the like;—only, none of these answers seem to meet the requirements of our position logically. Cannot there be success even if a man do not acquire "a fortune," or secure "a baronetcy," or gain admission among the upper ten thousand? Is there no other, no higher, no truer success? And may not that which the world calls failure be a very real and true success after all? Is it not true what the poet sings—

> "The virtue lies
> In the struggle, not the prize"?

Though the prize should pass to others, may not *we* have succeeded, or succeeded in all we attempted, all we desired? When Montgolfier launched his balloon it did not reach the stars, but its inventor had, nevertheless, succeeded; he had shown that aerostation was possible. Milton completed his "Paradise Lost," and a bookseller gave him some fifteen pounds for the copyright. Had he failed? Had he not clothed himself in the singing-robes of immortality? We grant that if a man intend to make £100,000, and make only £10,000, he has been guilty of a failure; but, then, why did he not at the outset fix his hopes upon the £10,000, and succeed?

We imagine that the unthinking would pronounce the career of Francis Horner a failure, for he died at thirty-eight without having attained to high office or written a *magnum opus*. But was it so? What does Lord Cockburn say of it? "The light in which it is calculated to inspire every right-minded youth is this: he died at the age of thirty-eight"—true, and alas! *but*—"possessed of greater public influence than any other private man, and admired, beloved, trusted, and deplored

by all except the heartless or the base. No greater homage was ever paid in Parliament to any deceased member. Now, let every young man ask, How was this attained? By rank? He was the son of an Edinburgh merchant. By wealth? Neither he nor any of his relatives ever had a superfluous sixpence. By office? He held but one, and only for a few years, of no influence, and with very little pay. By talents? His were not splendid, and he had no genius; cautious and slow, his only ambition was to be right. By eloquence? He spoke in calm good taste, without any of the oratory that either terrifies or seduces. By any fascination of manner? His was only correct and agreeable. By what, then, was it? Merely by sense, industry, good principles, and a good heart—qualities which no well-constituted mind need ever despair of attaining. It was the force of his character that raised him, and this character not impressed upon him by nature, but formed out of no peculiarly fine elements by himself. Horner was born to show what moderate powers, unaided by anything whatever except culture and goodness, may achieve, even when these powers are displayed amidst the competition and jealousy of public life."

Now Horner we should call a successful man, though at thirty-eight came—

> "The blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears
> And slit the thin-spun life."

He had done all he aimed at doing because he had not aimed at too much. Let us contrast with him a very different character, the brilliant Bolingbroke—Pope's "Henry St. John"—at one time Queen Anne's Secretary of State, and the author of some books of permanent renown. We adopt, with compression and modification, Lord Lytton's elegant sketch of his career:—

"In this English Alcibiades," he says, "what restless, but rich vitality! We first behold him, like his Athenian prototype, bounding into life, a beautiful, ambitious youth, seizing on notoriety as a substitute for fame; audacious in profligate excess—less, perhaps, from the riot of the senses, than from a wild joy in the scandal which singles him out for talk. Still but a stripling, he soon wrenches himself from so ignoble a ruption of the desire for renown. He disappears from the

haunts that had rung with the turbulent follies of a boy; he expends his redundant activity in travel, and learns the current language of Europe to so nice a perfection, that, in later life, Voltaire himself acknowledges obligations to his critical knowledge of French."

Returning to England, he entered Parliament at the age of twenty-two, and almost immediately secured recognition as an orator of transcendant powers. Lord Chesterfield, himself one of the most accomplished of public speakers, and doing full justice to Chatham, to whom he ascribes "eloquence of every kind," still distinguishes Bolingbroke as the perfect orator. And that Chatham accepted as truthful the traditions of his precursor's oratorical power is evident from his saying, that he would rather rescue from oblivion Lord Bolingbroke's unreported speeches than Livy's lost books.

In the political warfare that then convulsed the Legislature, Bolingbroke espoused the side of Harley, and quickly made himself of so much consequence as an ally, that, in 1704, when Harley became Secretary of State, Henry St. John became Secretary at War. He held office until 1708, when he and Harley were forced to retire by the influence of Marlborough and Godolphin. In 1710, through a series of intrigues which form a curious chapter in English political history, Harley returned to power as head of the Government, and St. John became a Secretary of State. Two years later he was called to the House of Peers by the title of Viscount Bolingbroke. Then he began to plot against Harley—who had been created Earl of Oxford—for the first place, and after a two years' struggle, succeeded, with the help of Mrs. Masham, in expelling Harley. At the same time he was conspiring to recall the Stuart dynasty to the throne, when the death of the Queen suddenly baffled his ambition.

"The councillor of Queen Anne is denounced as a traitor to King George. What a scene for some high-bred novelist might be laid in the theatre itself, the night in which Bolingbroke vanished from the town he had dazzled and the country he had swayed! The playhouse is crowded—all eyes turn to one box; there sits serene the handsome young statesman whom, says Prior, 'Men respect and women love.'

"Curious tongues whisper. But what is really the truth? Is there any proof against him? It is said the articles of im-

peachment are already drawn up, the Whigs are resolved to have his head. Tut! impossible! See how gaily he smiles at this moment! Who has just entered his box?—An express? Tut! only the manager. My Lord has bespoken the play for to-morrow night.'

"The curtain falls—falls darkly on an actor greater than any Burbage or Betterton that ever fretted his hour on the mimic stage. Where behind the scenes has my Lord disappeared? He is a fugitive on the sea. Axe and headsman are baffled. Where next does my Lord reappear? At the playhouse in Paris. All eyes there, as in London, are fixed on the handsome young statesman. And lo! even there, he is Minister of State—distrusted, melancholy Minister of a crownless and timid Pretender! He who gave Europe the Peace of Utrecht, he who had supplied ammunition and arms to Marlborough, is an exile in the court of the Bourbon, or rather in the mimic court of the Bourbon's pensioner, and plotting a buccaneer's foray on the shores of disdainful England."

The Pretender soon dismissed from his service a statesman whose courageous genius was a constant reproach to his own cowardice. Retiring to a secluded chateau, he there composed a remarkable vindication of his political life, in a "Letter to Sir William Windham," which was not published until a year after his death. Weary of exile, he endeavoured to obtain permission to return to England, and at last succeeded, through a heavy bribe paid to the Duchess of Kendal, the King's German mistress (1723). In 1725 he was restored to his title and estates, but was not allowed to take his seat in the House of Lords. The Ministry feared the effects of his eloquence. He sought compensation for this enforced silence in the columns of the periodical press, and some of the bitterest attacks upon the policy of Walpole proceeded from his pen. In 1735 he again left England, and remained abroad for a second period of seven years, finally returning in 1742. After the fall of Walpole it seemed probable for a time that he might reappear on the political stage. The prospect, however, was soon clouded over, the infirmities of age told rapidly on the intellect once so keen and the energy once so irrepressible; and having outlived his generation and his influence, he died on the 15th of December, 1751, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, leaving to posterity the memorable example of a brilliant

failure, and the lesson taught by the career of an unsuccessful man. Had Bolingbroke attempted less he would have achieved more, and the biographer would have had no occasion to lament over the misfortunes of disappointed ambition and undisciplined genius.

To be successful in life, therefore, we must choose our object wisely. It must be one within the range of our means and opportunities. It must be one which we have reasonable hope of attaining. The laughter would be just with which we should receive the proposal of a cripple to compete in a two-mile race. The laughter would be just if a shoeblack announced his intention of amassing, before he died, a fortune of half a million. It is better to aim at nothing which comes fairly within the definition of the impossible. Nor is it our duty to attempt any work which we cannot hope to perform. All that the Divine Master expects of us is "reasonable service," work proportioned to our powers, and within our limits of accomplishment. It will thus be seen that success depends on the observance of certain conditions, and that if these be neglected the "secret" will not and cannot apply. Even if the key be given to us by a magician, it will not open a lock too large for it! The "Open Sesame" which threw wide the portals of the treasure-cave to Ali Baba would not have given him admission to any other. We have defined the Secret of Success as the performance of our duty with all those resources of mind, body, and soul we have received from the Creator. But if we go beyond the scope of our duty, if we undertake responsibilities which lie outside our proper path, we must expect, for we shall deserve, ignominious failure.

It is no infrequent thing to see men gifted with only ordinary talents walking in the primrose way of success, when genius is vainly attempting to scale the rugged precipices of the hill of difficulty. How often we hear it said, "Who would have thought that Mr. A. would have done this or that! I had no idea he was so very clever!" Nor is he; it is no matter for wonder; he has prospered because he has been prudent enough to undertake nothing beyond his reach. If a man can ride one horse tolerably well, he will perform his journey in safety; but if he aspire to emulate the skill of the heroes of the circus, and insist upon riding two horses at once, he will assuredly come to the ground with broken bones. Yet

it is individuals of this class, with ambitions larger than their means, and judgment smaller than their imagination, who turn with the greatest eagerness to books upon "Self-Help," "Practical Treatises upon Business," "Young Men's Manuals," and the like. They want a talisman to secure good luck, a charm or spell which will make them masters of fortune without labour or effort. They will pooh-pooh the simple explanation of the secret of success which is offered and illustrated in these pages. Their conviction remains that wealth (for of such men wealth is the sole object) is to be procured by means of wonderful chances or lucky speculations, the mystery of which has been mastered by the Rothschilds, Astors, Barings, and Stewarts of the world. Poor fools! Why will they seek to soar without wings? Why not be content with the practicable?

It is strange that men should so invariably associate the idea of money with the idea of getting on. For one adventurer who strives to "make a name," there are a hundred who yearn to "make money." We have already said that to endeavour to earn a competency is in itself by no means censurable; but surely this constant worship of money is a bad sign of our social condition. Is there no other success worth striving for? Is it the greatest of all human blisses to become the owner of "a fortune," to possess a house in Belgravia, and another in the country, a carriage, a cellar of old wines, and a gallery of nice pictures? What says Mr. Swinburne?—

"What is gold worth, say,
Worth for work or play,
Worth to keep or pay,
Hide or throw away,
Hope about, or fear?
What is love worth, pray?
Worth a tear!

"Golden on the mould,
See the dead leaves rolled
Of the wet woods old,
Yellow leaves and cold,
Woods without a dove;
Gold is worth but gold,
Love's worth love."

To our thinking, the love of wife and children, the gratitude

of hearts relieved and brightened by our sympathy, the enjoyments of a cultivated mind, the consciousness of duty done, are the chief components of that success which the wise man will labour to achieve. Let us leave, O friend, the worship of gold to others! Not for us, "the woods without a dove," the world lying sere and drear in the shadow of the altar of Mammon. We must not overlook one serious evil in connection with the choice of an unworthy object in life—that it necessarily tends to lower us to its own level. The man who makes money his sole end and aim will speak money, think money, dream money. We do not despise riches; and if they come to a man naturally and lawfully in the honest performance of his duty, he will do well to take care of them, and to remember what admirable use he may make of them; but we are sure that riches should never be the "success" sought by a true, a pure, and an elevated mind.

In connection with the practical application of the Secret of Success, two or three considerations still remain to be noticed. And, first, as every man has a duty to discharge, and the way and means of discharging it, let no one complain that success is not for him. Too often we meet with stragglers by the wayside who seek to excuse themselves by the pretence that in the ranks of the great army of workers no places could be found. They have never sought their places; they have allowed the serried columns to march past without attaching themselves to any flag. These are the men who sigh that trade, and the professions, and art, and literature, are "overstocked;" that the feast is not large enough for all who would be partakers of it; that the stage is too crowded for even a supernumerary to find standing-room. Tut, tut! The world is wide enough for every brave heart who asks nothing more than to do its duty. It must be so. It is not more certain that every star has its place in the harmonious order of the universe than that every man has his proper work to accomplish in the economy of life. If he do not find it—that is, if he *will* not find it—let him not blame the fates, but his own indolence and apathy, or his ill-regulated ambition, his dilatoriness or his imprudent haste. A man's work lies always close at hand. No wonder that he misses it if he persist in turning away to the right or the left, climbing up inaccessible hills and plunging into unfathomable morasses. We have heard some men

lament with intense bitterness, and apparently with perfect sincerity, that they have been born into the world *too late.* We suppose that they would have written "Hamlet" before Shakespeare, or discovered the steam-engine before James Watt. Nonsense! The present is *our* time, not the past or future; and the question of all questions is, What shall we do with it?

> "Stay, stay the present instant;
> Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings!
> Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
> The good old patriarch upon record,
> Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!"

It may be accepted as a proposition capable of irrefragable demonstration, that the men who fail now would have failed in the past and would fail in the future, because they are the men who do not see their duty, or, seeing it, do not perform it.

Secondly, We sometimes read about "starting-points in life," about "opportunities," and the necessity of being on the alert to avail ourselves of them. "Here is your chance," people say; if you miss it, do not think that, like the swallow, it will reappear. We do not believe in chance, nor in starting-points, nor in opportunities, except in this sense, that at particular times our duty may be put before us in a special and conspicuous manner. "Seizing our opportunity," when carefully examined into, means nothing more than seizing an occasion of doing our duty. It is true, therefore, to some extent, that to every man his opportunity comes once in his life, and that if he permit it to glide by it will never return; because it is certain that, if we once neglect any obvious duty, we shall never again be in a position to retrieve the *laches.* But do not let the reader sit down by the wayside and wait for his "opportunity," as for some miraculous boon to descend suddenly and unexpectedly from the blue heavens above him. Energy makes its own opportunities, because energy is always prompt to detect and ready to execute the work that has to be done. An engine-driver in charge of a crowded train saw lying across the rails at some distance in front of him a piece of timber which menaced his freight with wounds and death. Quick as thought he crept along the side of the engine, and leaning forward, by a supreme effort swung the log out of the way just as the iron wheels were upon it. He risked his life,

but he did his duty. Afterwards he was rewarded with promotion and handsome gifts; he had found his opportunity, his starting-point, his chance. Yes; but it was in doing his duty that he found it. "There are things," says Goethe, "which you do not notice only because you do not look at them;" and so there are duties which we never recognise because we will not look for them. It is related of a Mr. Godfrey, Governor of the Bank of England, that he made his appearance on the battlefield of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington remonstrated with him on the danger he was incurring. The gentleman answered that the Duke himself ran an equal risk. "Yes," said the Duke, "but I am doing my duty." He had scarcely spoken when a ball struck the rash intruder dead. There was no glory in his death; it was a melancholy failure. He was outside the sphere of his duty. The opportunity at Waterloo was not for him, but for the Duke and the men who conquered with him. "Though a battle," said Napoleon, "may last a whole day, there are generally some ten minutes in which its issue is practically decided." And so, though a life may last fifty, or sixty, or seventy years, there is always a moment when our duty is clearly presented to us, and according as we seize or neglect it, will be our success or failure. Only let us not be led astray by any fancied "opportunity," any imaginary "chance." Let us, like the Duke of Wellington, before we enter the thick of the fire, be sure that duty calls us thither. To quote Goethe again—"We are not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what we have to do, and to confine ourselves within the limits of our power of comprehension,"—and, we may add, of action. Our duty plainly is, not to attempt what we cannot complete: not to thrust ourselves forward into positions which we cannot fill:—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Failure is certain if we allow ourselves to be deluded by the mirage of an imaginary opportunity.

And, lastly, If we would turn to advantage the Secret of Success, if we would not miss our duty, we must be careful to cultivate not only our physical and mental faculties, not only those admirable business habits on which our parents and guardians wisely enlarge, but the higher moral faculties. On this point a few remarks have been made in a preceding chap-

ter; but it seems desirable to enforce it upon the reader emphatically and solemnly, before our pen inscribes at the bottom of the page the melancholy word "Finis." In a book now lying before us, the following "business qualities" are carefully enumerated: — Integrity, enterprise, energy, perseverance, courage, shrewdness, punctiliousness, prudence, ambition, gratitude, benevolence, generosity, and economy. Well, we have already commented upon Mr. Freedley's "six" business qualities, and the qualities conspicuous by their absence. In this more extended list is not the reader sensible of omissions? Does he not look in vain for these three Christian graces, faith, hope, and charity? Benevolence and generosity, it is true, are included; but we refer to that broader benevolence, that loftier generosity, the Christian ideal of charity, which extends its sympathies to the sinner as well as to the sufferer, and gives its hand to the man who fails as well as to the pauper. "Among the Greeks," says Lord Lytton, "the charities were synonymous with the graces. Admitted into the heathen religion, their task was to bind and unite; their attribute was the zone, without which even love lacked the power to charm. 'Without the graces,' say Pindar, 'the gods do not move either in the chorus or the banquet; they are placed near Apollo.' Prescribed to us by a greater creed than the heathen's, they retain their mission as they retain their name. It is but a mock charity which rejects the zone. Wherever the true and heaven-born harmoniser struts into the midst of discord, it not only appeases and soothes as charity—it beautifies, commands, and subjugates as grace."

The influence of charity is essential to the peace and prosperity of human life. But not less essential is the influence of hope, which supports us in the hour of trial and darkness, and encourages us with the promise of a golden dawn; or that of faith, which enables us to endure in calmness, and adds conviction to the sanguineness of hope. Unless we had hope for ourselves, our fellows, our race, unless we had faith in humanity and in the Divine benediction which attends it in the future, how could we bear the burden and the mystery of this unintelligible life? Let us believe and hope, so that we may do our duty patiently and gladly. Let us believe and hope, so that out of the apparent failure which the world derides we may gain

that success which Heaven blesses. Let us believe and hope, so that we may bear uncomplainingly the burden of to-day, looking forward with calm, clear vision to the rest of to-morrow. Let us believe and hope in the sure and certain conviction of the utility of virtues for which there is no earthly reward, of the grandeur of duties which are not enforced by any human law, of the nobleness of the impulse to deeds which annihilate even the care for self-preservation, and conduct to noble, yet perhaps to fameless graves, thus invigorating and recruiting the life of races by millions of "crownless martyrs and unrewarded heroes." Oh, cultivate the virtues of charity, faith, and hope, and so will you learn to apply, with the approval of God and His angels, and to the eternal happiness of yourself and your brothers, the SECRET OF SUCCESS!

FINIS.

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